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The Cover

This haggard and pensive soldier is James Jenkins, of Toledo, Ohio, a reconnaissance sergeant in the 1st Cavalry Division. Collier's front-line artist Howard Brodie made the sketch one morning in Korea after Sergeant Jenkins returned to a command post from an all-night vigil as an observer overlooking a Naktong River skirmish. A few days later the sergeant, regarded by his battery commander, Captain Rex Gunnell, as one of his best forward observers, was wounded by mortar fragments and evacuated. For other Brodie sketches, see page 24.

Week's Mail

Historian's Corrections

EDITOR: I enjoyed Richard Gehman's article, Daddy of the Small Time (Sept. 23d). As a supposed historian of vaudeville, I must call Mr. Gehman's attention to a few points in his article that are wrong.

Gus Sun has played many acts who later became headliners, and played headliners at big salaries in a couple of his houses. But he was not the first to start the two-a-day or the three-a-day. That honor must go to M. B. Leavitt, Tony Pastor and B. F. Keith.

Variety shows (after they got out of the honky-tonk stage) gave six shows a week. Then they added a Saturday matinee, then sneaked in a Wednesday matinee. Business was so good they began giving two shows a day for the headliners and three (on the same bill) for the smaller acts.

Later, the big time just played two-a-day. The small time played three and four and some did as high as six and seven (store shows). That's when Gus Sun became a great power of the small time. And as for giving prizes to get the ladies in, Tony Pastor did that many years before Gus Sun. He gave out dress patterns, hams, groceries, etc., and was the first to get ladies to attend variety shows.

JOE LAURIE, JR., New York, N. Y.

Vandalism

EDITOR: In High Cost of History (Sept. 2d), Evan Wylie writes that Paul Revere's home in Boston is maintained as he left it. I wish that were true. Every other brat in the neighborhood has carved his initials in its face. That was true 15 years ago and large fresh carvings can be seen today.

C. H. BARTHOLOMAE, New York, N. Y.

Wrong Grant

EDITOR: I am surprised that anyone writing such an article as The Women Behind MacArthur (Sept. 23d) should not have more carefully checked on facts.

Ulysses S. Grant II was not the father of General Ulysses S. Grant III. General Fred Grant, who graduated from the Military Academy in '71, was the present General Grant's father. His mother was a Miss Honore, of Chicago, a sister of Mrs. Potter Palmer. These facts I know because General Fred Grant was a classmate of my father.

ELIZABETH W. RULE, Westfield, N. J.

Theology for Americans

EDITOR: "The rest she left to chance, which she prefers to call God" (comment in article 'Loved, Feared and Followed,' Sept. 23d).

This statement overlooks the heart of the work of some of our truly great citizens. If it is compared with Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune's own statement, "I believe in God, and so I believe in Mary Bethune," my point is clear.

Many today have tried to advance such difficult causes as true equality and justice only to run against a wall of cynicism and

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THE REV. JOHN L. SCOTT, Orono, Me.

Children's Hour

EDITOR: Because I am interested in children's impressions toward art of all types, I asked my daughter, Ellen, what she thought of the very amusing cover of your Sept. 23d issue. She has just begun kindergarten in a modern type school.

The Interview

Mother: What is this?
Ellen: Playing.
Mother: What else?
Ellen: School.
Mother: Where?
Ellen: Winneconne. *(Our new school.)*
Mother waits for comments.
Ellen: *(pointing to figures)* That's Ellen. That's teacher.
Mother: Do you like it?
Ellen: No.
Mother: Why not?
Ellen: Too long noses.
Mother: If there weren't any long noses would you like it?
Ellen: Sure.

Children (we have three) usually are pretty good critics when they are not influenced by adults. Your cover certainly is expressive. MRS. WILLIAM D. BROWN, Butte Des Morts, Wis.

Replies to Mr. Barnett

EDITOR: In Week's Mail (Sept. 16th) a Mr. Robert Barnett, of Missouri, suggests as an arrangement in favor of racial segregation that we follow the example of the breeders of fine animals. May I suggest that Mr. Barnett look deeper into his own argument and answer this:

Do all fine animals have "European forebears"?

Does he know any breeders who would refuse to breed a fine horse because the horse's color was black?

VIRGINIA RATTS, Palo Alto, Cal.

. . . Robert C. Barnett's brief letter is a masterpiece of implied fallacies, among them:

1. That only persons of "pure" European descent are Americans.
2. That the European forebears of these "Americans" were a pure race.
3. That the importance of the American heritage rests in physical characteristics which can be transferred through the genes.
4. That the qualities we find desirable in livestock are the same as those which should be bred in people.
5. That miscegenation is eliminated through segregation, and nonsegregation means wholesale intermarriage.

PEARL GOLDENBERG, Washington, D. C.

Effective Spotlight

EDITOR: Whitman's article They Get Away with Murder in Pittsburgh (Sept. 2d) was excellent. We liked his dispassionate presentation of the facts. It carried a message to all the citizens of Pittsburgh who read it as well as the rest of the country.

We follow in the newspapers, from day to day, what is happening but it is much more impressive to have the facts collected and summarized. Pittsburgh is not unique in being run by racketeers and Collier's is doing a great service in bringing out this fact.

An article in a national magazine, calling the attention of the world to our shortcomings, is more effective than local publicity.

MRS. R. TEMPLETON SMITH, President, Allegheny County League of Women Voters, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Forgotten Man

EDITOR: I read your article on Stanley Kramer, Genius on a Low Budget (Sept. 16th). It is a good and interestingly written article. However, one omission leaves room for comment in this town. Mark Robson directed Kramer's pictures, yet no mention of him was made in the entire article. Surely the pictures did not direct themselves, and we in Hollywood know Mark Robson and his work, and know that his work is worthy of more than mention. How about it?

CHRISTINA BROWN, Hollywood, Cal.

Herewith a tardy cheer for Mr. Robson.

Boost for Socialism, He Says

EDITOR: The facts stated in your editorial The Men Behind the Magic (Sept. 23d) have knocked one of the props from under those who constantly claim that Socialism destroys the incentive to produce better things for better living.

Most Americans have been taught to believe that financial gain is the main reason in this competitive age for scientific and mechanical discoveries. Your editorial certainly will disillusion those laboring under such belief. The members of the American Medical Association should have their attention called to the article. It may change their policy.

CHARLES JACKSON, Baltimore, Md.

Miss McC.'s Austerity

EDITOR: Three cheers for your article on Mercedes McCambridge (Tough as a Kitten, Sept. 9th). She's great. However, I want to question a couple of statements made about her. In the first place I just don't believe that any woman earning $7,500 per week is going to maintain a wardrobe of exactly six frocks and one hat. That being the case she put on just about everything she owns for the three pictures illustrating the article.

The second bone of contention is where did the two pieces of jewelry worn about her neck (as seen in the pictures on pages 23 and 24) come from if her "collection" contains only a wedding ring, one bracelet and one pin? BARBARA REDDING, Columbus, Ohio

Maybe she borrowed 'em to pose.

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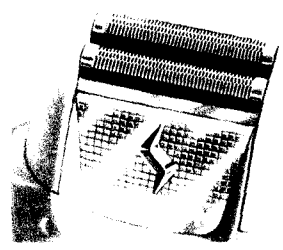

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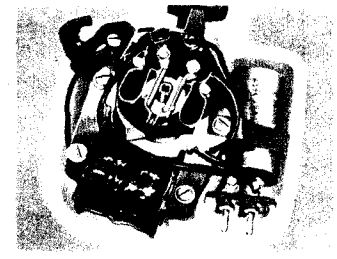

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Keep Up with the World

By JOHN BENSON

These vignettes on life in Japan may help Americans a bit in understanding the Japanese and the way they live. This writer has just returned from two months in Japan and Korea and, while Japanese cling to many of their traditions, the nation is becoming more and more Western under the new democracy. Native costumes, for example, are rarely seen in the large cities—and most Japanese not only imitate Western habits but they seem to like them.

Under the new Japanese constitution, the emperor has been reduced to a ceremonial figure with impressive palaces and imperial entourage but without any real power or influence. The emperor may not even exercise his ceremonial functions unless specifically permitted to do so by the Japanese Diet, or parliament. Japan's emperors have not had very much administrative power since the eighth century. They have, however, managed to bring their influence to bear through members of the imperial household and the privy council. It was only through the emperor's influence that Japan's militarists were forced to submit to unconditional surrender in 1945. Now the emperor must have the "advice and approval" of the Diet for his every act, even the awarding of honors which, in these days, are few. The peerage, through which an emperor might seek to use influence, also has been abolished. The princes (those outside the imperial family), counts, viscounts and barons have vanished in the new Japan. Only the dynasty of the imperial family has been preserved. Hirohito never wears the brilliant uniforms of old. The emperor wears a frock coat on imperial occasions in democratic Japan.

* * * * * * * * *

Never turn on the hot water in Japan without testing. You might be scalded. To the Japanese a bath is a ritual as well as a joy, but they want their water hot. Temperature of bath water in Japanese homes and public bathing houses often runs well above 110 degrees. Be sure to stick your toe in.

* * * * * * * * *

The Japanese, a highly literate people themselves, helped increase the rate of literacy in Korea during their 35-year occupation of the Asiatic peninsula. Greater education in Korea, however, did not develop into loyalty to the Japanese as had been hoped. At the end of Japanese domination of Korea in 1945, more than 50 per cent of all adult Koreans could read Korean although the Japanese had made a vigorous effort to replace the native language with Japanese. In centuries of rule by Chinese and Japanese, no conqueror ever succeeded in displacing Korean as the national language of the Land of Morning Calm.

* * * * * * * * *

Every month has a real meaning in Japan. For example, November (Shimotsuki) means the month of frost while December (Shiwasu) is the month designated as the time to get things done for winter. The Japanese climate, by the way, is about the same as that in the Atlantic seaboard states of America although a great deal wetter because of numerous typhoons.

* * * * * * * * *

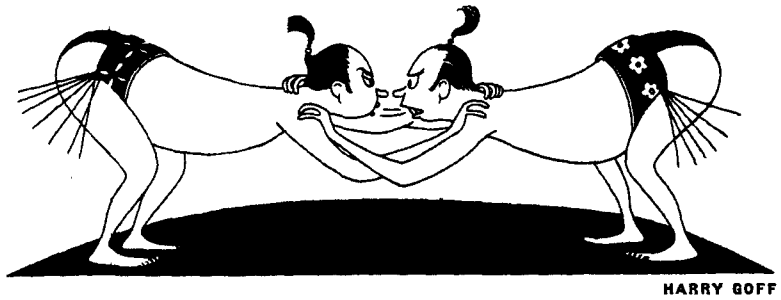
All of us know that the Japanese, like most Orientals, eat boiled rice three times a day. We also know that they eat a lot of fish. But that is not the extent of the Japanese diet. They eat a lot of the same things we do—and, in the warm months, roadside stands in Japan bulge with vegetables and melons. Japanese eat beans, cucumbers, peas, squash, pumpkins, onions, carrots, potatoes—and even spinach. They also like a few things we don't: chrysanthemums, lotus and bamboo sprouts.

* * * * * * * * *

Japanese like beer, which is stronger than ours, and they like their sake, the rice wine which derives from fermented rice. There is a Chinese legend about the origin of sake to the effect that birds stored rice in bamboo trees and that the rice, wet by the rains, soon fermented. Thus sake, which should not be taken in too large quantities. Americans in Japan prefer their beer, wine and liquor to be made in the U.S.A.—and so do many Japanese themselves.

* * * * * * * * *

Unlike the grunt-and-groan game in the United States, Japanese wrestling is scrupulously honest. Wrestling, or *sumo* as it is known, was long considered the national sport in Japan but it is being rapidly replaced in popularity by our own national game of baseball. Still, wrestling attracts great crowds, especially in the larger cities of Tokyo and Osaka. Japanese wrestlers almost never cheat, pitting sheer power in the ring. Wrestlers are trained from youth. In contrast to the average Japanese of about five feet four inches, wrestlers are six-footers or better. They often weigh up to 300 pounds, about twice the weight of the average. Wrestling in Japan is still accompanied by much ceremony.



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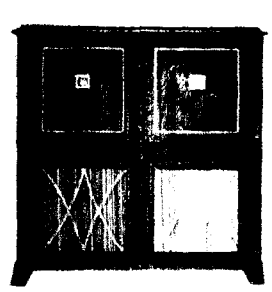

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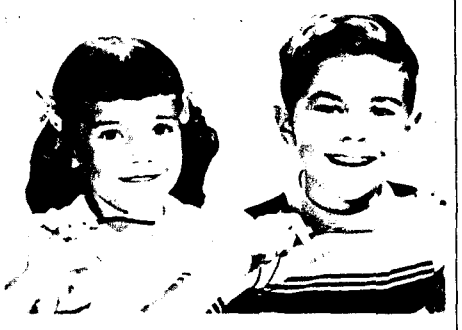
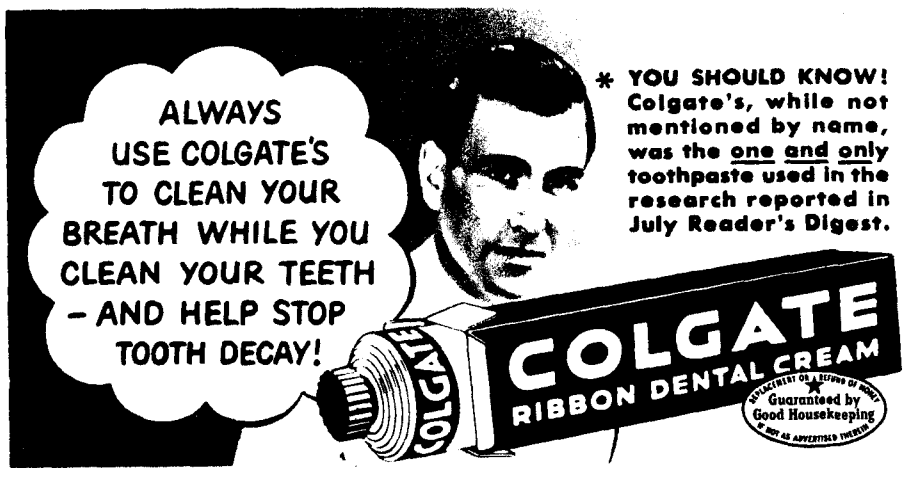
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE OR POWDER —AMMONIATED OR NOT—OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS! Over a two-year period, leading scientists found no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate's correctly! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay!




ALWAYS USE COLGATE'S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH – AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

* YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the research reported in July Reader's Digest.

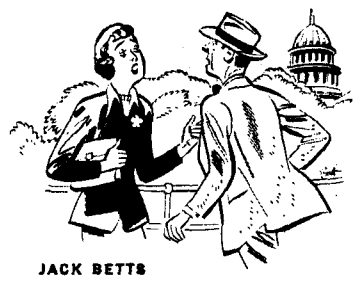
48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Just before the primaries in Michigan 642 ladies and gentlemen were aspiring to the 132 seats in the state legislature. Naturally this unusually large number of candidates—200 more than last year—was reduced a bit. Nevertheless we called up a friend of ours in Lansing and asked about Michigan's political mob scene. "Oh, there would have been more," he said, "but most of us are working."

★ ★ ★

One of our Washington agents reports that as he was rushing across the Capitol from the House wing to the



JACK BETTS

Senate, he was stopped by a slightly bewildered lady who asked him: "Where is the room where they do not pass the laws we want?"

★ ★ ★

We got to talking to a farmer near Bennington, Vermont, about his hard luck. Someone had set fire to his barn. Someone had poisoned his dog. Someone had shot two of his cows. And someone had knocked out the dam in his brook. He said it was his opinion that one person did it all. Also he thought he knew who it was. Naturally we asked who. "Some miscreant," he replied.

★ ★ ★

And Miss Lollie Beane, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, suggests that we attend a few meetings about to be held under the auspices of that town's Board of Education. The project aims to teach parents all about sex. Miss Beane says that she can already hear parents of four or five children leaving the meetings looking at one another in astonishment and saying, "Well, I'll be doggoned."

★ ★ ★

The proprietor of a large saloon down in New Orleans, suddenly found his patronage beginning to diminish—so much so that he asked one of the erstwhile regulars why he was now doing his drinking elsewhere. "Well, Jack, I'll tell you," said the ex-client, "we boys decided your place was getting too darn' courteous. No fun any more."

★ ★ ★

Perhaps you remember the article My Child Is A Diabetic that Collier's published not too long ago. With that in mind you're certain to be interested in a campaign that will be conducted by the American Diabetes Association during the week of November 12th-18th. The association proposes to test more than 5,000,000 people in at least 500 communities for diabetes. We urge you to co-operate. What do you want to know about this ancient disease? It needn't be fatal; there are controls. Write to the association. National headquarters is at 11 West Forty-second Street, New York City. They'll tell you all about it.

★ ★ ★

A professional gambler who has just returned from a rambling vacation that took him out to the Pacific Coast and back reports that there is a great deal of unrest among gamblers everywhere. But it's only temporary, he says. The boys are merely anxious to see Election Day come and go "so that we can get rolling again without interference."

★ ★ ★

Within three days recently we listened to 12 radio commentators and read seven columnists all telling us what kind of a man President Truman is. We gather that he is a stubborn fellow, but frequently gives way to outside influences. Also, he has a very definite plan of action, but is generally given to impulsive decisions. Too, he does all his own thinking, but depends on a few close associates for advice before coming to a conclusion, and he never consults with others before making appointments, but always checks nominees with Democratic National Chairman Bill Boyle and a few others before deciding. Yes, and while he would prefer to run against Senator Taft in 1952, he would like to see Governor Dewey renominated by the Republicans. And so on and on. All this leaves us with a mental picture of Mr. Truman biting himself on the nape of the neck while running backward on his hands.

★ ★ ★

Our associate on Collier's, Gurney Williams, left the office early one day saying that he was going to look for a man. When urged to be more specific, he announced that he was anxious to shake hands with the man at whom the New York State Civil Defense Commission had aimed one of the Air Force's latest directives. The Commission said it was abolishing the Blue Alert, in-

tended to notify citizens that danger might materialize at any time within fifteen minutes. This, said the Commission, might encourage somebody to be leisurely in seeking shelter from an atomic attack. "That's a leisurely somebody I gotta see," said Mr. Williams.

★ ★ ★

In these times, when things are supposed to be bigger if they're to be better, we're glad to report on a significant event that occurred recently out West. The boosters of Seattle, Washington, and Portland, Oregon, decided to get the citizenry steamed up about the idea of increasing the population of each city to 1,000,000. Radios exhorted. Speeches

(*Continued on page* 63)

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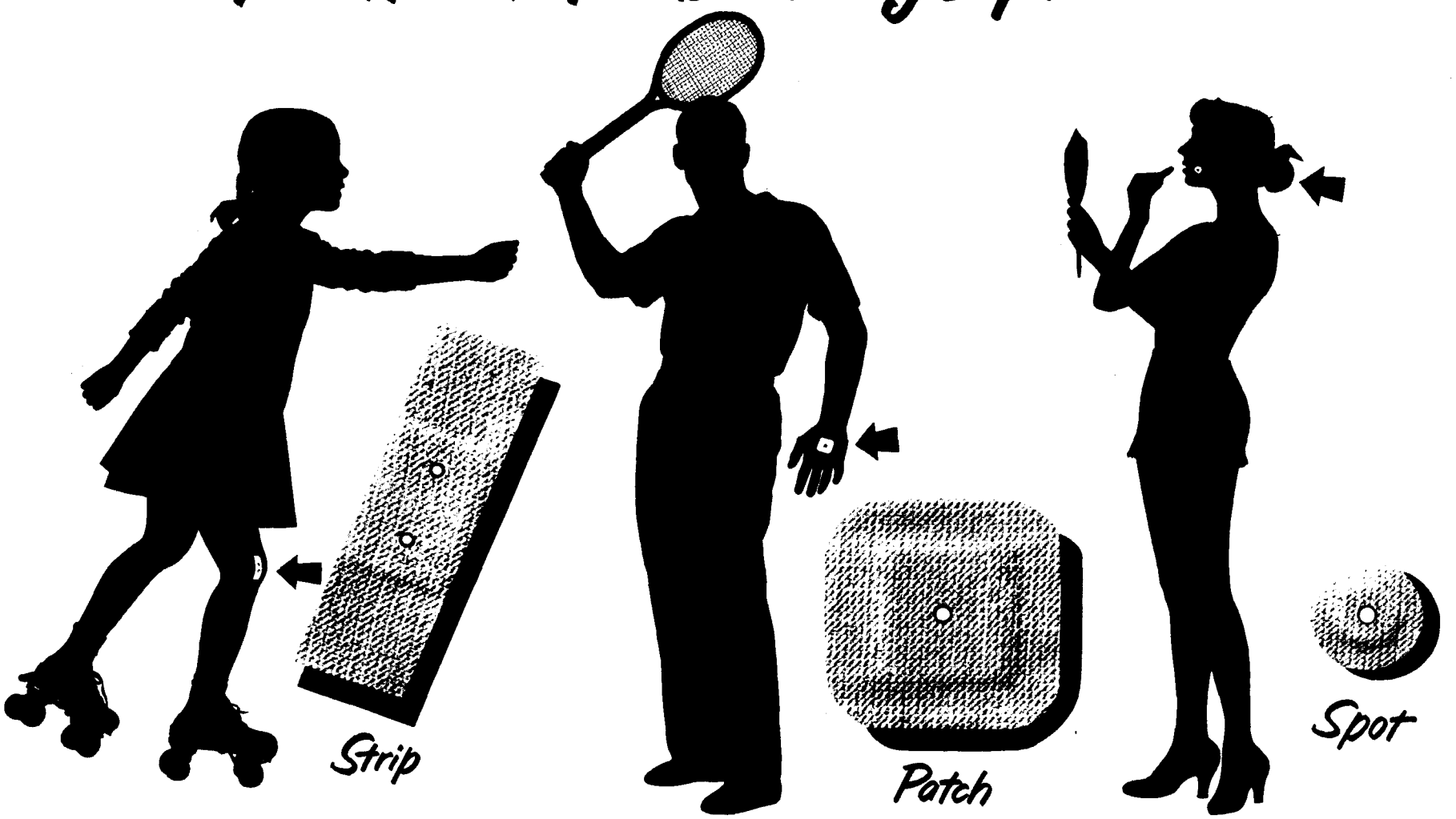
Now! In the famous BAND-AID* family

Wonderful new convenience! Elastic dressings that s-t-r-e-t-c-h with every movement! Three different shapes and sizes to fit different parts of the body! Try all three—and give every injury the best possible protection.

3 new ELASTIC dressings

for hard-to-bandage places



1. A strip that lets joints bend!

BAND-AID* Elastic Adhesive Bandage is the familiar oblong shape, with new stretchability! Stays put on knee, elbow or knuckle—but doesn't bind!

2. A square that seals all around!

BAND-AID* Patch Dressing seals on all 4 edges! So convenient for boils, blisters, or scalp wounds. Keeps out dirt and moisture.

3. A dainty circle for face or neck!

Now you can bandage small face and neck injuries, puncture wounds, warts or moles—inconspicuously. BAND-AID* Spot Dressing is flesh-color. Seals all around.

BAND-AID ELASTIC ADHESIVE BANDAGE

BAND-AID PATCH DRESSINGS

BAND-AID SPOT-DRESSINGS

Patch & Spot Dressings packed together in new flat box

All 3 have these advantages . . .

- They fit better because they stretch
- More comfortable
- Stay put without binding
- Individually wrapped
- 100% sterile
- Waterproof
- Flesh-color, inconspicuous

***BAND-AID means Made By Johnson & Johnson**

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Famous "step-down" design steps out !

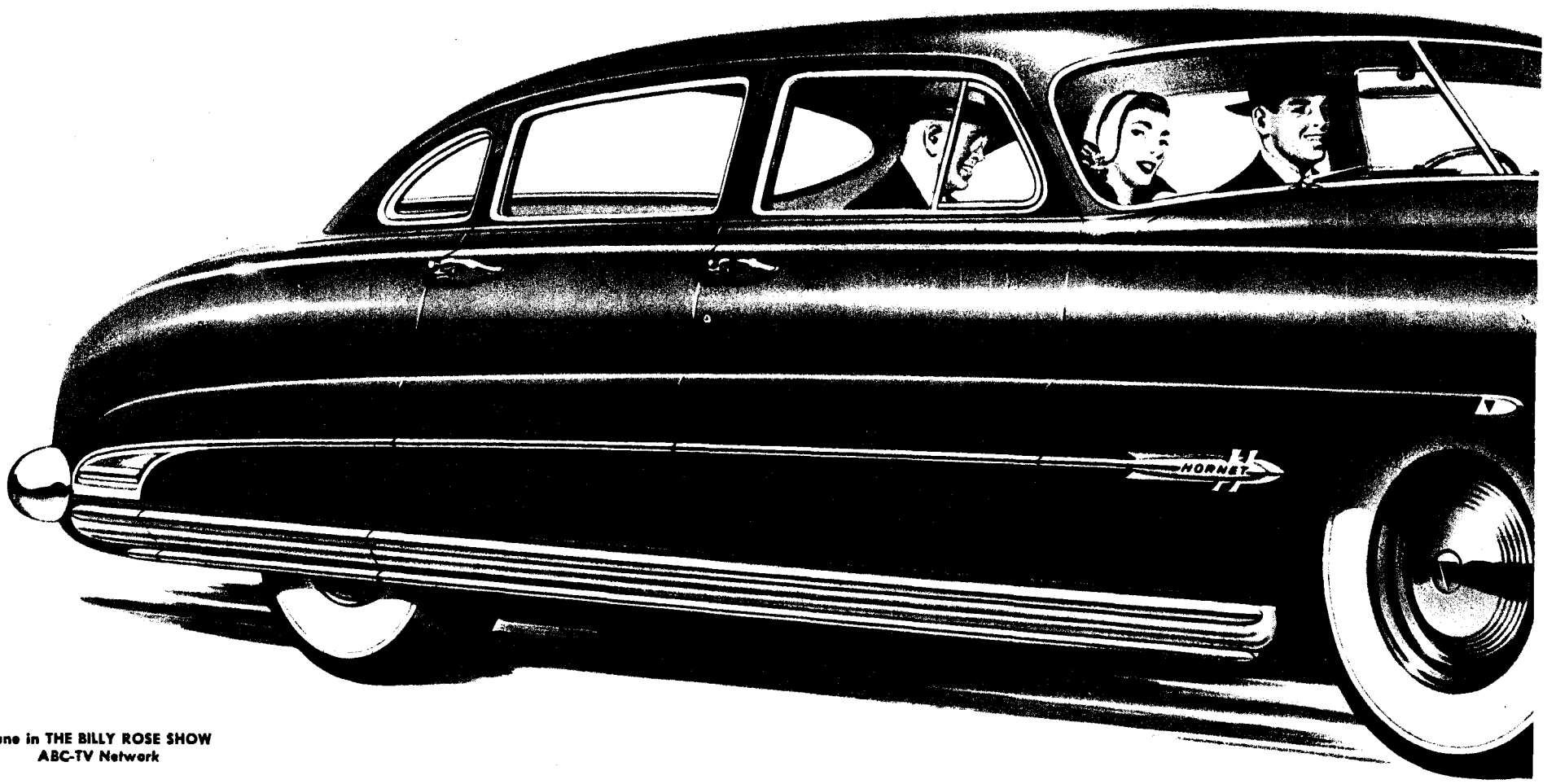
Hudson

present

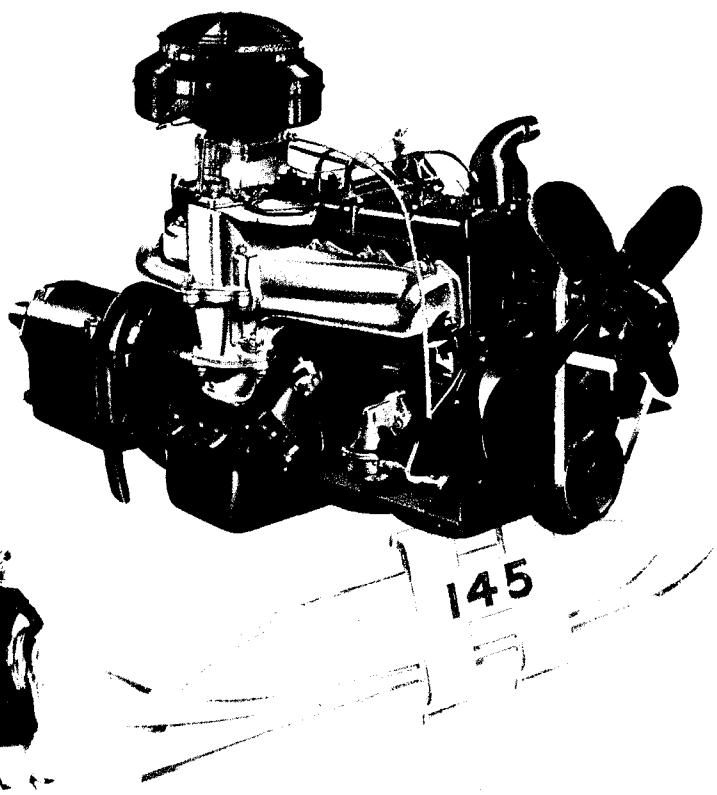
. . . add

. . . score

introduce



Tune in THE BILLY ROSE SHOW
ABC-TV Network



Starring the fabulous new

HUDSON

and its sensationa

Miracle H-Power is here! It's the world's most thrilling high-compressio performance! With the sensational, new H-145 engine in the distinguishe new Hudson Hornet, there's blazing getaway—surging power for any nee —perfect balance between car and engine output that gives you an entirel new command of the road!

You get this miracle performance in a masterful car that is so easy t handle it seems to anticipate your wishes. More important, the powerfu

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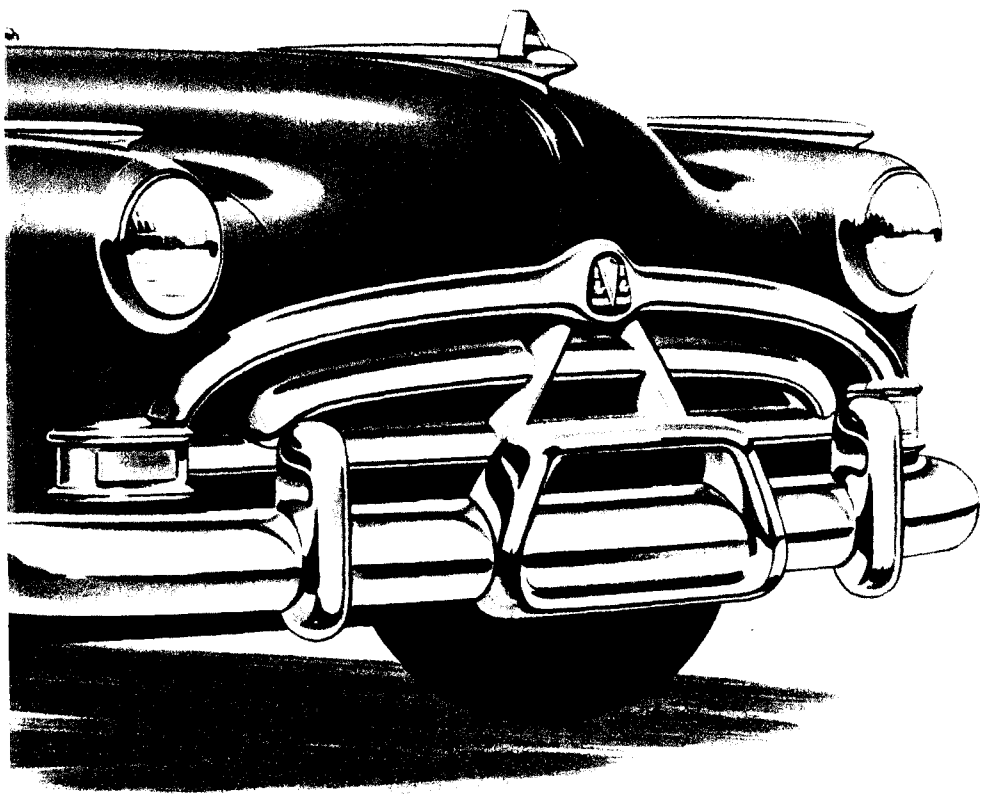
4 rugged series
spectacular new car
engine sensation
Skyliner Styling

for '51

Prices begin just above the lowest



Hudson's here for '51—with four rugged series of matchless new cars! The lower-priced Pacemaker Custom. The renowned Super-Six Custom. The luxurious Commodore Custom. And the fabulous Hudson Hornet!

YES, there's a spectacular addition to Hudson's great line-up of new cars—the Hudson Hornet . . .

A magnificent newcomer—powered by the amazing new H-145 engine, which delivers sensational high-compression performance—and does it on regular gasoline!

But no matter which Hudson you choose, you get outstanding performance, and the sweet-riding lowness, the marvelous roominess and safety of famous "step-down" design!

What's more, you get gorgeous new Skyliner Styling in every Hudson for '51! Custom-luxury interiors! Clean-lined, low-built beauty outside! Massive front-end design! A definite look of the future all around!

It's the auto show of the year! New Hudsons for '51—at your nearby dealer's now! Won't you accept our invitation, see them soon?

HORNET

new H-145 ENGINE

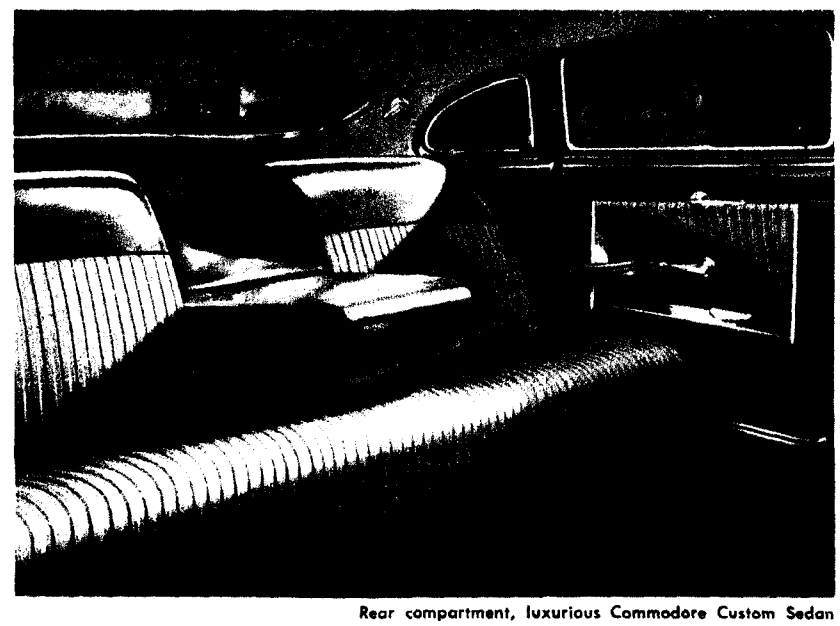
PLUS HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE*

H-145 engine is smooth as satin, right around the speedometer!

This amazing power is yours in an engine that features simplicity of design for lower-than-ever upkeep costs—that's built to outlast any engine now on the American market! And—you get the peak of this high-compression action with regular gasoline!

It's a great new engine for a great new car! See the fabulous Hudson Hornet with the H-145 engine—at your Hudson dealer's!

*Hydra-Matic Drive optional at extra cost on Hudson Hornet and Commodore Custom Series.



Rear compartment, luxurious Commodore Custom Sedan

New Skyliner Styling is here! Custom-luxury interiors—an entirely new concept in beauty and comfort! Exciting new upholstery patterns in three-dimensional nylon! Others in exclusive Hudson weave and worsted Bedford Cord! Arm rests and controls nested out of the way in recessed doors! New instrument panels with high-visibility dials clustered where you see them most easily! Get the whole story on Hudson's new Skyliner Styling—at your nearby dealer's now!

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Not just bigger—this 19" RCA Victor has MILLION PROOF quality!

PROVEN IN OVER A MILLION HOMES

America's choice in television is overwhelmingly *RCA Victor*. That's the kind over a million families chose for their homes—and *that's* strong proof, *Million Proof*, of quality!

The bigger the picture, the more important to you is RCA Victor's Million Proof quality. Unless a set is built to the highest standards, its faults are magnified as the screen is enlarged.

RCA Victor—with experience gained from producing over a million TV receivers—has developed the finest picture quality in its history. New, extra-powerful TV circuits give you the best possible reception—*anywhere*.

The York, shown here, is RCA Victor's newest table model—one of the eighteen superb new Million Proof sets. The matching base, at slight additional cost, gives it the appearance of a luxury console and offers convenient storage space for records and a "45" automatic record changer which can be plugged right into the TV set. See—compare—at your RCA Victor dealer's.

And *only* when you buy RCA Victor television can you buy the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract.

Giant, 19-inch television—but NOT a big, bulky cabinet. The York is only 23¼" high, 24¼" wide, 25" deep. Walnut and mahogany finish at the same price, limed oak slightly higher. Matching Consolette Base is optional extra.

RCA VICTOR

York

Model 9T57 Million Proof table model with 19-inch tube—pictures almost twice the size of this whole page!

NATIONAL RADIO and TV WEEK
Oct. 28 to Nov. 4

Watch "Kukla, Fran and Ollie" Mon.-Fri., 7:00 p.m. New York time over your NBC station.

RCA VICTOR
DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . .
FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . .
FIRST IN TELEVISION

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"Go get your printer!" the girl said to the tall, mournful-looking man. "If you think I'm going to run the press, you're crazy"

Play A Lone Hand

Picked up half dead from buckshot wounds, Giff Dixon was broke and he was proud—and he took on as a handout what proved to be the most dangerous job in the county

I

FOR the second morning in succession Cass Murray stood in the rear doorway of his livery and watched the young man washing up at the water trough by the corral.

This obsession with cleanliness brought no judgment from Cass; he knew a hayloft was no sort of bed, and it was only plain comfort that pushed a man into shaking the chaff out of his shirt and washing the dust from his body after a night there. It was the man's modesty that troubled him.

His back to the livery, the young man was washing his upper body in a furtive and hurried way, almost as if he were in a panic to get back into his shirt before he was observed. Suddenly, as if sensing he were being watched in the bright early morning sunlight, he looked over his shoulder and saw Cass regarding him. The taciturn pride and defiance on his dark face as he quickly buttoned his soiled calico shirt brought a moment of embarrassment to Cass, who turned and tramped up the runway toward the office.

Cass unlocked the office, crossed it to the battered roll-top desk next to the dirty front window and was rummaging around a drawer for the key to the grain bin when he heard the footsteps in the runway. Cass was a middle-aged man and not easily put out of countenance, but when he heard the footsteps pause at the door, he felt a strange reluctance to look up.

"Did you count them?" a voice asked dryly.

Cass turned his pleasantly heavy face to the door, frowned, and saw the young man watching him. "Count what?"

"The buckshot holes in my belly. That's what you wanted to see, wasn't it?"

The young man was tall, long-jawed and badly in need of a shave. There was an implacable reserve in his dark eyes that were full of resentment now. Cass placidly gathered up a handful of

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matches, crossed the office and extended them to the young man. This overnight forfeit of matches was the only price Cass ever exacted for a night's lodging in the hayloft.

The young man accepted them and put them in his shirt pocket. Cass noticed then that the sack of tobacco which had been in the shirt pocket the day before was not there now. That fact combined with the memory of the young man's pride made Cass's voice oddly gentle as he asked, "Had breakfast?"

"I've got to see a man."

"Give him time to get up," Cass said mildly. "As soon as I've bought you breakfast I want to talk to you, Dixon."

A faint surprise at being called by name was reflected in Dixon's face; he only nodded as Cass shouldered past him into the runway and waited on the plankwalk for Dixon to join him.

Corazon was just stirring. The low sun was bright on the row of wind-scoured store fronts opposite. A swamper at the Plains Bar across the street had appropriated a barrel from the stack in front of the saloon and was standing on it to wash windows at this improbable hour. Above and beyond the stores on Grant Street the cedar-stippled foothills of the mountains seemed to rise out of the very edge of town, their distance deceptive in the clear light flooding from the plains to the east. The smell of cool dust was everywhere.

AT THE Family Café downstreet, they turned in and took counter stools. Since Cass was paying for Dixon's breakfast he ordered it, making it a big one, and watched Dixon wolf it down in famished silence. When they were both finished, Cass extended his sack of tobacco to the younger man. After they had both fashioned cigarettes and Dixon had lighted Cass's, he rose abruptly. "I'm much obliged for the breakfast. I'll go back now and give your hostler a hand."

Cass looked at him obliquely. "I thought you had to see a man."

"I can do that later."

"You can help the hostler later, too. Sit down."

Dixon sat down again. He stared at his empty coffee cup, his face still wary, expecting nothing and wanting nothing.

"Found work?" Cass asked him.

He received a brief, sardonic and wondering glance from Dixon, along with a negative shake of the head.

"How do you figure to, coming in here the way you did?"

Without bothering to glance at him, Dixon put his hands on the counter, as if to rise.

"Hell, I'm not scolding you," Cass said shortly. "I want to know."

Dixon's voice was toneless. "I'd like to know, too."

"For three weeks now, I've been waiting for Sheriff Edwards to get the word to pick you up. So has everybody else. That's why you can't get a riding job. That's why you couldn't get one even if you hadn't sold your saddle to pay Doc Miller." He paused. "*Are* you going to be picked up?"

"I don't think so."

"Then don't be so damn' touchy about the holes in your belly. The whole town knows they're there."

Dixon said nothing; he was rigidly watching his empty coffee cup, as if bare politeness demanded that he listen in patience to the man who had bought him breakfast.

Cass had his moment of doubt, then. Dixon was a broke stranger, prideful and secretive, but any man who'd been found beside a dead horse, half alive and with a belly full of buckshot had earned the right to his silences. Cass remembered the day a month ago when the pair of trail drivers delivered Dixon; he was lying in their chuck wagon because he was too hurt to ride. The Texas trail hands were in a hurry to get back with their wagon, and all they could tell the sheriff was that a stampede had scattered their herd all over Beaver County and that in rounding it up one of their riders had come across Dixon. He wasn't at a camp, but at the edge of some brakes. His horse had been ridden to death and he was near death. Here he was and here his saddle was, they said, and drove off.

Doc Miller had pried the buckshot out of him, and Mrs. Miller had nursed and fed him. Three days ago, they had turned him loose, and his first act had been to sell his saddle to Burton for enough money to settle Doc's bill for treatment, nursing and board.

Two days of fruitless hunting for work, two nights in the livery hayloft brought his history up to date, Cass thought without much enthusiasm. But he paid Doc, Cass remembered. I guess I'll do it.

He reached in the hip pocket of his farmer's bib overalls and brought out a tattered envelope which he flipped on the counter.

"Sheriff Edwards got that a couple weeks ago. He turned it over to me and I forgot it until last night. It's from the General Land Office. There's a special agent coming out here along with his surveyor. They want Edwards to dig up a couple of horses and a pack mule— also a combination guide, cook, packer and chainman. Want the job?"

Dixon reached out and picked up the envelope, but he did not read the letter inside. He put the envelope down gently and said in a flat voice, "I would if I had the horses and knew the country."

"I got the horses and they'll have maps of the country," Cass said impatiently. "The job's yours if you want it."

Dixon looked at him now, almost for the first time, "What's the matter with it?"

A swift anger came to Cass, but when he reflected on Dixon's question, he saw its reasonableness. Why, indeed, should the job go to him? Cass laughed suddenly. "You'll know in a week." He saw the unspoken question in Dixon's eyes, and he went on, "No, there's nothing wrong with it. It's easy money, so take it. You're just the man for it because you're a stranger. You don't know them and you don't know the country, so you won't get mad at them. Remember that. Just don't get mad at them."

"Who?"

"This special agent and his surveyor," Cass said shortly. "About every two years the land office sends out another special agent. He's supposed to investigate reports of fraudulent entries for homesteads in this district. Hell, I can name twenty men who were crowded off their homesteads or were swindled out of them by the big cattle companies. I'm one myself. There must be a hundred, two hundred homesteads that they got illegally, one way or another. Every kid on the street knows the big outfits are stealing government land. But do these special agents ever turn up anything? No! The big outfits either kiss 'em to death or scare 'em to death." He reached in his pocket for money. "I'm tired of watching it, that's all. I know how it'll turn out."

He slapped a gold piece on the counter with unnecessary violence; even the thought of another special agent coming had already spoiled his day. He received his change and shoved it in front of Dixon. "Buy yourself a new shirt and clean up. Meet the Vegas train at two. They're coming in this afternoon."

WHEN Giff Dixon climbed the steps of the station platform, his face freshly shaven and a clean shirt on his back, the scattering of men standing on the platform gave him a lingering look before turning their attention elsewhere. He was only a little taller than the ordinary man, but there was a kind of bitter challenge in his long face that made a man wonder. It was a thin face, almost gaunt, and the full high cheekbones gave his dark eyes a deep watchfulness. A month indoors had bleached its weather-burn only a shade; the only place his skin paled was at the edge of his thick black hair where the barber had worked.

He chose a spot of sun by the station wall, and because his knees still had a tendency to bend too easily, he hunkered down against it on his heels. The shimmering endless plains to the east were a pleasant thing to watch. He slowly began to fashion a new cigarette from the fat sack of new tobacco in his pocket. Memory turned his thoughts again to this morning's luck. The reasons for it he had not really considered, and now he put his attention to them.

As he raised the cigarette to his lips, a shadow fell across the planks in front of him, touching him. He glanced up and saw standing over him a pleasant-faced man dressed in a rumpled suit of black clothes and wearing the black, narrow-brimmed hat of a townsman. He was short, wore a mustache clipped military fashion, and was somehow familiar.

"Aren't you the fellow they brought to me a month or so ago?" the man asked in a friendly voice.

That would be the sheriff, Giff thought, and he nodded cautious acknowledgment.

"Doc said he'd turned you loose with a well-freckled belly."

Giff's smile held only a faint humor as he nodded again.

Sheriff Edwards went on, "Normally, I'm not a curious man, but sometimes I'm supposed to be. These Texas riders couldn't explain how you got shot. Can you?"

Giff looked carefully down at his cigarette. "A hunting accident. I was shooting quail."

There was a moment of silence and Giff looked up to see the corner of Edwards' mouth lifting in a faint smile.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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A shot boomed ugely the alley. It was the second one, though. nit the p inter in the back Giff kept running

"With buckshot?"

"That's all I had."

"That's all the other fellow had, you mean. Who was he?"

Giff again looked at his cigarette and answered idly, "My horse. He wanted to get in a shot, but his hands were cold and he dropped the gun."

After a moment, he looked up again at the sheriff. The smile was gone, and there was a faint flush on Edwards' face. There was something else there, too—not anger, only a kind of pity mixed with puzzlement before he turned and moved away.

That was a mistake, Giff thought. He realized too late of course that Edwards was asking only routine questions in a friendly way, much in the manner that Cass Murray had quizzed him this morning. He remembered, too, that he had almost walked out on Murray. In a bitter moment of self-knowledge, Dixon thought: You damn' fool, this is a new start. You don't have to be feisty now.

The distant train, in sight now around the bend of the nearest foothill, whistled. Giff came to his feet and was still standing against the wall when the train finally came to a halt at the dusty platform.

A half-dozen passengers descended from the single passenger car and moved away. Then the brakeman, who had been standing beside the car on the platform, moved quickly up to the steps. He backed down, holding a transit whose tripod was folded and lashed, and gently set it down. Then, piece by piece, duffel bags and luggage were handed down to him. Giff noticed then that the attention of every man on the platform was directed toward the passenger-car steps, and he knew that all these men, for whatever reasons, were having their close look at the special agent.

When the agent finally descended Sheriff Edwards went forward immediately, holding out his hand. Seeing him move, Giff remembered suddenly that the agent had written Edwards, and he thought bitterly: Then my job will last two minutes longer.

The agent was a stocky man in clean range clothes, and his smile was easy, almost professional as he shook Edwards' hand. His ruddy, loose face held a careless affability and the easy charm of the politician.

It was the man behind him, however, who held Giff's interest. This man was older and wore a disreputable duck jacket, scuffed laced boots and a derby hat that had once been black but was now a mottled and sun-faded green. Ventilation holes had been punched just above its frayed hatband. His eyes were the palest gray *(Continued on page 67)*

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Don't Smoke—

For centuries tobacco has brought mankind peace and cheer. Now some scientist

FOR more than 400 years, ever since the first paleface was lulled toward a treaty by an Indian peace pipe, tobacco has been decried as a moral and a physical menace. Yet, all through these centuries, an ever-growing portion of mankind—and more recently of womankind—has ignored these cries and found comfort in the glowing bowl of a pipe, solace in the delicate aroma of a cigar, and an outlet for nervous tension in a few quick puffs on a cigarette.

Americans, most of all, have taken the cigarette to heart. More than three quarters of all our adult men, and more than 40 per cent of all women, now smoke. We consume almost 400,000,000,000 cigarettes each year. We average nearly a full pack each per day.

Recently, however, the ranks of the antitobacco forces have been swollen by new recruits. Serious scientists and physicians have solemnly reported the results of intensive research in authoritative medical journals. These studies, if only because of their source, cannot be laughed off as were the denunciations of "the filthy weed" by the wild-eyed soapboxers of generations past.

Newspapers, the radio and television have picked up these reports and spread them broadcast. Condensing and oversimplifying them—with the ifs, ands and buts omitted—they have made smoking look, to many, like a dangerous habit indeed.

Millions of us have been led to worry whether the innocent-looking white tubes we casually light and puff are not really lethal weapons, slowly poisoning our systems, giving rise to ulcers, heart troubles, circulatory diseases, tuberculosis and even cancer. A few of us have given up smoking entirely. Others have cut down to four or six or eight cigarettes a day. Many, while puffing away as busily as ever, still remain disturbed and vaguely frightened at the menaces that they have been told lurk in the seemingly innocuous cigarette.

Are these worries really justified?

Is the new evidence against the cigarette really valid, really conclusive?

Has tobacco been found guilty of endangering health and even lives?

Or have many of us been scared, unnecessarily scared, by sensationalized stories about limited, inconclusive and controversial research?

Fortunately, for those of us who love to smoke, the latter seems to be the case. Some scientists have, tentatively, indicted tobacco. But a tremendous gap exists between such tentative indictment and a full-scale conviction shared by all scientists. This doesn't mean that you ought to sit back and laugh if your doctor suggests that you cut down on smoking. Tobacco—like fat foods, lean foods, exercise, lack of exercise, too much sunshine, too little sunshine, and a host of other factors—may be undesirable from a health standpoint for some individuals in certain circumstances. On the other hand, if you have nothing much wrong with you, tobacco—despite all the scare stories—probably is the one indulgence least likely to send you reeling toward the hospital or the grave.

Let's consider the case the scientists have been making out for—and against—the theory that smoking causes lung cancer. This line of thought has come particularly to the fore with the recent simultaneous publication of two elaborate reports in the widely circulated Journal of the American Medical Association.

In one of these studies Drs. Ernest L. Wynder and Evarts A. Graham, of St. Louis, compared the smoking habits of 605 men with lung cancer against the smoking habits of 780 other male hospital patients. Among the lung cancer patients they found that 96.5 per cent had been moderately heavy to chain smokers for many years. Among their "control group" they reported only 73.7 per cent who were moderately heavy to chain smokers.

Classed as a Cause of Lung Cancer

Drs. Graham and Wynder put their evidence before mathematics professor Paul R. Rider, who reported that the difference was statistically significant. Thus these researchers concluded that "excessive and prolonged use of tobacco, especially cigarettes, seems to be an important factor in the induction of bronchiogenic carcinoma," or cancer of the lung.

Immediately following the Graham-Wynder article there appeared another, by Drs. Morton L. Levin, Hyman Goldstein and Paul R. Gerhardt, of the Bureau of Cancer Control of the New York State Department of Health. They compared the smoking habits of 1,045 male cancer patients with more than 600 male noncancer patients who had been hospitalized at the Roswell Park Memorial Institute. And they reported that "cancer of the lung occurs more than twice as frequently among those who have smoked cigarettes for 25 years than among other smokers (those who have smoked for a shorter period of time) or nonsmokers of comparable age."

At first glance, these reports seem to provide substantial evidence of a close link between smoking and the development of lung cancer. But other experts, both practicing cancer specialists and cancer research workers, seriously challenge both the statistics and the basic assumptions upon which both the Graham-Wynder and the Levin reports rest.

Both reports are based, in the first place, on the assumption that tobacco smoke contains some agent capable of causing cancer. This view first won favor, some years ago, when the late Professor A. H. Roffo, of the University Institute of Experimental Medicine, at Buenos Aires, identified what he believed to be cancer-causing hydrocarbons in tobacco tars. He reported consistently positive results, using these tars, in inducing cancer in laboratory animals.

But more recent research by Drs. E. Ashley Cooper, F. W. Mason Lamb, E. L. Hirst and Edgar Sanders, all of the University of Birmingham, England, and by Drs. Otto Schurch and Alfred Winterstein, of a research unit in Zurich, Switzerland, has failed to duplicate the results Dr. Roffo claimed. At the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, this country's leading basic cancer research center, similar attempts have also provided negative results.

In one long series of experiments, for example, Public Health Service research workers took two substantial groups of cancer-susceptible laboratory mice. One group was kept in a smoke-free chamber. The other was exposed to heavy tobacco smoke for at least half its normal life-span. After 10 months of constant exposure, the smoke-eating mice remained as tumor-free as their brothers and sisters in the control group.

Then the Public Health Service researchers went even further. They injected tobacco tars into mice of cancer-susceptible strains. They dissolved the tars in the drinking water of other mice. They put the tars under the skins of still other mice.

Despite these massive exposures, their mice failed to develop cancer. Tobacco tars, if cancerigenic at all, were demonstrated clearly to be far, far less so than coal tars and many other agents to which many industrial and mining workers are frequently exposed.

Drs. Graham and Wynder lay great stress, in their report, upon the fact that both cigarette smoking and lung cancer have apparently increased along parallel lines. "From the evidence presented," they state, "the temptation is strong to incriminate excessive smoking, and in particular cigarette smoking over a long period, as at least one important factor in the striking increase of bronchiogenic carcinoma."

Cancer researchers of the National Cancer Institute, however, take sharp issue with this point of view. They concede that their surveys show a marked increase in lung cancer. But Dr. Austin V. Deibert, chief of the Cancer Control Branch of the National Institute of Health, pointed out in a recent letter to the Journal of the American Medical Association: "Many investigators still maintain that this increase is merely apparent [*sic*] and (is) the result of a shift in the age composition of our population in recent decades, better diagnostic facilities, and a greater awareness of the medical profession for this particular cancer."

Cancer statisticians note, for example, that the greatest percentage increase in cigarette smoking

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By ALBERT Q. MAISEL

...ay smoking is dangerous. But are their findings conclusive? The answer is No

in the last three decades has been among women. If prolonged and heavy smoking were actually a primary cause of lung cancer, they ask, would it not be natural to expect that lung cancer among women would be increasing far more rapidly than among men?

Yet exactly the opposite has been the case. While more and more women have become heavy smokers of many years' duration, cancer of the lung among males has been mounting far more rapidly than among females.

How misleading the "parallel growth" theory can be is demonstrated by the fate of a similar theory long advocated by anti-tobacco crusaders. When tuberculosis was on the rise, decades ago, they made much of the fact that tobacco consumption was also on the upgrade. "Cigarettes," they boldly declared, "definitely cause T.B."

But then something disconcerting began to happen. Cigarette consumption continued to mount ever higher. But T.B., which should have climbed right through the statistical roof, began to fall off sharply.

In fact, among women, the T.B. rate has fallen even faster than among men, despite the fact that it is among women that smoking has shown the greatest increase.

Skeptical of Graham-Wynder Theory

Cancer research authorities go even further in raising questions about the validity of the recently published studies linking smoking to lung cancer. They point out that the "statistically significant correlation," which Drs. Graham and Wynder found, between smoking and the development of lung cancer, is far from proof that smoking is *the* cause and cancer the effect.

In his letter to the Journal of the American Medical Association, Dr. Deibert reminded his readers that earlier investigators had found similarly "statistically significant" data upon which they based theories that lung cancer was linked to influenza, to the pollution of the air with sulphur dioxide and carbon monoxide, to the increase in tarred roads and to the inhalation of exhaust fumes from gasoline and Diesel engines.

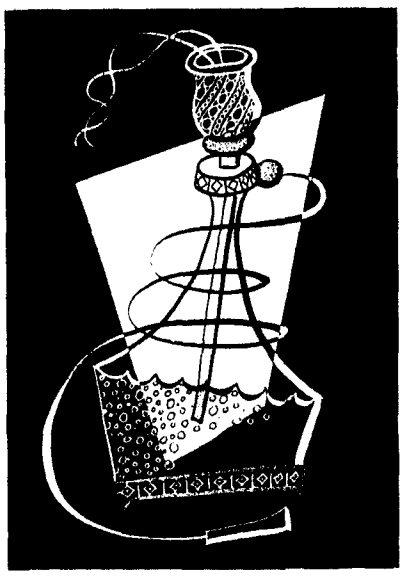
But these theories have long since been laid on the scientific back shelf.

The idea that lung cancer had increased as a result of influenza seemed to be supported by the figures—when only the 1918-'19 influenza epidemic was considered. But later research showed that no increase in lung cancer had followed the great influenza epidemic of 1889-'90 and that no rise in lung-cancer frequency among Icelanders had occurred following the 1918 epidemic, although it was particularly severe.

Experts at the U.S. Public Health Service's National Cancer Institute point out that both the Graham-Wynder and the Levin-Goldstein-Gerhardt studies are limited to smoking as a possible cause of cancer. Yet many environmental and occupational factors have been proved to cause lung cancer and still others are equally or more suspect than tobacco.

That such concentration upon a single cause, to the exclusion of all others, can lead to serious error was demonstrated in a research study conducted by Drs. René Huguenin, Jean Fauvet and Jacques Bourdin, of the Institut du Cancer, Paris. They were confronted with a substantial group of cases of cancer of the lung which had been blamed, originally, on tobacco. But when they considered the possibility of other causes, they were able to demonstrate that a substantial proportion of these patients had been exposed, in their work, to a cancer-causing oil mist. The easy road, of blaming tobacco, actually had served only to obscure the real cause in these cases, an occupational exposure to a dangerous cancer-causing agent that, once understood, could be attacked and controlled or eliminated.

It is precisely because incidents of this sort have occurred that men like Dr. Austin V. Deibert and Dr. W. C. Hueper, of the National Cancer Institute, regard the recent emphasis upon smoking as *the* cause of cancer of the lung as dangerously one-sided. They know that many industrial dusts have been demonstrated to cause cancer among workers in these fields. They fear that an all-too-easy emphasis upon smoking as the culprit may lead industry and public health authorities to neglect protective measures against these far more definitely proven cancer causes.



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As Dr. Deibert put it in his critical letter to the A.M.A. Journal, "It seems advisable not to close our eyes to the possible or probable existence of other cancerigenic agents in any future search for the causes of cancer of the lung."

Finally, there are those who challenge the Graham-Wynder and Levin data on the ground that these studies made no comparison between cancer patients and ordinary smokers. In both reports, the "control groups" were not the general population, but a carefully selected group of sick people.

Is it logical, these critics ask, to accept the smoking habits of such sick people as typical of the general population?

While cancer research men have been among the severest critics of the cigarettes-cause-cancer studies, a similar controversy has raged among practicing surgeons and cancer specialists.

Some prominent physicians have accepted the new evidence as conclusive. Dr. Alton Ochsner, director of the famous Ochsner Clinic of New Orleans, for example, has categorically stated, "It appears without doubt that the inhalation of cigarette smoke exerts a carcinogenic effect upon lung tissue."

But others reject this view just as vigorously. Surgeon William F. Reinhoff, Jr., of Baltimore, declares, "I have reviewed more than 500 cases of lung cancer that were operated upon and a large number that were inoperable, and I have found no relation whatsoever to smoking."

The attacks upon smoking have, of course, not been restricted to the idea that it might cause cancer. Yet, as in the case of the cancer studies, almost all of the other attacks seem to create far more medical controversy than they clear up. Consider, for example, the theory that smoking injures the heart, and the related theory that it intensifies heart disease and accelerates its disastrous course.

As with the cancer theory, there are again grounds for a certain amount of argument.

Some years ago, Drs. Grace Roth, John McDonald and Charles Sheard, of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, published in the A.M.A. Journal a report on experiments they had conducted upon six normal human subjects. They were able to demonstrate that smoking temporarily speeded the pulse, temporarily raised the blood pressure and temporarily caused a drop in the temperature of the extremities. These facts have been largely confirmed by other researchers.

Antitobacco propagandists made much of this data. Yet precisely the same effects are brought about by a host of other agents and conditions.

A man's pulse rate goes up at the sight of a well-turned ankle. So, too, does blood pressure. If you run 100 yards, or if you get good and angry, your heart will increase its rate of pumping and your blood pressure will mount.

Whether this is good or bad depends, however, entirely upon circumstances. If it increases your breathing rate and helps you run faster, that may be excellent . . . especially if you are being chased by an angry dog. If it throws you into a frothing fit, that is, obviously, very bad.

But logically, it seems extreme to indict the cigarette as a cause of heart disease when its effects on the action of the heart and the blood are so strikingly similar to the effects of so many other of the ordinary conditions of daily life.

Another more recent study, once again published by the A.M.A. Journal, reported upon a far more extensive investigation by a group of doctors from Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons and from New York's Presbyterian Hospital. Drs. Robert L. Levy, James A. L. Mathers, Alex A. Mueller and John L. Nickerson wanted to find out whether smoking was bad for people who already had heart disease.

They tested persons of different ages, some of whom suffered from various heart conditions and some of whom didn't. They tested young people and old. They used both ordinary cigarettes and the denicotinized types.

Facts That the Tests Revealed

They found, first of all, that cigarettes had widely differing effects on different people—effects that varied without any discernible relation to whether or not the people had heart disease.

Except in a small minority of susceptible persons, they found that smoking cigarettes caused only slight changes in the circulation and did not significantly increase the work demanded of the heart.

Among none of their subjects, including even those with coronary heart disease, did they find that smoking caused any cardiac pain.

Their viewpoint? "Most patients with a cardiac disorder, including those with a disease of the coronary arteries, can smoke moderately without apparent harm. In fact, for many, smoking not only affords pleasure but aids in promoting emotional stability."

That, of course, does not mean that all heart patients should smoke. Dr. Levy and his group were careful to point out that smoking should be forbidden for certain types of heart disease—"congestive heart failure, the acute stages of cardiac infarction and active rheumatic heart disease."

The antismoking propagandists have another major line of attack. Smoking, they tell us, shortens the life-span. The cigarette, they assert, is in actuality what we used to call it jokingly, a "coffin nail." For scientific support they rely mainly upon a twelve-year-old survey by the late Dr. Raymond Pearl, of The Johns Hopkins University.

Dr. Pearl did indeed study a very large group of people—6,813. He reported that two thirds of all his nonsmokers survived *(Continued on page 54)*

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The ladies take charge as Mayor Dorothy Davis, standing, **greets the all-woman council which will help her run the village. They are (l. to r.) Elizabeth Racer, beautician;** Dorothy Hawkins, Louise Price, teacher; Acsah Miller, Bobbie Critzer, Ruby Jenkins

SHE-TOWN

When women took over the government of Washington, Va., they promised to show the men how to run things. They're making good—fixing the budget and getting the weeds cut

THE womenfolk are doing very nicely, thank you, in Washington, Virginia, a pleasant little village dreaming away in the Blue Ridge foothills. On September 1st they replaced the town mayor and his six town councilmen with seven women: four wives, a widow, a secretary and the town beautician. Already, Washington's distaff government has taken actions calculated to remake the town.

The girls went to work at their very first council meeting. A committee was appointed with instructions to replace all burned-out street lights within 24 hours. Under the male council, burned-out lights often remained dark for months. Another working unit was directed to hire a man to keep the streets clean and the grass down. Before the female government took over, grass grew high in the streets and along the sidewalk edges, tall weeds plagued the courthouse lawn, and trash accumulated in the village alleys.

The new mayor and her all-woman council appointed a finance committee to study city expenses and draft a budget—a device never utilized by the males. A book of bank checks was ordered. In the past, all town bills were paid by warrant, a clumsy and long-obsolete system. Another committee was appointed to seek county enforcement of laws designed to keep stray dogs off the village streets.

The all-female government was a long time taking over. Patiently, the women gave the menfolk two centuries and an extra year to make a go of the town, and nothing happened. That was about all the girls could take. On June 13th they swept to power in a hot election contest which brought 99 of the town's 102 available voters to the polls. Some of the feminine newcomers scraped into office by paper-thin majorities—but they won.

Dorothy Davis, the wife of George Davis, a U. S. Department of Justice attorney, was elected mayor. Dorothy is a dark-haired, twenty-eight-year-old mother of three, who quit high school to get married, and could qualify in any beauty contest. She licked popular and plump Charlie Bruce by four votes. The majorities of some of her councilwomen were even thinner but, as Mayor Davis said, "the thing that counts is victory, not the size of our majority."

Election of the all-woman municipal government most emphatically placed over-all control of Washington, Virginia, in the hands of the ladies. Add the magistrate, the banker, and a tall, pert redhead who owns, edits and publishes the weekly Rappahannock News—all women—and logic can scarcely reject the proposal of Dr. John Snead, of neighboring Sperryville, to put up a sign at Washington's corporate limits: "Caution: You are now entering She-Town." A few unreconstructed advocates of male supremacy who live in the nearby hills have forbidden their wives to set foot in the village, for fear they might get uppity ideas.

On the surface a simple if sweeping political upset, the phenomenal switch from male to female government provided a rare glimpse of the hardy independence of spirit which envelops Virginia's hill country. This was the area which in 1928 calmly ignored a state-wide swing to Republican Herbert Hoover, and gave Al Smith a whopping majority. Its people raise apples, hunt foxes, and consider residents among them for 20 years to be raw newcomers.

The election proved an instrument which Washington "moderns" have vainly hunted during recent years: a device to attract attention from the outside world. Last year the town celebrated its 200th birthday, and nobody seemed to care. Even its claim as "The First Washington of All," and the village historian's stout insistence that George Washington himself platted and established the community on July 24, 1749, gained for Washington, Virginia, only negligible recognized fame.

When the women's rebellion proved successful, the renown so long withheld suddenly arrived in a veritable deluge. Reporters, radio, television and newsreel men flocked to the village. Helen Gahagan Douglas, the glamorous California congresswoman, called on the ladies with a hatful of suggestions for civic betterment. Fan mail began arriving. Feminists all over the land viewed the installation of Washington's all-female government with sheer delight. Some of the dismissed male officeholders, on the other hand, took refuge in hollow laughter, and in a string of weak wisecracks designed, perhaps, to cover chagrin.

Ex-Councilman Lewis Turner has been inquiring whether the new council intends to fence telephone

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY AILEEN DARBY AND GRETCHEN VAN TASSEL

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Mayor Dorothy doesn't give the citizens all her time. Here she is at home with (l. to r.) daughters Mary Norma and Dorothy, her husband George, a U.S. attorney, and George, Jr.

When the mayor wanted a hairdo for the inauguration, she had Councilwoman Elizabeth Racer fix it

poles with lace to keep dogs away. Charlie Bruce suggested that the canine nuisance might be ended by putting rubber pants on all the town pups. There is talk of a demand from the men for reduction of the municipal tax rate, which for two years has stood at zero.

Not all of the election ribbing came from disgruntled candidates who lost. Warren Quality Shop, a haberdashery in Front Royal, 17 miles to the north, rewrote its weekly advertisement in the Rappahannock News immediately after election. In big black type, the ad offered sanctuary in Front Royal to Washington's "Underprivileged Citizens —the Men." Leslie Merrill, chief of Washington's Volunteer Fire Department, uniformed attendants at a filling station he owns in embroidered aprons, and announced that, for all he cared, they could curtsy to customers. "Hell's bells," he exclaimed, "the women got everything else. They can take over the fire department too, if they want it."

Overconfidence Caused His Downfall

It will be some time before the residents allow former Councilman Turner to forget his confident pre-election assurances to mayoralty candidate Bruce. "If they don't elect you mayor, Charlie," he promised, "you can have my seat on the city council." Aside from his commitment's obvious illegality, candidate Turner's total vote for re-election was 32—which left him just 16 ballots shy of a place on the council for himself. In case the townspeople lose interest in his downfall, Mr. Turner has a reminder at home: his pretty and popular wife, Jessie. She was asked to run for election, but her husband wouldn't permit it. "At least," she wailed afterward, "if Lewis couldn't win, somebody in the family might have been on the council."

The retired mayor, chunky Billy Moffett, did not seek re-election, but was no backer of the feminist ticket. "A bunch of henpecked husbands got together and put this thing over," he grunted. Lucy Catherine Bowie, who owns and runs the Rappahannock News, printed a snide suggestion from some townsman that Moffett might be planning to run for mayor of Massie's Corner, a community of some dozen souls three miles away, and on the road to the Moffett family farm. Billy faithfully sets out every morning for the farm, where he superintends the crop raising. By coincidence, the filling station in Massie's Corner is the scene of the liveliest nonstop setback game in the county.

Retiring Mayor Moffett's reactions to the new regime set the pattern for the rest of the evicted males. One defeated ex-councilman explained the election this way: "First, there are more women than men in Washington, and next, half of the men are scared of their wives. Just ain't got any guts, hardly at all." Explanations like this are ignored by the lady city managers, who are not without defenders, or verbal weapons of their own.

Trial Justice Snippy Miller—even close friends seldom remember Snippy's real name is Brooke Menefee Miller—managed the women's campaign, and scoffs at suggestions that Washington men are more than ordinarily dominated by their wives. Justice Miller, who can dry a dish as quickly as any husband in town, serves also as the county domestic relations judge, and should know about such things. "There are only two kinds of married men, in Washington or any other place," he says. "There are the henpecked husbands, and the husbands who lie about it."

The judge, along with trim and witty Acsah Miller, wife of Snippy's cousin Jack and herself a council member, must share whatever praise or censure is ultimately heaped on the all-woman city government. They put the girls in office.

"It really started as a joke," explained Judge Miller. "We were over at Jack's and Acsah's one night a few days before election, and everybody got to talking about what the men on the council did and didn't do." The judge admitted things were pretty bad. "Weeds were growing along the streets. The councilmen hadn't replaced some of the street lights that burned out. Dogs were running loose all over town. So I said, 'Why not let the women run the town?' "

Mrs. Acsah Miller's story differs a little from the tale Snippy tells. "Snippy was doing the griping," she said. "I listened to him a while—you know how Snippy loves to talk—and when he finished, I said, 'Well, we ought to throw out the men and put in their wives.' I will say, Snippy agreed it was a good idea." Jack Miller, an easygoing, peaceful orchard grower, stayed out of the argument.

Remembering the conversation next morning the judge, a thin, puckish character, concluded that a female city government might be put over and that one would certainly *(Continued on page 76)*

Mayor Davis' husband George (l.) with Judge Brooke Miller, who ran the petticoat campaign, and D. Lyle Miller. Below, a view of the village the women rule

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Most Guys Rake Leaves on Saturday

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

The mixed-up love life of a pretty landlady and her two eccentric roomers—an outsize football player named Baby, and a coach who would do anything to help his team win a game

EVERYONE had left the table but Miss Fletcher and myself and as usual I began pushing the water glasses around, getting them all nicely arranged and using the saltcellar as the quarterback. It didn't do any good. I was practically certain that I had ulcers and that little twinge in my left shoulder was probably arthritis. I had insomnia and if someone spoke in back of me I went through the roof. I was thirty-two years old and a dead pigeon.

Miss Fletcher was my landlady as well as secretary to the Dean of Women. Her family had owned the big old Victorian house just off the campus and Miss Fletcher had turned it into apartments. Mine was on the top floor facing the street, but I didn't have the guts to jump and end it all.

"Most guys rake leaves on Saturday," I said wistfully. I had run out of water glasses and I reached for the cream pitcher and put it in the backfield.

"Is that Baby?" Miss Fletcher asked.

It even looked like Baby. It was bulgy. Baby stood for Babacawicz, a guy who looked like the kind of football player coaches dream about in the off season. You took a look at Babacawicz and visualized him hunting in his stocking feet, stomping bears to death. I knew he could run because I had seen him run. He lived in the same rooming house and when the dinner gong sounded he shot by the other boarders like a rocket. On the football field he resembled a man on snowshoes floundering through molasses.

"Everything is relative, Miss Fletcher," I said philosophically. "Last year when the authorities offered me the job coaching football here at Ridley, it seemed heaven-sent."

"You were playing pro ball with the Mariners, weren't you?" Miss Fletcher said.

"The sports writers were calling me the Ancient Mariner," I said. "Guys with no respect for their elders were knocking me bowlegged every Sunday. So I came to Ridley where there was no place to go but up—a college that had lost seventeen consecutive football games."

I let it drop there, not wanting to add that now after the first six games of the season were over the Ridley varsity had lost a total of twenty-three consecutive games, the alumni were foaming at the mouth and I was down to an emaciated two hundred and three pounds and had to hold my coffee cup with both hands.

"We haven't even scored a point," I said. "They will probably elect me the Coach of the Year in reverse. You might call me the greatest character builder of all time among football coaches."

Miss Fletcher smiled. "Maybe your luck will change this Saturday."

She was very nice to me, she was a crutch to lean upon and in a treacherous, underhanded sort of way I thought maybe I could marry her if I got fired. I could collect the rent for her each month, replace light bulbs for the tenants, stoke the furnace, and on fall Saturdays I could go out and rake leaves like normal men.

It showed the depths to which I'd sunk. Miss Fletcher was a fine girl, four years out of college, very efficient around the rooming house. She wore gray suits and was very businesslike, attractive in a severe sort of way but not feminine enough for my taste. To me she was just a very swell girl who didn't offer me phony sympathy each Saturday afternoon when I came crawling home.

We heard sounds on the stairway like two pianos bumping and Babacawicz burst into the room, all two hundred and forty pounds of him brimming over with health and energy now that football practice was over.

"Got a date," he said, flapping a meaty hand at us. "Be back by eleven, Coach."

He went roaring out the front door. The house shook, then sank back on its foundations and Miss Fletcher said suddenly and mysteriously, "Cherchez la femme."

I translated the French. I said, "You mean we should work on Baby through his girl friend? We tried it. The captain of the team went over to see if she could stir Baby up. She's a big dumb blonde like Baby, he reported. We have tried everything. The first three games of the season I was a loving father to him. He gained a total of eleven yards in scrimmage. All the next week I sneered at him and he fumbled four times."

I sat there suffering. Miss Fletcher said, "It wasn't so long ago you were in college. Do you recall that snide trick some coeds pull known as late-dating? Excuse me."

She walked past the table and I went back to shoving the water glasses around. I had coerced some good freshmen to Ridley and next year we might have a team. But I might not be around next year and I had to confess I liked it, despite the threat of ulcers and arthritis and insomnia each week end. I wanted to stay and suffer.

Miss Fletcher came back from *(Continued on page 82)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

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I heard Baby mutter sympathetic words about her headache. Then he kissed her. I waited at my tree

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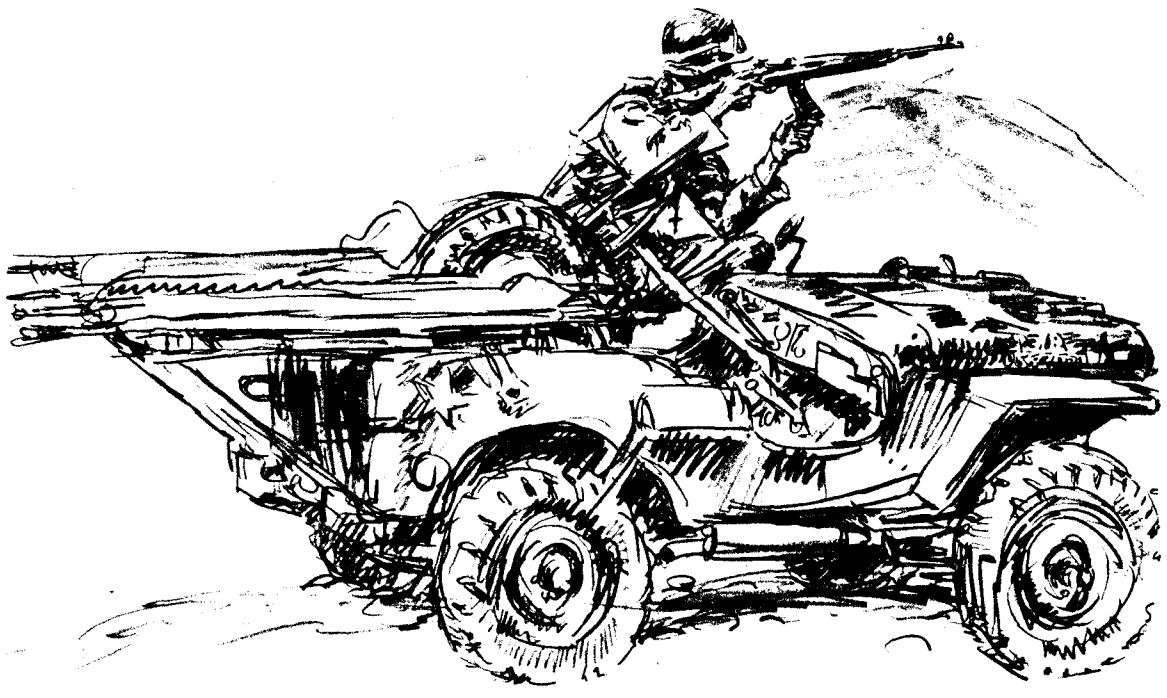
A "cracker box" (ambulance) makes a slow haul from the 2d Division's front toward the rear. In a life that's always "hurry up and wait," it is a long ride back for the wounded

'FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY'



Firing from his litter jeep "Betsy," Lt. Maynard (Hap) Snell drives a skulking North Korean to cover. Hap, section leader of a 2d Division collecting platoon, is from Burlington, Vermont

FROM an ambulance loading post in Korea, Howard Brodie sent these sketches covering one aftermath of the conflict in the "Land of Morning Calm." Even in our most brilliant coups, United Nations soldiers personally suffered the violence of war—against an enemy bitterly contesting the right of the wounded to survive. Brodie's sketches of the casualties and of the men dedicated to bringing them back make up an important chapter of the U.N.'s record in the fighting.

"I hitched a ride on 'Betsy,' a little jeep driven by Lt. Maynard (Hap) Snell," Brodie wrote. "Pfc Andrew Gonzales and Pfc J. W. Young were perched on stretchers and M/Sgt. Paul E. Reiss, a third member of the crew, sat on the hood . . . 'Far away, far away,' sang the litter bearers as we headed for George Company."

Soon after Brodie and the litter bearers took up their position, Young spotted a group of hostiles in a doorway, and weapons on both sides opened up. After the enemy was driven back, Brodie got the sketch, shown on the opposite page, of an American bringing in a wounded South Korean on a *jigai*, or native litter.

By the time Brodie returned to the loading post, casualties were pouring in. There were the glassy-eyed fatigue cases, shrapnel-torn bodies, waxen faces spelling shock—and then the unexpected: "A litter jeep arrived with a tiny bundle, a baby found behind a rock."

Brodie squeezed into an ambulance and made the drawing above of men who were done with the fighting. "A supine figure gasped for water. A combat-fatigue case stared and tensed his hands into claws . . . Moans accompanied each bump as the ambulance rumbled on its way."

Brodie was sent to cover Korea exclusively for Collier's. In the powerful drawings on these pages, as in all his work, our combat artist has caught the dignity of his subjects, together with their agony, desperation and exhaustion.

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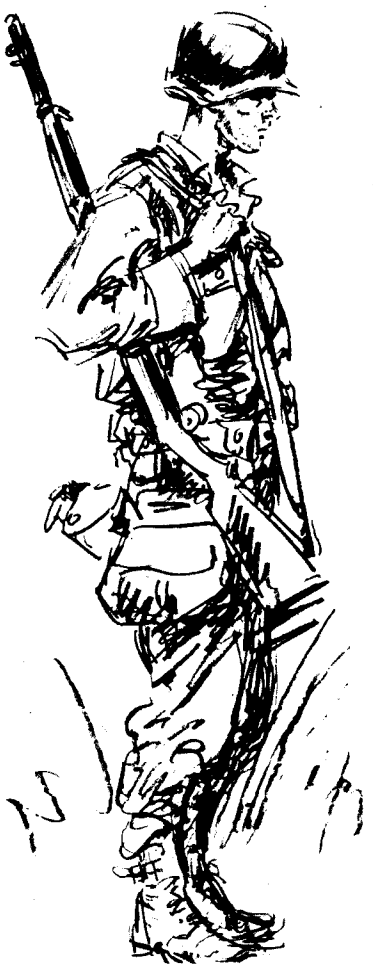
2d Division's Pfc Andrew Gonzales, of New Orleans, is too near the front to worry about "dressing" his rifle

GI brings in his wounded South Korean buddy on a *jigai* (native A-rack). A litter jeep is ready

By HOWARD BRODIE

Collier's COMBAT ARTIST



Pfc J. W. Young, a litter bearer, stands by between trips to the 2d Division front. From Moffett, Okla., Young is a member of Lt. Hap Snell's litter-bearing section

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[illegible] Vanity Fair started THE DISSENTERS

PARTY

BY BUDD SCHULBERG

It could only have happened in Hollywood of the Prohibition Era, when glittering sin went hand in hand with bootleg gin. A story of the Jazz age

IT WAS 1928. Good-humored sadists enjoyed the marathon dancers and the flagpole sitters. It was easy to get rich quick if you had the right tips in the market. The movies had found a voice (Al Jolson's) and you simply had to rush right down and see The Singing Fool. And just as famous as Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque, and even more symptomatic, were Manley and Jere Halliday, those golden children of a golden age; his best-selling novels, her sparkling eccentricities, his matinee-idol charm, her fabled vitality—from North Africa to Hollywood they were the fun-loving Rovers to whom people were always saying: "Oh, you simply have got to come. You know what everybody says: the party isn't a party until the Manley Hallidays arrive."

One afternoon they woke up in the Hollywood-Spanish castle of stucco which had once belonged to Mona Moray. Jere came over and sat on the edge of Manley's bed. "I have a wonderful idea for a party."

Manley had been lying in bed half-awake, vaguely worrying about his novel. He had started it two years ago, put it aside for short stories, started it again, put it aside for travel, then started it a third time; now he was no longer sure if it was the book he should be doing, the right follow-up for High Noon. Hell, he had never had that trouble in the beginning. Friends and Foes, The Light Fantastic and the early stories and High Noon *had* to be written. What happens, what happens? He was wondering. But almost at the same time he was computing how much money he'd have to make in the next six months to stay ahead of the game. At twenty-five hundred a story, one month would do it, with back royalties and extras coming in—maybe a little help from the market. His Wall Street classmates were saying radio might go to 400. With ten grand he might make himself forty. Then a whole year off to write his book. No more of this playing around. There were so many things he wanted to try in writing, so many things he hadn't accomplished. At twenty-nine he was a success; one critic had called him a titan. But it hadn't really turned his head. At least not when he was in bed with himself, half-asleep, half-thinking, half-knowing where he was and what he had to do.

Manley sat up and flipped out of his mood and into Jere's. "How about an Elinor Glyn party? Everyone has to come in a red fright wig and bring an original novel entitled This Passion Called Love."

"No, Mannie, listen—and then tell me you aren't proud you married me. Let's give a party in honor of Rin-tin-tin's stand-in."

Neither of them felt well enough for breakfast, so they got Naga, the Japanese houseboy they had inherited with the place, to bring up a batch of Martinis. Then they sat down together on the bed and planned the party in detail. They both had a way of being completely serious about frivolous things.

"We must ask Tom Mix—he's a dog's best friend," Jere said.

"Do you think we have to ask Rin-tin-tin? He'll be hurt if he isn't invited, but he never has anything to say."

"He's a smart dog though. I'll bet he's got the first dollar he's ever made."

"A canny canine."

Jere made a face. "Please, Mannie, be serious. Let's see, we'll need at least one genius; I suppose two is always safer in case one of them turns out to be somebody's kid nephew from Hungary. We'll need three producers, five directors, three Germans, maybe a Swede and one American for local color, ten assorted male and female stars, all flavors, a dozen Wampas stars, three or four screen writers, young and bitter . . ."

Jere's laughter tinkled like the ice in the shaker she stirred. With quick dance movements she hurried to the desk, found pencil and paper and started making out the list. "Now for the odds and ends: one assistant director who thinks he's at another party, a smattering of girls who came from Council Bluffs to break into the movies, one two-thousand-a-week ex-playwright who stands around denouncing Hollywood all night and then goes away with one of the Wampas stars, and, oh, yes, a dance-hall girl who's been given the wrong address and whom we all mistake for the countess who never shows up. Now, anyone else?"

"Is the Queen of Rumania in town? She's a good kid."

"That reminds me, should we get a date for the dog-of-honor?"

"The hell with him—let him bring his own."

"We should send out some sort of announcement. We're giving a little party for Rin-tin-tin's stand-in—let's see, what'll we call him?"

"It should be a name with character, with canine *it*," Jere insisted. "Like Strongpaws."

"Wonderful! A little surprise party for Strongpaws, a fine artist who's made good in Hollywood and still has his four feet on the ground. Formal dress. Bring your wife or any other dog you know."

Planning a party for three hundred people is like planning a modest-sized socialized state to exist for a single evening. The days of preparation rushed by in a joyous blur . . .

The terraced gardens were a wonderland of Japanese lanterns, peopled by a super-race of which all the women were unbelievably lovely and all the men, except for the genius, the producers and a director or two, were tall, handsome and marvelously joined with their tuxedos. Manley was proud to see that even surrounded by ladies known for their beauty, Jere held her own. Standing near a bush of flaming hibiscus, the green sequins of her gown flickering in the lantern light, the fascinating planes of her face reflecting the soft glow, looking up wittily into the collar-ad perfection of Wister La Salle's face (What do girls see in him? He isn't handsome; he's *pretty*), Jere appeared to Manley as a green goddess. He looked at her now as he had stood looking at her the night he had found her, falling in love again. She would always be his necessity.

Everyone applauded as the guest of the evening made an entrance on two feet. Like his master at his side, he was in evening clothes. Jere hurried forward, curtsied prettily and took his paw. "Strongpaws, I can't tell you how delighted I am to see you. I thought you were wonderful in Each Night I Bark. You stole the picture!"

The panting canine might have been John Gilbert or Don Alvarado.

"Is it true that you're going to sing in your next picture?" a young writer asked.

"I love you when you smile," said Clara Bow or one of a dozen young hopefuls made up to look like her. "You have such beautiful teeth."

"What's this people are saying about your going to marry that aging platinum blonde?" Manley asked.

THERE was a laughing crowd around the outdoor bar. Mona Moray, the star of High Noon, described in the fan mags as the "Sophisticated Lady of the Silver Screen," too exotic to be real in gold lamé, was talking to the husband she was divorcing. "No, darling, not half the house. The house has always been in my name, darling." She smiled up at him and moved off toward the circle favoring Strongpaws.

"Darling," she cried, throwing her golden arms around the creature's neck in a convincing burlesque of a Hollywood greeting, "I think you're the most virile-looking thing in Hollywood. All that hair on your chest."

"Mona should know," at least half a dozen cats whispered.

A dance orchestra moaned softly in the background. Three hundred and fifty guests clustered around the little rented bridge tables. Manley sat at a table with Mona, Strongpaws and his master. At the next table were Jere, Wister La Salle, Mickey Neilan and Sally O'Neill. Jere was laughing at something Wister had just said. Manley knew that sound, not her own laugh but the one she used in flirtation because she thought it was more musical. To admit he was jealous was a hang-over of provincialism; it disturbed him. But lately, she had been worrying him a little: her absurd notion that people only paid attention to her because she was Mrs. Manley Halliday. Increasingly, she had imagined that people were snubbing her and she was sure, from the way women smiled when they saw him approach, that he was having all kinds of mad affairs.

(Continued on page 64)

Parties made dull people bearable and bright people brighter. The Hallidays loved the sense of teasing the Fates

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Another

Karras himself admits he still has much to learn and he's getting special attention, understandably, from his coach, Ray Eliot

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROCCO PADULO

Stars with football appetites at steak (l. to r.): guard Charlie Studley, captain-center Bill Vohaska, Karras, guard Leo Cahill, tackle Al Tate

A physical-ed major, Johnny earns $50 a month from a part-time job in the Illinois gymnasium. He distributes sports equipment to undergrads

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Two years ago it was Red Grange burning up the college gridiron for the Illini and captivating the nation. Now Chicago sportswriters Bill Fay and Jim Brosnan examine Johnny Karras, who may be the game's best

Galloping Ghost at ILLINOIS

By BILL FAY

ILLINOIS opened football practice last fall without an experienced right halfback. After experimenting for two weeks, Coach Ray Eliot finally awarded the job to a husky, blond sophomore with a crew haircut named Johnny Karras.

Karras was far from a complete football player. He couldn't tackle—and Eliot had no illusions about using him on defense. He was a mediocre blocker and an atrocious passer. He had no ability as a kicker. But Johnny could do one thing. He could run. In the last scrimmage before the season's opener with Iowa State, he broke loose for three long-distance touchdowns.

Eliot's elation over this happy turn of events was immediately short-circuited by Ike Hill, the varsity trainer. "Karras picked up a big bruise on his left heel," Ike reported. "He ought to lay off for two or three weeks."

But Karras declined Hill's suggestion for a rest cure. Johnny showed up for practice the next afternoon wearing rubber-soled canvas shoes and surprised everybody by dashing through a protracted signal drill without any apparent discomfort or loss of speed.

"Doesn't that heel bother you?" Eliot asked.

"It's tender," Karras admitted, "but this soft shoe eases the pressure. The heel only hurts when it touches the ground. I'm okay as long as I stay up on my toes."

On the afternoon of the Iowa State game, Johnny cushioned his tender heel in foam rubber, slipped back into his regulation football cleats, and scored the first Illinois touchdown on a swift encirclement of left end. His elusive ball carrying was one of the few bright spots in an otherwise drab inaugural for the heavily favored Illini, who had to come from behind to salvage a 20-20 tie.

The Iowa State game established the old, soft-shoe routine which Karras followed with spectacular success all season. Johnny wore his comfortable tennis sneakers to every practice session. He donned stiff leather work shoes only on Saturday afternoons. He kept on scoring touchdowns, and his left heel—agitated by recurring bumps and jolts—remained very, very tender. He was still walking with a limp in December, more than six weeks after he had broken the modern Big Ten record for running with a football.

Against seven Western Conference opponents, Karras gained a total of 732 yards from scrimmage, which illustrates how far a young man can go these days if he stays on his toes. Midwest coaches conceded Johnny was the most dangerous runner since Michigan's Tommy Harmon, and enthusiastic Illinois fans went even further than that. They insisted upon comparing Karras with another sensational sophomore halfback who ran for Illinois in 1923—Harold (Red) Grange. Perhaps ran is a pallid verb to associate with Grange, who once scored four touchdowns in 12 minutes against Michigan and still is regarded by most football critics as the greatest ball carrier of all time.

Chuck Flynn, Illinois's amiable, red-haired sports publicist, was urged to compile statistics to settle the Karras versus Grange controversy, but Flynn's research merely complicated the argument. Yardage reports on Grange's sophomore year were sketchy. According to Flynn's calculations, Grange ran up 910 yards against five Big Ten foes that season, but it was impossible to determine how much of Grange's total was accumulated via punt and kickoff returns and/or passing gains.

In contrast, Karras' advancement was measured by an intricate statistical formula adopted in 1937—the year from which modern Big Ten records date. Johnny's 732 yards represented his net gain on running plays, undiluted by kicking or passing activities. After considerable deliberation, Flynn adopted a position of uncompromising neutrality. He declared there simply weren't enough pertinent statistics to compare Grange and Karras.

Grange's Coach Draws Comparisons

However, there was one authority competent to pass judgment on Karras. That was Grange's coach, Bob Zuppke, who resigned in 1941 after directing Illinois football for 29 years. Zuppke, who's seventy-one now, had an opportunity to analyze Karras' running style in three games before Bert Bertine, sports editor of the Champaign (Illinois) Courier, popped the inevitable question.

"Some people claim Karras is another Grange. What do you think, Zup?"

"Well," Zuppke said, "Grange was faster. He was smaller, too—never went over 170. Karras must hit around 185 and he knows how to use that extra weight. He shakes off a lot of tackles. I'd say that Grange was harder to catch, but Karras is harder to tackle.

"Don't forget," Zuppke went on, "it wasn't speed alone that made Grange great. It was Red's wonderful sense of balance. He was always poised—ready to dart into any opening—no matter how fast he was running. You've got to be born with that kind of balance—and Karras has it. Matter of fact, Karras has more running balance than any back I've seen since Grange."

Zuppke's endorsement set off a barrage of feature stories about "the new Red Grange" which made no impression whatsoever on Karras, who has plenty of mental balance to supplement his spectacular equilibrium in a broken field. Johnny rarely gets excited over anything connected with football. Reformers who bemoan the deleterious effects of high-pressure sports on the delicate nervous systems of impressionable young college boys would get a terrible shock if they put Karras under observation for any length of time.

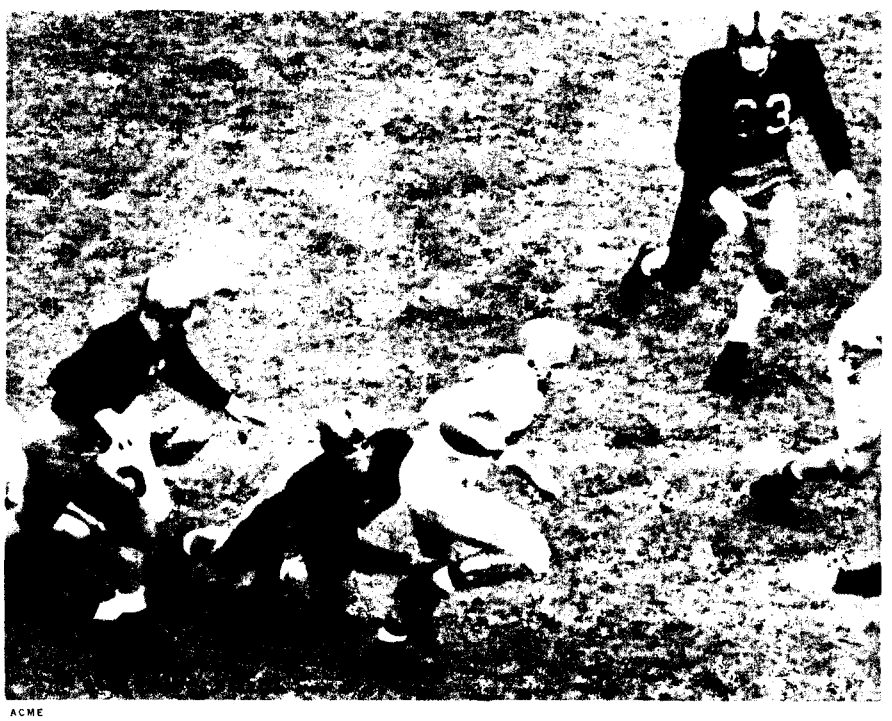
Take eating, for example. The Illinois varsity is served a combination breakfast-lunch at ten o'clock before Saturday-afternoon games. Usually, the meal consists of a tremendous steak and a baked potato. Some players have difficulty eating under pregame tension. Not Karras.

"I remember," a veteran Illini tackle remarked recently, "expecting Johnny to be a little nervous before our Iowa State opener. After all, it was his varsity debut. But he plowed right through his steak and I was sitting right beside him hardly touching mine. It was my second season on the varsity, but my stomach was tied up in a knot. Finally, Johnny says to me, 'If you're not going to eat that steak, there's no use wasting it.' Then he went to work on my steak and I had to leave the table. The way my stomach was bouncing around, I couldn't even *watch* him eat."

Karras is equally placid under game conditions. He doesn't say much in the dressing room, and even less after the kickoff. But he does whistle—an off-key, between-the-teeth chirp that starts when the Illini come out of the huddle and shuts off abruptly when the center snaps the ball. "It's just a habit," Johnny says. "Helps me keep loose and relaxed."

Illinois coaches are convinced that complete relaxation is the secret of Johnny's freewheeling success. Against Wisconsin, Johnny attempted to go outside Bob Wilson, the Badgers' All-Midwest end. Wilson made good, solid contact at the hips, and Johnny appeared to bounce backward from the force of the tackle. Then—inexplicably—Wilson fell flat on his face and Johnny was off and running for a long gain.

"We couldn't imagine what had happened," Eliot recalls, "until we went over the slow-motion movies of that play. An instant before Wilson made *(Continued on page 80)*



ACME

Karras carrying. As a sophomore in 1949 Johnny set a Big Ten rushing record of 732 yards in 109 carries against seven Conference opponents

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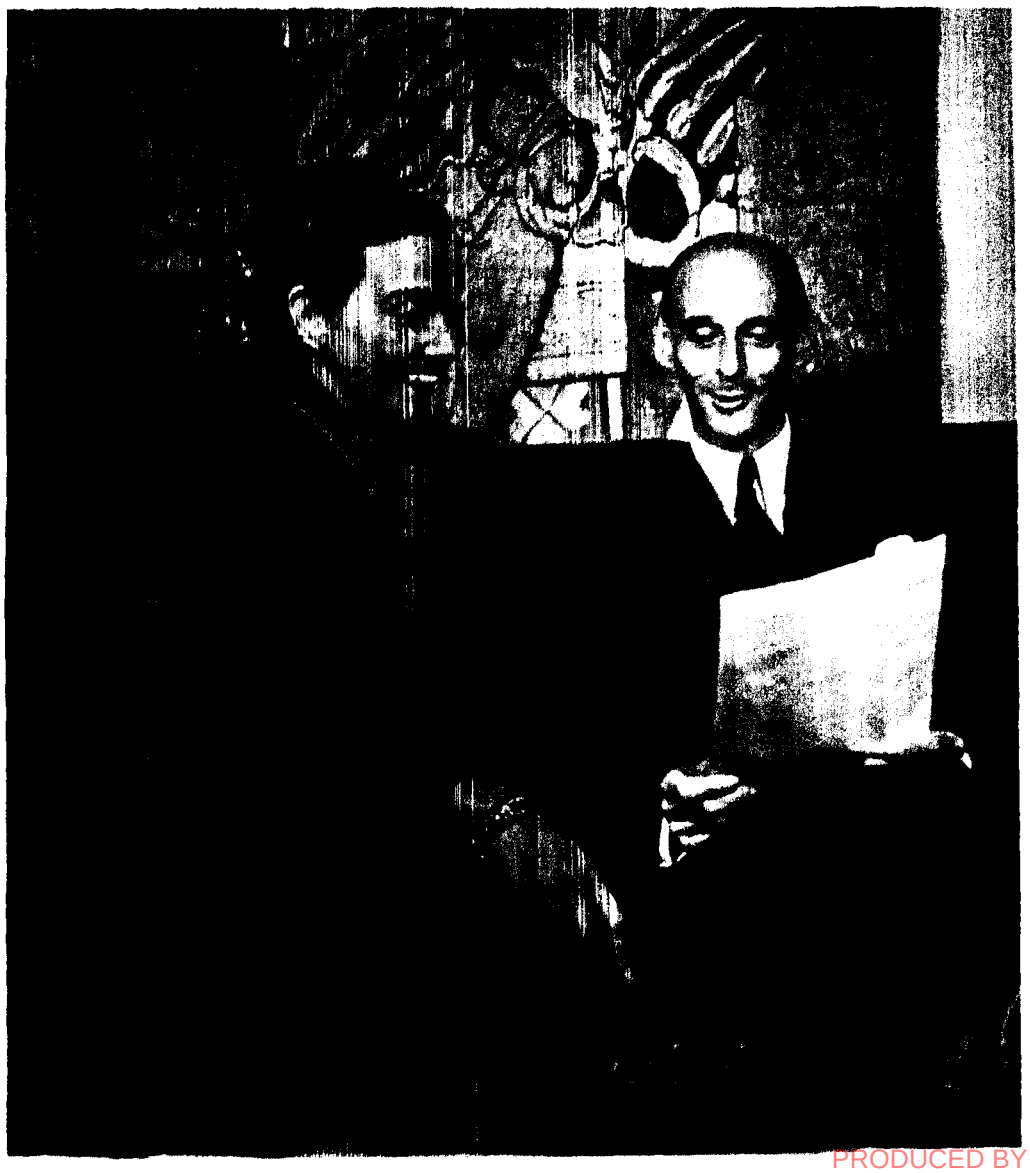
A few of the new American stars rehearse for Bing, with the Met's Max Rudolf at the piano. They are (*left to right*): Lucine Amara, Marguerite Piazza, Roberta Peters, Genevieve Warner and Barbara Troxell

The new general manager talks over the 1950 opening with one of the opera's most popular singers, mezzo-soprano Blanche Thebom



Pictures in the lobby show famous singers who have appeared at the Met. The bust beside Rudolf Bing portrays the greatest of all: Enrico Caruso

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The BING Who Doesn't SING

By HERBERT KUPFERBERG

A minor war rages around the Metropolitan Opera's new manager. He has angered some people, intrigued others, by giving the staid old Met its biggest shake-up in years

ONE November day in 1949, a slender, sad-faced individual stepped off the gangplank of an ocean liner in New York and engaged in a brief sparring match with reporters who were seeking his opinion on the future of America's biggest operatic venture. "I really must look around first," said the sad-faced man. "It would be frightfully tactless of me to be critical so early."

"We're supposed to ask tactless questions," the reporter said.

"Ah, yes," came the reply, "and I'm supposed to give evasive answers."

With this graceful display of verbal footwork, a relatively unknown impresario named Rudolf Bing launched himself on a career as one of the most controversial and possibly one of the least tactful (and certainly one of the least evasive) figures to appear on the American musical scene in many a decade.

Bing had just arrived to scout the Metropolitan Opera Association preparatory to taking over from Edward Johnson as general manager for the 1950-'51 season. The diplomatic approach with which he had greeted the ship's newsmen—an approach thoroughly in keeping with the atmosphere which had always surrounded the job he was assuming—disappeared swiftly; within a few months a storm was raging around his serene head which shook the staid old Met to its footlights.

He brought down a barrage of criticism by signing up Kirsten Flagstad, a Wagnerian soprano who had spent the war in Nazi-occupied Norway. He outraged the admirers of Lauritz Melchior by shrugging the Danish tenor off this year's roster. He angered several of the Metropolitan's brightest American stars by insisting that they show up for rehearsals. He parted company with five conductors and about half the ballet company. He hired Broadway people to take over the direction of certain operas from the Met's old stagers. He let some air into the stuffy subscription system and decided to sell tickets for opening night, once the private preserve of Society, on a first-come, first-served basis.

In short, he made a considerable number of people, both inside and outside the house, fighting mad. Before it even started, Bing's first season at the Met appeared certain to be the liveliest and most controversial since the Golden Horseshoe seated its first patron.

Both Bing himself and the directors who appointed him are astonished at the furor he has created. Personally, Bing hardly cuts a warlike figure. His thin, solemn face and British accent (with Germanic undertones) give him an air that is more professorial than dictatorial. When he first arrived here, Billy Rose, perhaps the Met's most ardent critic, dismissed him as "safe as a chaperone and conservative as kippers." A few months later Rose was leading the outcry stemming from Bing's rehiring of Miss Flagstad. Europeans with questionable war records, Rose protested, were being hired to replace native talent.

As a matter of fact, the Met's directors had been debating for three years whether or not to rehire Miss Flagstad, who had left New York during the war to join her allegedly collaborationist husband in Norway despite the disapproval of the Norwegian government in exile. Edward Johnson, Bing's suave and easygoing predecessor, had advised the directors against it, but Bing talked them into it at a meeting that left a good deal of bitterness in its wake. Bing agreed to take full responsibility for the action. "Quality and quality alone is to be the test," he said. "If there is to be any shooting for this decision, let it be at me." (Rose accepted that invitation with alacrity; the new motto at the Met, he cried, was "Quality über alles.")

The main trouble with Bing, his friends say privately, is that he doesn't bother to put his ideas into effect in an especially graceful fashion. There is, for example, the matter of his initial press conference in New York. Bing wanted to announce publicly that he was hiring Miss Flagstad. But he thought it would be best to announce the rehiring of some other singers at the same time, lest any one think he was placing undue emphasis on the Norwegian soprano. Instead of waiting until later and reeling off the entire roster at once, as is Metropolitan custom, Bing preferred doing it his own way, with the result that many singers who weren't included on the first list got mad and stayed that way.

One of these is Lauritz Melchior, who got wind of the press conference plans and, through his manager, gave Bing 48 hours to notify him of his intentions. Bing, who for reasons of his own had been taking his time about seeing Melchior, replied that he was not prepared to submit to ultimatums, and the Danish tenor promptly walked out on a 24-year career at the Met. Melchior makes no bones about his belief that Bing treated him shabbily, and there are other Met stars who feel the same way.

The new manager also created some dissatisfaction by a move which hit the performer's most sensitive spot—his pocketbook. The Metropolitan's current top for a singer is $1,000 a night, and in recent years not more than a half dozen stars have received that much.

This means that many of the others, since they are paid a good deal less than $1,000 a performance, sing as seldom as they can at the Metropolitan and seek lucrative dates in concert halls and on the radio, where the pickings range up to $3,500 a show for the topnotchers. The result is that the Met has had to arrange its performances to accommodate the outside schedules of its stars, and that the management has frequently winked at the singers' practice of skipping a rehearsal to pick up some money on the road.

Baritone Wanted to Cut Rehearsals

Edward Johnson, an ex-singer himself, did a lot of this kind of winking during his 15-year administration, but Bing hasn't yet batted an eyelash. One of the Met's leading American baritones was scheduled to sing in the opening night Don Carlos until he told Bing that concert engagements would unfortunately prevent him from joining the cast any earlier than the dress rehearsal. The baritone explained that he knew Don Carlos perfectly and wouldn't need so many rehearsals anyway. Bing thanked him—and gave the part to somebody else, thus creating another discontented artist.

Nor have matters been improved by Bing's impatient and often irascible attitude toward those who question his innovations. When reporters ask him, for instance, what he thinks about Billy Rose's criticisms, Bing invariably snaps back: "Billy Rose? Who is Billy Rose?" ("We're even," retorted Rose in one of his columns, "because I didn't know who he was when the Met announced his appointment. For a long time I thought the Bing was Herman Bing, the baggy-pantsed Dutch comedian—who else would hire Flagstad and fire Melchior?")

Everybody, including his detractors, concedes that Bing is entitled to a fair trial, but a lot of knives have been sharpened in the meantime. And although Bing can hear the honing of the blades, he is determined to stick his neck out. If things don't work out, he says, he is perfectly willing to take the first ship back to England.

While the name of the man who has virtually turned the Met upside down crops up these days in crossword puzzles and is bandied about by radio comedians, a year ago some of the Met's singers had never heard it. All sorts of candidates were mentioned in gossip about Johnson's probable successor, ranging from Rose to baritone Lawrence Tibbett, but no one ever dreamed that the world's juiciest operatic plum would go to the Austrian-born, British-naturalized director of the Glyndebourne Opera and the Edinburgh Festival. No one, that is, except Bing, who excitedly told a congratulatory caller: "For 15 years I have known that someday I would reach that goal. I did not know how—but I have always had my eye on it."

Ambitions Frustrated by Inflation

Long before Bing had heard of the Metropolitan, he possessed exotic ambitions. When he was a boy in Vienna (where he was born in 1902), he wanted to be a singer or painter—and as an amateur he tried both with indifferent success. Two singing teachers found in his voice the promise of a successful career, but the inflation that overtook Austria after World War I ruined Bing's industrialist father, and made it necessary for Bing to get himself a job.

"I no longer sing," says Bing, "no, not even in the shower. I get quite enough singing as it is."

Bing's first job was as a clerk in a bookshop in Vienna: He had decided to become a publisher and someone advised him to learn first how to sell a book. After a short time, he observed that the bookshop had a concert agency attached to it which handled the outstanding Viennese artists of the day. He got himself transferred to the concert department and the long climb to the Metropolitan Opera had begun.

Bing began to learn that opera singers are a unique breed six years later, in 1927, when he went to Berlin to head the opera department of a large concert agency. Here he traveled all through the country, visiting some 80 opera houses, getting to know singers from all over Europe who had flocked to Germany in the cultural heydey of the Weimar Republic. From his observations as an operatic tourist, Bing developed a seven-word formula for getting along with opera singers which he says has served him in good stead ever since: "Avoid them as much as you can."

In 1929 Bing married a Russian-born dancer. "Nina was the leading danseuse of a Russian troupe in Vienna," says Bing, "but after we married she gave up dancing. I felt it was quite enough to have one member of the family embroiled in the artistic professions."

Bing, meanwhile, was getting further embroiled himself. He became artistic secretary to Carl Ebert at the Darmstadt State Theater in Germany, which staged opera, operetta and drama 11 months a year. After two years, he and Ebert went to the Charlottenburg opera, a civic house near Berlin. There Bing remained until 1933, when Adolf Hitler brought a new set of artistic principles to Germany. In Bing's own words: "Practically everyone, including myself, left."

Actually, Hitler provided Bing with the biggest break of his life. A notable *(Continued on page 77)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CURT GUNTHER

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Halloween Was Father's Day

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By DOLPH SHARP

I WAS thinking the best way to bring up the matter, while eating breakfast with Mama and Banjy, when I heard our old man's creak coming down the steps, so I asked quickly, "Is J.L. still home?" He would be against it.

"He didn't feel so good." Mama went on toasting the bread at the stove. "So the dinnertime clerk is opening the store and—"

There was no time for fancy ways. "Hey, Ma," I burst out, "it's the day after tomorrow. Can we get some Halloween stuff this year, huh? Can we, huh, Ma?"

Banjy was back at the table but he kept it up, shook the sheep-dog hair out of his eyes and threw himself at Mama's feet. "A fall face. It would be so beautiful." He hugged her around the knees. Banjy couldn't say false; he called it fall like because you wore it in the fall of the year—but what could you expect from a kindergarten kid?

"Well . . ." Mama went to the cupboard where she kept her pocketbook.

Banjy was back at the table but he kept it up. "A fall face. It would bring joy—"

"Okay! Okay!" I told him. "Don't make a musical comedy out of it."

Just then J.L. came in in his underwear shirt, with his suspenders hanging down and not doing much to hold his pants up. "Gas! Heartburn!" he grumbled. "It's that food you feed me."

Mama had her pocketbook in her hands but she stopped. "I feed him gas! Listen to the man!"

"*Ach!*" J.L. got himself the hot water and lemon.

So Banjy, the smart one, turns to J.L. and says, "It's going to be Halloween, a great holiday for children, and I'm going to get—"

Under the table I kicked the kid in the shins. It was just dopiness. But when he cries out, "J.L. is interested in what I intend to get!" that's just being a *smiling cat*, the kind that rubs up against you only for the milk in it. Even Mama called him *schmeikel ketz* sometimes.

Then it was like J.L. noticed us for the first time. "You lazy kids still here?" he said. "Go on, you'll be late. Whadda I keep you in school for?" He kept us in school to give us an education and not get into any trouble with the truant officer.

And Mama has to pick that time to do it, just to show him. "Here's a nickel for you, Davie, and here's a nickel for you, Banjy. Buy anything you want!" They could have heard her in Mineola.

J.L. put down his glass and swatted the table one with his newspaper. "Nickels, dimes, quarters!" he yelled. "For that woman money grows on bushes."

"Shah!" said Mama with real feeling, the lower lip sort of pushing the word out. "It's the children's holiday. Other fathers play with their children—a circus, the Statue of Liberty. What did you have children for?" It was a good question.

How he answers it! "I got time running around with the Statue of Liberty!" He jumped up, waving his arms in the long gray underwear. "I'm crushed by expenses—food and clothes and interest and taxes and every other thing and business is terrible, and on top of that I get sick and need the clerk a whole half day. What kind of a holiday is Halloween anyway? Washington's Birthday, so he founded the country . . ." That guy didn't even know what Halloween was all about. Such ignorance!

"You buy them so much as a hatchet on Washington's Birthday?" Mama cried, and then she went quiet, explaining. "A father's got to not only bring bread and clothes and taxes home, but once in a while fun too. Sure I know you work hard. So do other fathers. Hollander builds a doghouse for his Freddy in the yard."

And then she got mad again. "A dog these children can't even have, man's best friend, because their father is nobody's friend! Do your kids call you Papa? Do they call you Daddy? J.L.! J.L.! Like it's a business deal!"

J.L.'s face was all set to yell but he suddenly stopped. "J.L.," he said quietly, like it was news to him. Then his face got purple and he yelled after all. "What's the difference? They're just unnatural!"

"Aha!" said Mama, standing with her hands on her hips, not yelling now, winking her eye. "It does make a difference, don't it, Sonny Boy?"

"*Ach!*" But there wasn't the madness in it.

"J.L.! J.L.! J.L.!" Mama kept it up.

The kitchen clock started wheezing. I would be late again and in the third grade it was serious, so I said, "Thanks, Ma, good-by," grabbed up my books and scooted to the door. "Come on, Banjy!" Fat Kid came but he dropped his nickel and had to go back and pick it up. Mama was dishing it out: "You're an unnatural father! Unnatural!" and J.L. wasn't saying anything.

AFTER school got out and all the way downtown, Banjy kept looking at his nickel and dropping it. I was so worked up myself I forgot about J. L. BRIERMAN GENT'S FURNISHINGS and stayed on the same side of Main Street. We were only two doors away when I saw J.L. standing out front of the store. He was better again and back at business.

I grabbed Banjy by his shirtwaist. The kid would have kept on walking like there was nothing wrong and snap! Right into the trap.

"What'sa matter with you? Lemme go!" He started pushing and pulling.

"Ssssh, don't be a chump! Remember the man has no understanding of children's holidays."

Just then J.L. looked up, saw us with surprise, and started coming our way. If he caught us, he would want to know what we were downtown for.

I ran, dragging the kid along by his belt. Once across the street, I pulled Banjy behind the post at the entrance to the Hempstead Bank. "Pretend you're a banker," I told him, just for the joke. So he began counting his nickel.

Sure enough, J.L. crossed, still looking around, chewing his cigar. Mama said as a baby they put a cigar in his mouth instead of a bottle and that's what was wrong with him. After he passed, I said, "Okay, the coast is clear," and we tore down the block and threw ourselves through the swinging doors of the five-and-ten.

The candy section was all Halloween—orange corn and little pasty witches and skeleton heads and black licorice cats. Banjy pressed his nose against the glass cases and looked at them. He was a great guy for the black cats.

"I suppose you ain't got the money to get some?" I said.

"Sure, but—" he opened his fist and the nickel wasn't there. "Hey, where's it?" He was ready to start crying.

"Aw, keep your shirt on." The nickel was on the floor. "Why don't you spend it before you lose it? Duck!" I knocked him down below the lipstick-and-stuff counter.

He was flat on his face, but he picked up the nickel and yelled, "Stop killing me!"

"Ssssh," I whispered, crouching there. "You want he should see us?" Gosh, how he trailed us around when he made his mind up!

I peeked around the *(Continued on page 42)*

He grabbed hold of the clown and held it up to his face. "Look at me! Look at me!" he cried. "It's a great improvement," I told him

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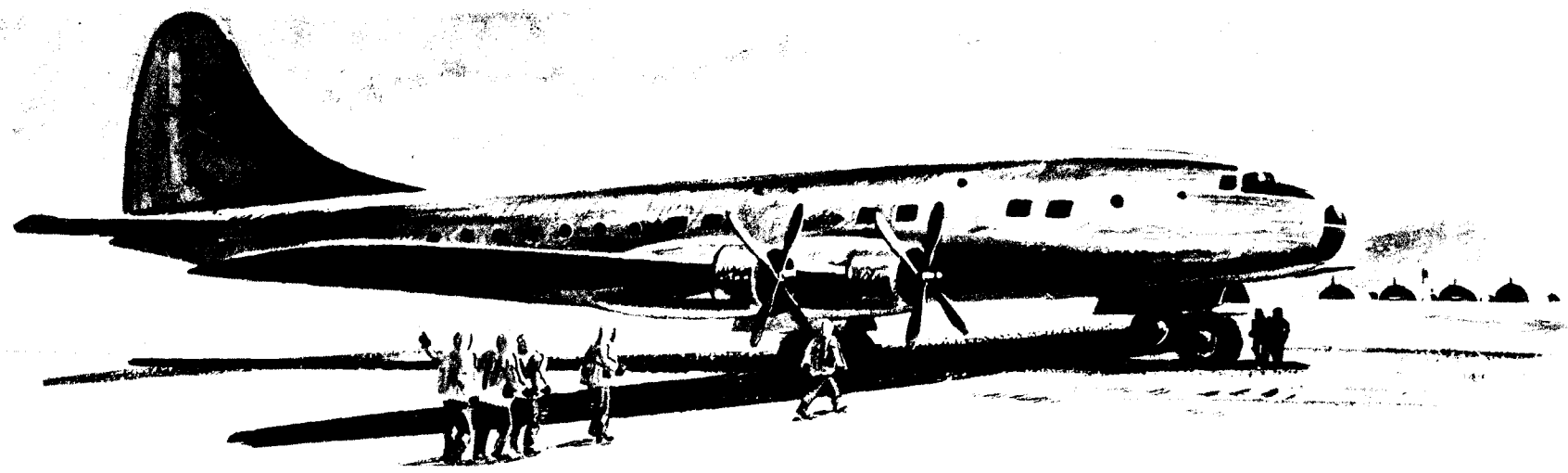

THE FIFTY-MISSION CAP

By WALT GROVE

Final reckoning . . . for Suzy and her divided heart . . . for Dennis and his twisted ambition . . . for Bart Rogers and the companion of all his adventures, the fifty-mission cap

CONCLUSION

The Story: My beat-up old cap—my fifty-mission cap I called it—had been through a lot, but never anything like this before. I was commanding officer of the 376th Fighter Squadron, stationed on Baffin Island up near the Arctic Circle. Officially I was COLONEL BARTHOLOMEW ROGERS—a full colonel. We were testing jet fighters under subzero conditions, but one of my pilots, LIEUTENANT BEN SCHROEDER, went and got himself lost while making a brainless chase after a Russian transport which strayed into our neighborhood. The four-man crew of the Russian plane ran out of fuel and landed at our base, and we put them under guard.

Under pressure from SUZY GATES, one of our Army nurses, I undertook to search for Schroeder: Suzy was engaged to be married to the guy and since marriage was definitely in order, she wanted him back. At the same time, she was rolling her lovely young eyes in my direction—which was embarrassing, because I am happily married and the father of one. But I liked Suzy, and against all orders I personally went looking for Schroeder. One of the people very eager to have me make the search was LIEUTENANT COLONEL DENNIS, my operations officer—a mean-minded character who hoped I'd be busted if I violated enough orders.

I violated orders, all right. I located Schroeder; then later took a crew of my men and forced the Russians to fly us in their transport over the ice floe where Schroeder's plane had gone down. We dropped provisions, and two of our men, including my adjutant, a sad little guy named LIEUTENANT PRICE, parachuted down to the floe. Something went wrong with the radio of the men on the floe, and I made the Russians fly us back to Baffin. I knew Price had some kind of accident when he jumped, but I didn't know how serious it was.

At the base, an intelligence team, headed by an unctuous heel called COLONEL ASPERN, had arrived, under orders to question our stranded Russians and look over the Tupolev-70. Aspern, who had important connections with the highest brass in the Air Force, was appalled when he learned that I'd used the Russian plane in the search for Schroeder. It seems that a wire had been sent, ordering me to keep the Russian crate grounded. I never saw the order.

Aspern left me in quite a rage; and Suzy, who had been drinking, came out from where she'd been hiding in my headquarters. She figured that was the end of the search for Schroeder.

"WELL, I'd like to have a drink, anyway," Suzy said. I knew that one more couldn't hurt her. I gave her one. "How is he?" she asked. When she said that I knew which he she meant.

"I don't know. Something happened to the radio before Thomas could tell us."

"Did you see him?"

"No, Suzy. He had taken shelter."

"How do you know?"

"Well, he would be easy to see down on the ice. I didn't see him so I presume that he had taken shelter."

She said, "Oh." She sat watching me; finally she asked, "What're you going to do?"

"The 13th's going to rescue him tomorrow. They'll take him to Craig Harbor first, then fly him back here from there. He'll be among us in a couple of days."

"We won't know until then?"

"No."

"Couldn't you take them another radio or something and find out sooner?"

I leaned back, stuck out my feet and put my hands in my pockets.

"You heard the good colonel," I said. "There's an order that says lay off that ship."

"Well, what does it matter?" she said. "One way or another what does it matter? Who cares? Who cares?"

"What's the matter with you?" I said.

She sat there hunched over the canteen cup, brooding. "Would you say that life's a funny thing?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"I thought so. I just knew you would," she said with satisfaction.

"You're not the only person who's ever loved—"

"You make me sick when you talk like that. Do you know that?" she said. She turned away from me. "Anyway, who loves him? Who loves him? I don't."

"You don't have to say that," I said. "That won't do any good, Suzy. It won't help to lie to yourself."

"You don't know anything," she said. "You think you do, but you don't."

"All right."

"You don't even know what's good for you."

"That's right," I said.

"You don't know about me. You don't know about yourself. You don't know how I feel. Even I don't know how I feel."

"You will," I said.

"Someday?" she said. "Now don't give me that. Just don't try to give me that."

"Okay," I said.

"You don't know," she went on. "You have no idea what it's like to be one of the only two women here, and the best-looking and youngest one at that."

"It must be very unpleasant at times," I said.

"I thought you would say that. I just knew you would," she said. "Either unpleasant, or exciting. I thought you would say exciting, that it would go to my head. Either way meaning dangerous for me, or my person, as you would call it. Well, it hasn't been."

"How's it been?"

"Dull," she said. "Stupid and dull in a way you can't imagine. Do you think I'd've had anything to do with Schroeder if it hadn't been?" She began to cry.

I stood up and stroked her hair. "Susan," I said. "Child."

She looked up. "What did you say?"

"I called you child. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she said. "Not much anyway. I just thought you'd guessed."

"Guessed what?" I said.

"I'm pregnant."

That lifted me clear off the floor.

"Well, not very much yet," she said. "But I am pregnant."

"And he doesn't know?"

"He hasn't any idea." She had kept it from him. She didn't say anything for a moment. "Well," she said. "Confession must be good for something. I feel like I've just lost about ten pounds." She sighed. "I'll bet I look terrible. Do I look terrible?"

I said that she was not as well turned out as she usually was and I got a mirror and held it for her while she made up her face and fixed her wild and tangled hair. This took her some time since she had a tendency to stick the *(Continued on page 55)*

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"He doesn't like it any better than you do. He is more afraid and more worried than you are. So you can't let him down now"

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...And if We Are

"Under Democratic leadership, Americans have risen to the greatest level of prosperity the people have ever known"

By SENATOR SCOTT W. LUCAS
OF ILLINOIS

IN THE world of 1950, your life and your future depend upon the outcome of the struggle between Communism and democracy. Which party has a more far-reaching program for defeating Communism and establishing peace with honor in the world? Which party has led America to the highest peak of prosperity in the history of this nation? Which party has kept America on the path of progress at home and abroad?

Let us look at the facts. Let us put political propaganda aside. Let us review the record of Democratic leadership in the light of these three fundamental questions.

In the Eighty-first Congress, the majority of Democrats have worked day and night to strengthen America, to meet the challenge of Communism, and to prevent the occurrence of another world war.

We have the support and we have welcomed the continued co-operation of the enlightened Republicans who helped to create a foreign policy free of partisan politics. Being in the majority, we accepted the responsibilities of leadership. But we tried to pursue a course for the benefit of all Americans, regardless of party.

Our policy has been firmly based upon the belief that the United States should act in harmony with all friendly nations to build a better life for ourselves and all mankind. President Truman expressed our aims in his speech to the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa in 1947. The President said: "We seek a peaceful world, a prosperous world, a free world, a world of good neighbors living on terms of equality and mutual respect."

As the keys to peace, we have placed our reliance upon five important factors—the United Nations, the Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, the Military Assistance Program and the Atlantic Pact.

When the Korean assault occurred, the response of the free nations proved the wisdom of the course we have pursued.

The United Nations did not falter and fumble, as the League of Nations did when Mussolini attacked Ethiopia in 1935. The U.N. did not take the road of appeasement which led the League to destruction after its failure to defend Ethiopia. This time there was an effective world organization to challenge aggression, because Democratic statesmen took the lead in keeping the United States and other free nations on the path of world co-operation. The tragedy of the 1920s, when some Republican senators had kept America from joining the League, was not repeated.

We blasted the hopes of the Communists for a quick conquest in Korea. We surprised Stalin in Korea, just as we surprised and stopped him in Germany through the Berlin air lift.

Some Republican candidates, desperately seeking to win an election, tell you that our foreign policy against Communism has not been successful. Look at the record and you will see the truth.

We have saved the 270,000,000 people of western Europe from Communism through the Marshall Plan and other kindred programs. In this Congress, the Marshall Plan was extended on the scale necessary to continue the reconstruction of the free European countries and to enable them to gain enough economic strength for a military defense against the Communist armies.

This was accomplished by Democratic leaders, in partnership with Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan and other co-operative Republicans. It was accomplished over the strenuous efforts of Republican obstructionists, led by Robert A. Taft of Ohio and Kenneth Wherry of Nebraska, to cripple the program through arbitrary amendments.

The great majority of senators in both parties voted for ratification of the Atlantic Pact and the Military Assistance Program proposed by the President. The Taft-Wherry group fought both of these vital measures designed to block the march of Communism.

The Atlantic Pact, linking America in a defensive alliance with 11 other free countries, was approved by a vote of 82 to 13. Only Taft, Wherry, nine other Republicans and two Democrats voted against it.

The Military Assistance Bill, to give our allies weapons to crush the Communists, passed by a vote of 55 to 24 in the Senate—more than two to one. Taft and Wherry were against it. *(Continued on page 50)*

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Elected to Office...

"Only a Republican Congress can hope to put through really constructive measures . . . without the extremes of Socialism"

By SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT

OF OHIO

ON NOVEMBER 7, 1950, the people of the United States will go to the polls to elect the Eighty-second Congress. Harry S. Truman will be President of the United States during the two years of its life. But that makes it all the more important that we elect a Republican Congress. Only a Republican Congress can be an independent Congress.

Last May, President Truman made a so-called nonpolitical trip to the Pacific Coast and the whole basis of his appeal was that the people elect a rubber-stamp Congress which would do his bidding in every respect. He demanded that every "obstructionist" and "isolationist" be purged from Congress. An obstructionist appears to be anyone—other than a regular Democrat—who opposes the labor-Socialist program which President Truman tried to force on the Eightieth and Eighty-first Congresses. An isolationist appears to be anyone who happens to disagree with the particular brand of foreign policy which the administration supports at the moment; and, since the administration changes its policies from day to day, that includes, at one time or another, practically every American.

The C.I.O. Political Action Committee also demands a rubber-stamp Congress which will obey the demands of labor dictators. Every congressman who differed with them on the subject of the Taft-Hartley law, for instance, is to be promptly purged from Congress. To that end, as I happen to have observed in Ohio, they are spending millions of dollars in distributing literature and pamphlets, lying about their opponents, and smearing wherever they can smear. They are following strictly the Communist technique based on the theory that if lies are repeated loud enough and often enough, someone is likely to believe them.

The PAC, of course, is one of the many pressure groups which have obtained such tremendous power in the Democratic party. In some states, as in Michigan, the PAC has taken over the Democratic party. Certainly in Ohio, they are doing nine tenths of the campaigning, and have taken over the Democratic candidate. If pressure groups can succeed in the purge technique—the hate campaign—we can never again have a Congress which represents the people generally.

A Congress subservient to President Truman and the PAC would enact their entire labor-Socialist program. It would repeal the Taft-Hartley law, and restore to the top leaders in the labor movement the special exemptions which they alone enjoyed under prior laws, in their arbitrary power over all but the largest employers, over the public, and even over their own members. It would guarantee the complete control of employment offices and unemployment compensation by labor-union bosses. It would confer upon the President unlimited power over commerce and industry and, through the Brannan Plan, over agriculture. It would enact a socialized medicine law to collect $6,000,000,000 more in taxes and turn over to the federal government the complete direction of the medical profession, of local and charitable hospitals and health services. It would authorize the President to put the government into any business if his economists happened to disagree with the policies of private concerns in that industry. In short, it would put into effect in the United States every feature of labor-Socialism in regimented Great Britain. Even a Democratic Congress has rejected this impoverishing system of Socialist controls.

Such a rubber-stamp Congress would bring an end to real freedom in the United States, and centralize power in the federal government to dominate and direct the lives of all its citizens.

But the people do not want a do-nothing Congress. They want an affirmatively independent Congress, and they can get such a Congress only by electing Republicans. A Democratic Congress may reject some of President Truman's plans, but it will take no affirmative action which reflects on administration policy or puts the administration on the spot. If the Democrats organize Congress, the leaders of the House and Senate are necessarily friendly to the administration, and in fact they become part of it. They determine what measures can be voted on. They appoint the chairmen of committees, particularly committees of investigation.

We have just seen the Tydings Committee whitewash the State Department by ignoring the charges against *(Continued on page 51)*

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GORDON BRUSSTAR

Old Tisan Lanok was sprawled in the dirt. Julio stared off at the desert below

The Curse of Silence

By HAL G. EVARTS

JULIO LANOK was never much of a talker, and most people claim that he's just another dumb Indian, that Indians don't have a sense of humor, especially the Los Coyotes tribe. But a few of us, including the sheriff, suspect that Julio is one of the wiliest redskins who ever trimmed a paleface. Nobody accused him at the time. In fact, nobody wanted to very bad. Charlie Kyle wasn't the most popular mail carrier in the mountains, and if Julio really did put a curse on him—well, you could hardly stand up in court and call that murder.

But any way you figure it, it had a sort of grim ironic justice.

Julio had a job in Con Cattron's garage, pumping gas and greasing cars. The rest of the time he lived with his granddaddy in a shack on the reservation a few miles out of town. About all anybody ever heard him say was, "Fill her up, mister?" Or, "Clean your windshield, mister?" He didn't have a lot of small talk, like the loafers who hung around Con's soda pop machine; he worked hard, that Julio. If he liked you he'd check your tires before you asked him to, dust off your hood, little things like that. He never checked Charlie Kyle's tires though. Not if he could help it.

Julio was on duty the evening it happened. When the sheriff notified him he listened without any expression on that dark stolid face of his, and climbed into the car and rode out to Kyle's place. It wasn't much—a one-room cabin under the pines, with Kyle's R.F.D. truck parked out behind, and a dinky chicken pen. Old Tisan Lanok was sprawled in the dirt, cut down by a 12-gauge shotgun.

"Stealing my hens again," Kyle explained. He was a big paunchy bleach-eyed man and he spoke aggrievedly now. "He's been at it the last six months but I never could catch him, so tonight I rigged up a little surprise."

Julio stared down at the frail gray-haired body, clad in a cheap mended shirt and worn dungarees and moccasins. Once the Los Coyotes had owned all this country, a proud and numerous people, before the Bureau packed them off to the reservation. Old Tisan, Julio's grandfather, had been the last of the chiefs, but for as long as anybody could remember he'd lived on relief and an occasional pilfered chicken.

"I would have paid you for the chickens if you had come to me," Julio said to Charlie Kyle in a thick unsteady voice.

Julio's face was impassive, but the sheriff saw the glitter in his eyes and hastily cleared his throat. "I'm mighty sorry about this, son," he said. "But old Tisan was breaking and entering illegally. I warned him myself, more 'n once."

His eyes fixed on Charlie Kyle, Julio said tonelessly, "What kind of surprise?"

Charlie Kyle was a practical joker. He liked nothing better than to pass out exploding cigars, spread some itching powder around, or slip up behind a man and give him a scare. He was like a ten-year-old kid, but with a grownup's meanness.

"Why," he said, "I aimed to give him a load of bird shot in the seat of his pants to scare him off, but I reckon I pulled my sight a little high."

Julio stood there with his big greasy hands clenched at his sides, staring off across the mountains at the desert below. "My grandfather was born here," he said. "The ancient village of our people was in this valley before the white men came. I think he would want to be here."

It was quite a speech for Julio Lanok. He gave Kyle one look of murderous hatred and knelt down beside the old man. . . .

The trial was a formality. It took a jury of white men just five minutes to return a verdict of justifiable homicide. Too bad about Tisan, folks said; a harmless old coot, but only an Injun, and a thieving one at that. It gave them something to talk about that summer besides the heat. Somehow nobody took it too serious, least of all Charlie Kyle, who went right back to his daily mail run down the grade to Desert Wells.

He'd have pretty much forgotten the whole affair except for the curse of Los Coyotes.

ONE morning not long after the shooting he drove his truck up to the garage for a load of gas and gave his horn a blast. Julio came running out, but when he saw who it was he went stiff all over, like a bird dog on point.

The Indian stared at him so long, so intently, that Kyle began to flush, "Now look here, boy," he said uneasily, "I don't want no more trouble with you over that business."

Without shifting his eyes Julio went on pumping gas. Kyle stood it as long as he could, then went inside to cool off with a root beer. "What's wrong with that damn' Injun?" he asked Con Cattron. "Acts like I killed the old man on purpose."

"Ain't you heard, Charlie?" Con laughed. "Julio's laid the curse of Los Coyotes on you."

"Yeah?" Kyle said, suspecting some joke. "What curse?"

Con grinned at the boys. "The curse of silence. He won't talk to you till the chief's spirit is restin' easy. He's out to git your scalp, Charlie."

Maybe Julio had threatened something like that. Certainly he must have thought about it. But he wasn't the big-talking kind. More likely the town wags had thought it up as a gag to spring on Kyle, knowing he was a man to appreciate a good belly laugh. Nobody knew for sure how it started. But the more Kyle thought it over, the funnier it seemed. The notion of getting Julio to break his silence struck Charlie Kyle as downright screaming funny.

So when he sauntered back out to his truck he said casually, "Hey, kid, you got the time?"

Julio glanced up with a look that would have stopped any other man. He pointed to the big clock on the bank across the street and walked away.

Kyle wasn't the sort who could pass up a challenge like that. Everybody in town was betting that he would outsmart the Injun sooner or later. Kyle got himself all puffed up, being the center of so much talk. He even bet Con Cattron fifty dollars he could devil Julio into speech before autumn rolled around.

Whenever Kyle drove up to the garage, which was three or four times a week, Julio did whatever Kyle told him to do, nothing more, nothing less.

"Say, chief," Kyle would complain, "you short-changed me again. Can't you count?"

Patiently Julio would count the change in Kyle's palm over again, never moving his lips. Then he'd turn his back, leaving Kyle to face the grinning bunch that had gathered to watch the fun.

THE contest went on for a couple of months, with general interest warming up like the weather; in those days fifty dollars was a lot of money. Maybe Julio was dumb, maybe he was smart, but he never opened his mouth to Charlie Kyle. And Kyle, it seemed like he couldn't stop talking, the closer the deadline drew. He purely hated to be on the wrong end of a joke.

One blistering noon, on the last day of summer, he rolled up and stuck his head out the window. It must've been ninety-five in the shade and the sweat was running down his fat cheeks, which didn't improve his temper. "How 'bout some service for a change?" he demanded. "My money's as good as the next man's. Clean them hoppers off my windshield, boy."

Julio pulled a rag out of his pocket and when he'd finished, Kyle said, "Now dust off my hood, the fenders too. And hop to it. I'm in a hurry."

Julio did that too, and then Kyle told him to clean off the taillight. For the next half hour Kyle sat in the shade, drinking iced pop, ordering Julio to do this and that useless thing, hurrying him back and forth out in that wicked sun. Presently Kyle stood up and winked at the boys, figuring to call Julio's bluff.

"Okay, chief," he said. "Check the tires now, and don't give me none of your lip, you dirty chicken-stealin' half-breed."

Julio turned as red as an Indian can get. His hands tightened on the air hose and for a second it looked like he'd whale Kyle across the face. Then his eyes narrowed and he squatted down beside the wheels. Kyle shrugged and gave the bunch a comical look, and when he drove off for Desert Wells with the mail he was laughing.

Julio watched him go. He didn't say a word. Not one.

The boys decided that Kyle had lost his bet, but that he'd had fifty dollars' worth of his kind of fun. As it turned out, they were wrong, because an hour later Charlie Kyle was dead.

The tow-car crew found him pinned under the wreckage of his truck in a canyon bottom a hundred feet below an elbow turn on the road, twenty miles down the grade. Julio stood back, while the sheriff and Con Cattron went over that truck bolt by bolt. All they found to explain it was the left front tire casing, blown wide open.

A tire will do that sometimes. But any tire will blow if it's been overinflated up in the mountains, where pressure is low, then driven down into the desert, where it's high, and the mercury hits a hundred and twenty. Like sticking a balloon in the oven.

The joker was, a dozen witnesses could swear that Julio had done just what Charlie Kyle ordered him to, and maybe a little more, but nobody could prove that.

That was the day Julio Lanok finally broke his silence. He looked at the sheriff. He kicked the ruined tire casing and looked directly at the blanket-covered form of Charlie Kyle. "Too much hot air," he said.

THE END

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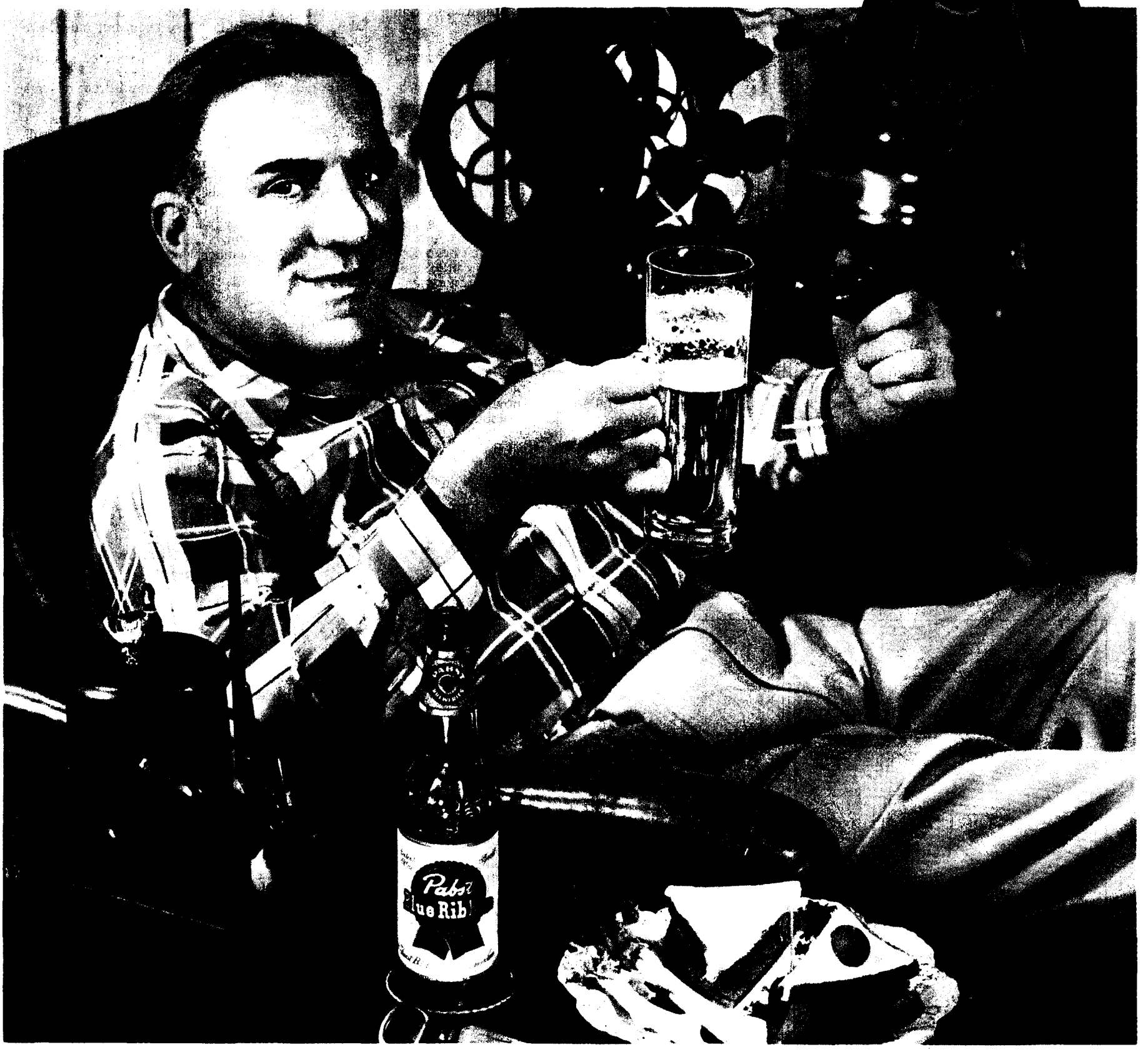
WILLIAM BENDIX, star of "The Life of Riley" radio program, *says:*

"For that smoother taste—

just ask for...

Pabst Blue Ribbon

FINEST BEER SERVED...*ANYWHERE!*"



WILLIAM BENDIX—
makes the three-way "experts" test with a glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Bill's eyes are pleased by the creamy head—the brilliant amber color.

Bill's nose is teased by the inviting fragrance of the finest malt and hops.

Bill's taste agrees Pabst Blue Ribbon has that smoother taste no other beer can touch.

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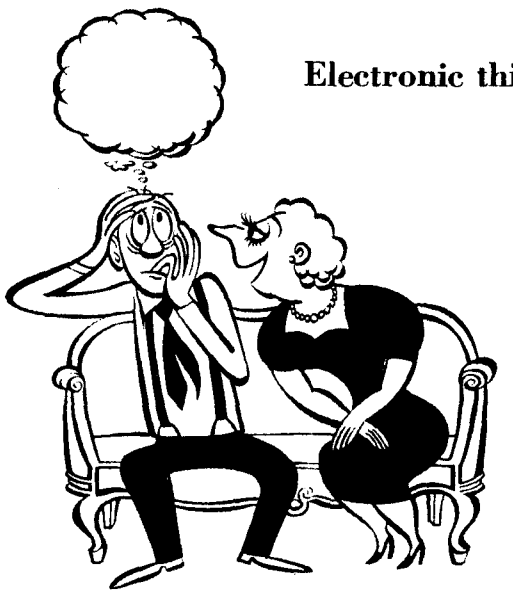
"You Mean You Don't Remember?"

By WILLIS PLAYER

Electronic thinking machines with enormous memories have nothing on a wife



"It happened eight years ago between a quarter after five and five thirty"

DARLING, do you know what today is?" my wife asked dreamily, snuggling alongside of me on the sofa. I winced like a man who's just been told to lie down on a bed of spikes.

"I'll give you a hint," she said generously, and still with the aspect of a loving wife. "It happened eight years ago between a quarter after five and five thirty in the afternoon. Just about an hour from now."

I suddenly felt badly in need of Alley Oop's time machine. Not that I wanted to relive the days of the Roman Empire or take a look at civilization 10 centuries ahead. I just wanted to go back to five o'clock in the afternoon eight years ago.

That being impossible, I tried to fix a jubilant gleam in my eye—as though I knew exactly what she was talking about but found the recollection too precious to sully with mere words.

It didn't fool her, though. It never does.

She stood up—no more snuggling—and viewed me with contempt.

"You don't know," she said, like a judge pronouncing death sentence. "You don't know. You don't remember that it was just eight years ago today that you kissed me on top of the Empire State Building."

That's only a sample of what thousands of American husbands go through every day. To the average American married male the new electronic thinking machines with the enormous memories are no surprise. They're not even very remarkable, although they do explain things somewhat. Many a man who often wondered what went on in his wife's head now understands perfectly. Under her pretty little skull is a collection of intricately wired electronic memory tubes—all hooked up to minor romantic episodes of the remote past. If my wife ever has a nervous breakdown, I'm not going to take her to a psychiatrist. I'm going to take her to an electrician.

This superhuman capacity for recalling the romantic is not limited to wives. It extends to fiancées and girl friends. One fellow I know nearly got the bounce from his beloved just 15 hours before the wedding. He couldn't remember, on a moment's notice, the date on which he had first carried her books home from grade school.

That's not an extreme case, either. I had one like it just a few days ago. It happened one evening while I was reading over last month's bills—which no woman, of course, can ever remember.

"What's this bill from Blodgett & Company for thirty-three dollars and seventeen cents?" I demanded, kindly enough, I thought.

"It's a . . . I mean, that was . . . oh, I think probably . . . no, it couldn't have been, but must have . . . no, not that, either."

"What you're trying to say," I shouted, "is that you don't know and can't remember!"

Her face fell, and I thought I saw a trace of tears in her eyes. I realized that I'd been too harsh.

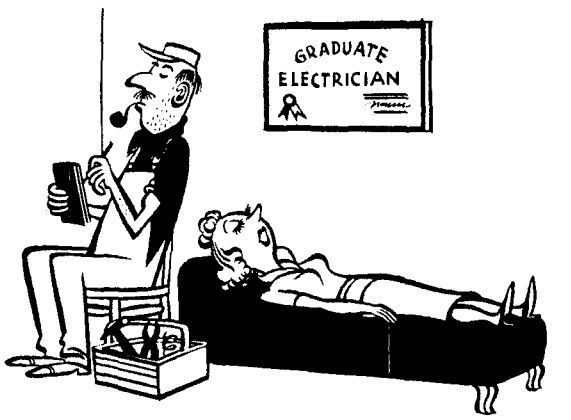
"Now, now," I said, patting her shoulder. "I didn't mean to shout. It's just that we can't pay bills without knowing what they're for, now can we?"

She choked up, giving every evidence of being on the verge of uncontrollable sobbing.

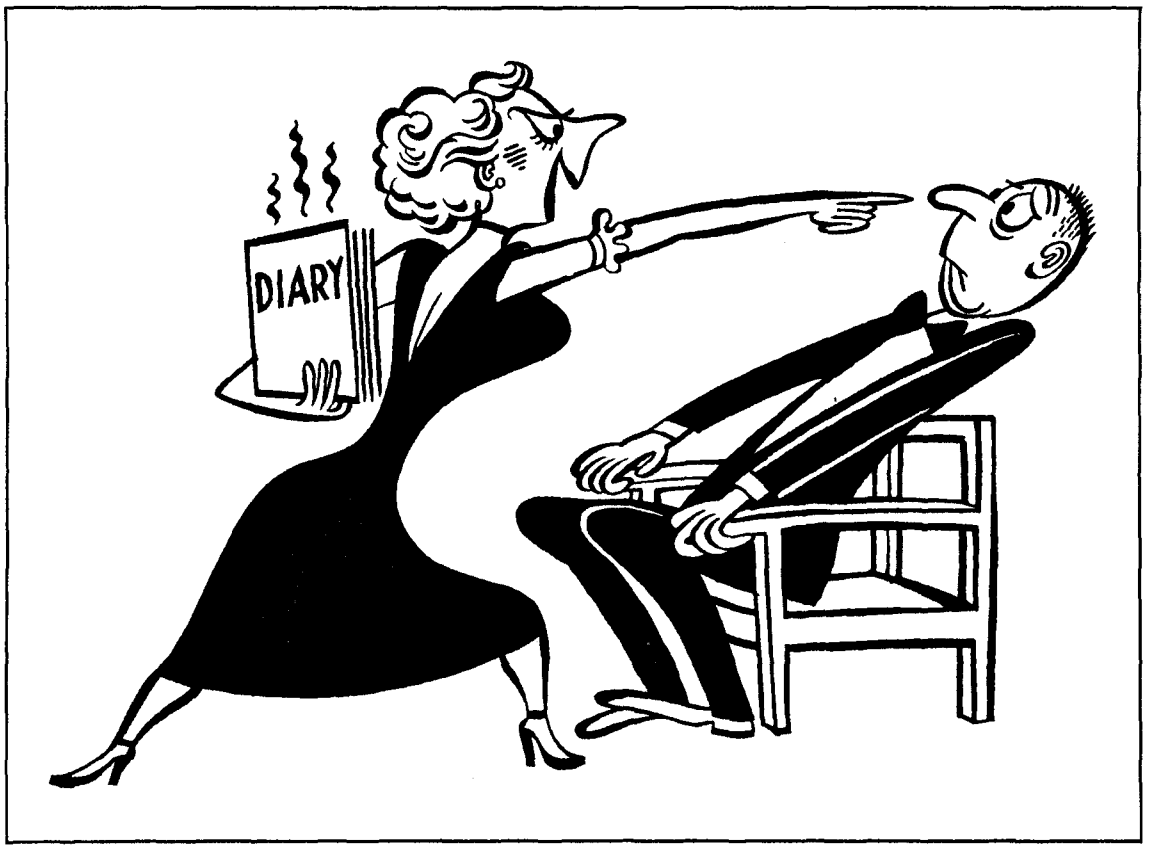
"It's not the bill," she said brokenly. "I forgive you for that. It's just that you don't remember."

"Don't remember what?" I asked, my scalp prickling with alarm.

"You don't remember what day this is," she said.



If she ever has a nervous breakdown I'm going to consult an electrician



"Don't you want me to comfort myself by remembering our romance together, you beast?"

"It's the . . . I mean, it's . . . oh, I think probably . . . no, no, not that, but it's . . . no, it couldn't be that either . . ."

My voice trailed off lamely, and I tried to force the knowing gleam into my eye.

"What you're trying to say," my wife announced coldly, just before leaving in triumph, "is that you don't remember that this is the fifteenth anniversary of the time you first invited me to the Sunday school picnic."

I paid the bill.

All young men who are considering marriage should know the facts of life: Most women have an automatic memory for life's tender litfle moments, and those who don't have an automatic memory keep diaries.

I know of one girl who kept a detailed record of all her pre-wedding dates with her intended—and it was a long engagement. Later, of course, she was forever trapping him with recollections of "our first visit to Aunt Hetty's together" or "our first double date together at the movies."

After he finally discovered the diary and reproached her for unfair marriage practices, did she repent and say she was sorry?

She did not. After she had thoroughly castigated him for examining other people's diaries, she said, "Don't you want me to comfort myself by remembering our romance together, you beast, particularly when you can't?"

The warning is plain. Every man ought to keep a detailed log of his courtship and study it once a week. That may be hard to do, of course. But the only alternative is to avoid any romantic words, activities or places when you're with the woman you love. And that's even harder. THE END

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Halloween Was Father's Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

corner and when I couldn't see J.L., I stood up. "Come on, the coast is clear."

We went down to the toy counter, and gosh they had a lot of stuff this year—bigger lanterns and noisier noisemakers and longer horns and different-colored chalk guaranteed not to rub off. It was a regular show just to see.

"Nice stuff, huh?" I said to Banjy.

He smiled shyly, hunching up his shoulders and wagging his head. " 'S nice."

"Wanna buy some?"

He shook his head no.

"Okay, okay, get your fall face. Let's see you get it."

THERE were skeletons and witches and clowns and Frankenstein monsters and old men with whiskers. The real fancy ones had stuck-out noses and ears, but they cost a fortune. You think that stopped Banjy? He grabbed hold of the clown and held it up to his face and cried, "Look at me! Look at me!"

"You look just beautiful," I told him. "It's a great improvement. You took off ten years."

"Go on, you try one!"

"No, thanks." I was just waiting to see him buy it.

The saleslady came up to us and said, "Come on, boys! Don't touch but what you're going to take."

"This one," Banjy said, handing over the clown, but just as the lady took it, he changed his mind. "No, this one." It was the Frankenstein with bolts in its neck.

The lady was a very doubting person. Before she would wrap it, she said, "Fifty cents."

"He's got a nickel," I said.

"A nickel!" She took the monster face and put it back with the other monsters. "You can get this." She picked up a plain black mask that only covered the eyes.

"Naw!" Banjy shook his head in disgust.

Just then who should I see but J.L. If he saw us, there might be an argument even if we could buy anything.

"Come on, Banj!" and I grabbed the kid's belt and pulled him down and we crawled back through the hardware-paint section, around the stationery section and out. . . .

Nobody mentioned the five-and-ten at dinner that night, but the crazy way J.L. acted! Usually he was so busy reading the newspaper or figuring out the cost of things on an envelope that he never looked at us and he ate so fast that he was back to his Gents Furnishings store before we got to the dessert. Tonight he didn't even open his paper and suddenly while lifting a spoonful of chicken soup, in a door salesman's voice he asked, "Why are noodles called noodles?"

We practically dropped our spoons. We couldn't believe it was J.L. but it was a riddle and riddles were fun. I racked my brains while Mama said, "I often wondered."

"Don't nobody want to guess?" J.L. looked around at all of us and his face was innocent, except for his mustache. "All right, so I'll tell you. Well, they're—long like noodles." His spoon was shaking. "They're—soft like noodles." Some spilled out of his spoon. "And they—taste like noodles. Why shouldn't they be called noodles?" Then he gave one laugh: "Ha!"

We all sat very still like a cold breath turned us into statues. Mama said, "All right, so go ahead and tell us why are noodles called noodles?"

He sighed a deep breath like he was very tired. "It's just that. *Ach!* Tell that woman a joke!" and then for the rest of the meal his face looked hurt and he didn't say a word. But when the fruit was finished, instead of going right out, he hung around looking at Banjy and me over his newspaper. It made me so squirmy that I finally got Banjy to come outside, cold as it was, and we sat on the porch steps.

Banjy kept his gloves right near his mouth but it didn't keep him from talking. "Tomorrow I'll get the best fall face."

"Sure, sure," I said, humoring him. "John D. Rockefeller!"

"What's the matter with you anyway, Davie?" he said. "The name is Banjy Bertram Brierman."

"What's the Bertram for?"

"That's for the middle."

Then J.L. came out, almost falling over us, and he looks a while and then instead of walking away, he says, "What are you kids doing?"

He wasn't going to catch us in any mischief. "Nothing," I said. But Banjy piped up, "I'm telling what I'm going to buy, J.L. A fall face, maybe the Frankenstein, most probably, but then on the other hand—" The kid liked to sound like big business.

Then, how do you like that! J.L. pushed back his coat and sat down on the steps right alongside of Banjy and, without looking at us, said, "Why do you always call me J.L.? Why don't you call me Papa? Or Daddy? Or even Father?" You could see his words in the frosty air.

What was the matter with him getting so intimate?

"J.L.'s your name, ain't it?" Banjy looked at him with surprise.

"Yes," said J.L., taking out a cigar and looking at first one end and then the other. "Your name is Banjy but I call you Son."

"You do?" It was news to me, too.

"And I am your papa, after all." He bit off one end of the cigar and spit it out.

"Okay," said Banjy, "from now on I'll call you Papa, Father and Daddy, J.L. Now about that fall face Son was telling about—" The little handshaker!

J.L. looked at me and then he looked away. I think he was trying to make an impression on Banjy first. He struck a match and puffed and puffed, watching the end of the cigar start to glow like a firefly in the dark.

Then, out of a clear sky, he takes his closed hand out of his pocket, holds it up before us, and says, "Who likes me?"

I just kept the mouth closed. But Banjy! Like he was winning a gold medal, he says brightly, "I likes you." Let him see where it would get him.

And J.L. opens his hand and gives the kid a nickel!

Then he says again, "Who likes me?"

It could only happen once. I didn't say anything.

"I likes you," says smiling cat brightly. And, by gosh, he gets another nickel.

The third time I saw J.L. was prepared to keep it up till morning if necessary. The fourth time, my eyes began to itch and my throat got dry. It was hard not to get some of that easy money. The fifth time I began to think, what the heck, it isn't one hundred per cent lying.

So the sixth time, I even beat the kid to it. "I do like you!"

J.L. was chewing the end of the cigar to a shred. Now he grabbed it in his fist like it was a pole. "And what is my name?" he snapped.

He was too quick for me. Before I could catch myself, I cried, "J.L.!"

J.L. jumped up. "You're too smart! You're an unnatural child! You'll see, Banjy'll get things so long as he don't pay no attention to you!" He slammed the cigar into his face and walked away without looking back. I stood up and watched him go, feeling like a chump. I turned and kicked the step near Banjy.

"Cut it out! It ain't my fault!" he cried. He took out his handkerchief and started laying out the new nickels with the old one. Thirty cents!

"John D. Rockefeller!" I whistled.

ON THE way to the five-and-ten next day, John D. Rockefeller lost all his money in the street or someplace and in the end he couldn't buy a false face after all. He cried with his heart and soul in it; he cried in the streets for everybody to hear. I even took him crying past the front of J.L.'s store, but nothing did him any good.

That night was Halloween and there wouldn't be any more money coming in this year. Mama didn't let us beg. "What are you, schnorrers in short pants?" she said.

"Well, it ain't exactly that," I said. A schnorrer was a professional beggar, but Mama couldn't be convinced and Banjy hung around with a broken heart. He didn't take any interest when the doorbell rang and it was a couple of kids dressed up in their mothers' clothes with masks on. He couldn't bear to look at them.

Somehow J.L. didn't come home for din-

CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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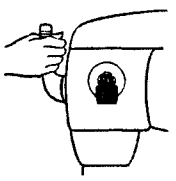

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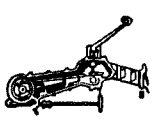

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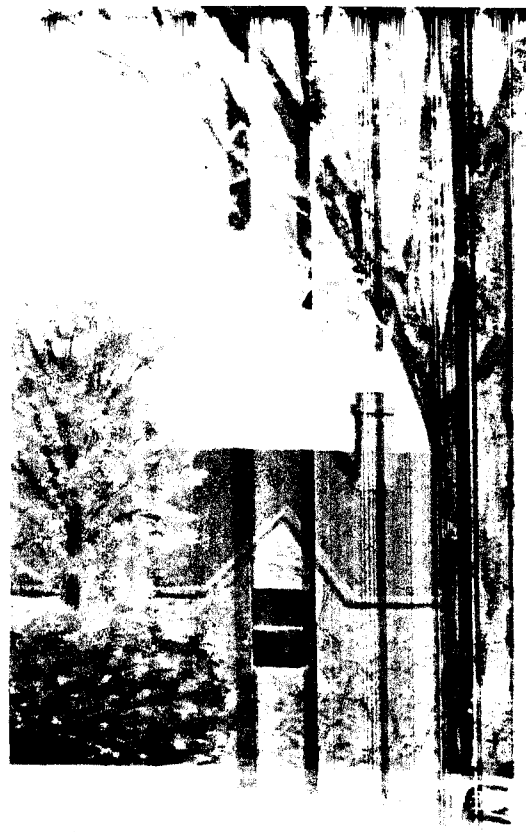

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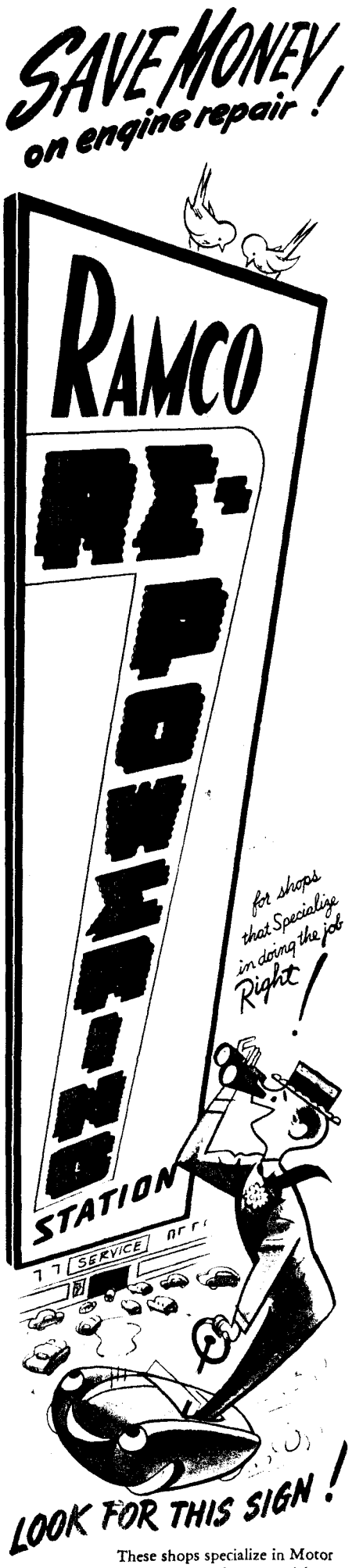

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ner and we waited and waited. The kitchen clock wheezed once. "That man!" said Mama, looking at it. Seven thirty. "He's so busy making food he ain't got time to eat. So come on. I can't keep children waiting all night. Everything will get cold."

We were on the chicken soup when there came a screechy scratching on the living-room window. There had been taps and rattling and wild laughing and scary yells before, but somehow this was different. It was long and it was careful.

"What is?" asked Mama.

In a little while the scratching came on the window right near the table.

"Again!" said Mama. "The hooligans are getting real fresh. Next thing, they'll move in with us. And they probably wouldn't like the cooking."

"Ah, Halloween," moaned Banjy sadly. He was thinking of his lost false face. I bet he could see it too. It had wings and was flying over the house—a bird couldn't do better.

I popped up and ran to the window and looked out.

Nobody.

Banjy came alongside of me, so I moved to a different window. Nobody was there either. Just Halloween darkness.

"Come back," called Mama. "Those children! When it comes to Halloween, no dinner, no nothing matters to them."

But the scratching kept up. I had to open the window and look out. All I got for my trouble was a cold Halloween wind in the face.

Banjy came up to me again. "Ho!" I said to no one in particular. "The black witches are looking for little fat fellows!"

"Never mind," said Mama. "Is it better to be skinny?" She put meat on the plates, and potatoes and string beans. "Come on, eat. Then we can all be fat."

Just as we sat down again, something at the front door banged and hollered out, "Woooo!" It made me shiver up the back for a minute myself. Banjy's round face went milky.

"That's carrying a joke too far," said Mama, and she grabbed up her broom.

WE ALL went to the door, softly, softly, and I pushed it open softly and Mama held up the broom—boy, I felt sorry for whoever it was, what was going to happen to him, but there was no one there.

"How do you like that?" said Mama. "He went away."

And then, just when Mama was going to close the door, in he jumped, at first so fast I couldn't see—a man with a false face and J.L.'s hat and coat on.

"Woooo wooo!" he said and he waved a jack-o'-lantern in one hand and hopped around like an Indian. He was carrying a bag in the other hand. Banjy stood there looking with his mouth open a yard and a half.

"Aw, joker!" remarked Mama in disgust.

Then the man saw Banjy and he began running after him. "Woooo yoooo, I'm going to get you!" he cried. Still holding on to the lantern by one finger, he took out an orange and black horn and blew it; it sounded like a goose being killed.

Banjy let out a shriek and dived behind the big rocking chair with the cushion back and little lace napkins on the arms. Some hiding! You could see his long black acrobat's stockings and his sneakers and all the rest of him.

The man in the false face leaned over the chair and stuck the hand with the horn and lantern behind it. The chair squeaked and started to tip but the man kept one foot on the ground so that it couldn't go over. With the other hand he held onto the bag. "Ahm gwina git dat liddle boy!" All of a sudden he's Amos and Andy! The lantern dropped but Banjy didn't pick it up. He just batted it out from behind the chair.

"It's late enough already, Mr. Frankenstein. Come and eat dinner," said Mama.

Just then Banjy scooted out and dashed into the dining room and around the table with the dinner on it. The monster tried to jump back and the rocking chair almost went over. He stopped still for a minute and then, without putting the bag down, backed off and started up after Banjy again, yelling all the time his, "Woooo wooo whooo!" In running he dropped the horn, but he didn't stop. He just took the red noisemaker out of his pocket and kept on going.

Banjy waited with the table between them until the man almost got him. Then he plumped down, dived under the tablecloth like it was a tent and burst out the other side just in front of the man. This shook the whole table till it looked like it would go over.

Mama grabbed the table and just held on, howling, "My dinner, my plates, my tablecloth!"

Banjy tore around the table, past Mama, and the Monster tore right after him. Banjy scooted back into the living room and scrambled behind the rocking chair again. The man with the face scooted after him, twirling the noisemaker. "Jake! Jake!" Mama shrieked, "you'll make the child nervous!" Jake? Huh! I knew it was J.L. all the time, but this showed how serious it was; only in fights or for company Mama called him Jake. With his monster's face he looked at her but it didn't say anything. Something just had to happen. And it would serve Banjy right if he was caught.

Now J.L. was down on his hands and knees, trying to climb behind the chair too like it was a regular clubhouse. "Good luck, already!" Mama yelled. "You proved you're a father. Now relax!" It looked like this time J.L. would get his hands on Banjy for sure.

And that's just when it happened.

Banjy sprang sideways and tried to make a break for it, but he banged against the chair. The chair went over right on top of J.L. and smacked his monster's face against the floor. He dropped the noisemaker and the bag and it fell open and apples with strings rolled out like with tails on them. You'd think now, with J.L. down and under the chair, would be Banjy's chance to really run away, but instead he just got up and stood there watching.

J.L. knocked the chair off himself and got up too, an inch at a time, swearing and cursing to beat the band; his monster's face with a squashed-in nose and half-broken mouth was grinning now instead of just looking dopey, and he tore it off and threw it to the floor and kicked it, and he kept rubbing his face. In all this business, he stumbled over an apple and this must have given him an idea because he began kicking apples every which way, yapping all the while, "Them kids! Try to be a father to them! Give them a fancy holiday! The little one too! Them kids is unnatural!"

"We had enough fun for one Halloween. Come on and eat," said Mama, very tiredly.

"Aw! I don't want any of that darned dinner!" He kicked the one last apple to pieces, and went out of the house, slamming the door, without his hat even. It was still on the floor with applesauce and strings and black and orange confetti all over it.

BANJY stood watching me, blinking his eyes. I picked up the false face and straightened it out the best I could. I had a good idea for a joke. I was going to put it and J.L.'s hat on and I was going to blow the horn and wave the lantern and chase Banjy, yelling at him, "Woooo, woooo, who likes me?"

"Ah, the unlucky guy," said Mama, shaking her head, looking at the wreck the living room was. "The man with the elephant's touch. King Schmidus himself. He wanted to be a father in the worst way. And he was. He knew the things to get, but also you got to know how to give them."

Somehow I couldn't get J.L. out of my head. By this time he was halfway to Main Street, a man who never learned how to have any fun, running in the cold black Halloween night without a hat, running to the little clothing store so he could let the mealtime clerk go.

I didn't put the Frankenstein or J.L.'s hat on. Suddenly it didn't seem like much of a joke. I looked at the false face in my hand and it wasn't a horrible monster any more. It was just a sad face that couldn't talk.

"Every time he tries to be loving, that's the way it turns out," said Mama. "Maybe a person is like baking something. Sometimes you put lots and lots of good stuff —eggs and yeast and nuts and whatnots— into a cake and it just don't rise." She sighed deeply to clear her chest. "And that's why it's called noodles." THE END

"If you think that's good wait until you hear what Mr. O'Keefe promised to do for me personally!"

COLLIER'S — MARY GIBSON

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Existing phone booths are being replaced by modern jobs with big glass doors

NEW LOOK IN *Telephone Booths*

By EDWARD DEMBITZ

IF THE Bell System has its way, disheveled maidens beyond reach of a dressing room will no longer be able to step inside a telephone booth to straighten stockings, adjust girdles, and attend to similar urgent matters. The world's largest telephone company has begun to replace its existing booths with a modern streamlined version, and the doors are made of glass—clear down to the floor.

Despite the occasional use of its property for the arrangement of attire, for love-making, murders and overnight lodging, Bell insists that the primary purpose of a phone booth is for the making of phone calls. The new booth, therefore, boasts improvements of a practical nature. A fourfold increase in lighting enables the user to see what he's doing. A ventilator unit ejects his cigarette smoke and gives the lie to the company's sometime reputation as a donor of free Turkish baths. Rounded floor corners ease recovery of the inevitably dropped parcel and, by popular request, each and every booth contains a seat.

Although there are some 5,600 independent telephone companies in the United States, the Bell System has a corner on the $250,000,000 worth of loose change which the public annually pours into pay stations. Small wonder that the company devotes considerable thought to the design, upkeep and use of its booths.

Development of the new model was entrusted to the Bell Telephone Laboratories. This subsidiary, one of the world's great research centers, which had brought to a practical stage the talking picture, the high tonal quality electric phonograph and the transatlantic telephone, was able to take the booth problem in its stride.

Lab workers dug into the files and studied the suggestions piled up over the years from maintenance employees and the man in the street. Impractical ideas ("a cushion for every seat") were discarded, and the rest tested. Chemists, lighting technicians, material men and efficiency experts merged their talents.

The chemists consulted with linoleum and rubber companies and spotted flooring samples around the country in booths where they would get extra-rough treatment. The lighting experts busied themselves with meters and bulbs in much the same manner. Material men pondered over a wood best suited for the booth frame, and finally chose birch. The engineers, mindful that vandals had made short work of small exposed fans, came up with a securely fastened blower which changes the air in the booth several times a minute.

The side and back walls of the booth also got special attention. The inside walls of the old model had bumpy surfaces intended to discourage all but the hardiest of doodlers of such notations as "Anna —3892—a good number." The walls of the new booth turn the same trick, but less blatantly. They are of smooth steel, with a beige hammered-effect, baked-enamel finish.

In the development of the new booth the company regarded as beyond its province the problem of the all-day talker. It concedes that if the caller has enough nickels and fortitude to withstand the frustrated cries of the line-up outside, the booth is his castle.

Telephone booths have come a long way since the first was patented 67 years ago. The earliest specimens were lace-curtained commodious affairs the size of an elevator. Hotels would proudly set them in a prominent place in the lobby, and out-of-town guests would enter, shut the door and display their familiarity with big-city ways by calling out, "Eighth floor, please."

The improvement in booth design has paralleled the growth in numbers. Today there are 860,000 pay phones in the country, of which 93 per cent belong to Bell. Close to one half, known officially as "public" phones, are in booths.

Not everyone wants a booth, however. There was the small-town druggist who said, with inexorable logic, "My customers depend upon me for news. How can I keep posted on what's happening unless the phone is out in the open?"

Then there are the major race tracks, which close down all pay phones, booth or no booth, while the day's races are being run.

If it's a matter of life and death, the track will let you use a phone in the executive offices, with the operator all ears.

This iron curtain, notable for its porosity, was erected for two reasons: to keep overextended bookmakers from instructing confederates at the track to "lay off" cash in the pari-mutuels, and to prevent bookies from giving their clientele immediate service on race results.

Booths are owned and installed by Bell, but the owner of the premises provides the space, keeps the booth clean and, if he loves his fellow man, makes change. For this collaboration he receives a percentage of the receipts. At a typical downtown city corner, six booths in a busy drugstore can gross as much as $15,000 annually.

It is only natural that ingenious outsiders should cast envious glances at this sizable part of the company's income, and attempt to ease in for a piece of it, one way or another. For example, Bell has been urged—unsuccessfully—to carry advertisements in its booths, displays ranging from prosaic tobacco and chewing gum signs to one which also sprayed a delicate scent upon the occupant.

A Shoestring Promoter's Office

A peripheral group active in the more sophisticated cities has discovered yet another form of telephone-booth profit. These are shoestring promoters, forever temporarily out of funds, who are unable to afford the luxury of an office but who also are unable to carry on business without a telephone. The solution is obvious. They acquire squatter's rights to booths in the lobbies of office buildings. Not long ago the company unrooted one mastermind who had even had letterheads printed with the public number thereon.

Then, on the lowest level, there are the moochers who have rounds, like night watchmen. On a regular circuit of booths on their beat, they inspect the return slots for coins overlooked by some hasty or inexpert user.

Taking money from the coin box itself is dangerous practice for anyone but the official collector, and he sees no more nickels than you or I do. Deposited coins drop by gravity past a rejecting mechanism into a metal box which seals itself when the collector inserts a key to replace it with an empty receptacle. At the end of the day he delivers about a hundred such boxes to district headquarters, where a supervisor breaks the seal. An automatic machine sorts, counts and totes the contents. Four fifths of the coins are nickels, 15 per cent dimes, and the remainder quarters, mingled with a motley array of extralegal tender.

The latter is probably Bell's worst telephone-booth headache. It must keep an eye out for coin-size trade checks, key tags, religious medals and tax tokens, and generally manages to persuade the parties involved to change the dimensions.

The Bell System's booths are built by Western Electric, its manufacturing subsidiary, which in addition to the standard cubicle also makes special booths: oversize ones, for example, with swivel chairs. These are placed in swank hotels and places frequented by salesmen. Even larger booths are made to accommodate the wheel chairs of patients in veterans' hospitals.

Sometimes, as in Houston's Shamrock Hotel, the proprietor furnishes his own booths to insure harmony with the surrounding *décor*—in this case, Honduras mahogany. A Greenwich Village night club has attempted to capture a prairie atmosphere by using a stagecoach for a phone booth. Insulated booths are in growing demand; a common complaint about the standard product is that you can hear the person in the next booth, but not clearly enough to understand him. Bell would like to insulate all booths, but declares the cost prohibitive; its new model already runs to several hundred dollars apiece.

The new booth will not flash canastalike across America. The first one rolled off the assembly line in the spring of 1949 and was set up without fanfare, in Grand Central Terminal in New York. Since then others have been quietly placed, by ones and twos, in other parts of the country. At a production rate of 25,000 per year, the company figures it would take 20 years to blanket the country with the streamlined booths, and it has the feeling that a newer model may come up long before then.

Against that day, Bell's technicians are already plotting better ventilation schemes and improved lighting arrangements. And the voice of the interested public is again beginning to be heard; Bell has a whole new collection of comment on its new booths, most to date leading off thus: "Dear Sir: Have you considered putting cushions on the seats . . . ?" THE END

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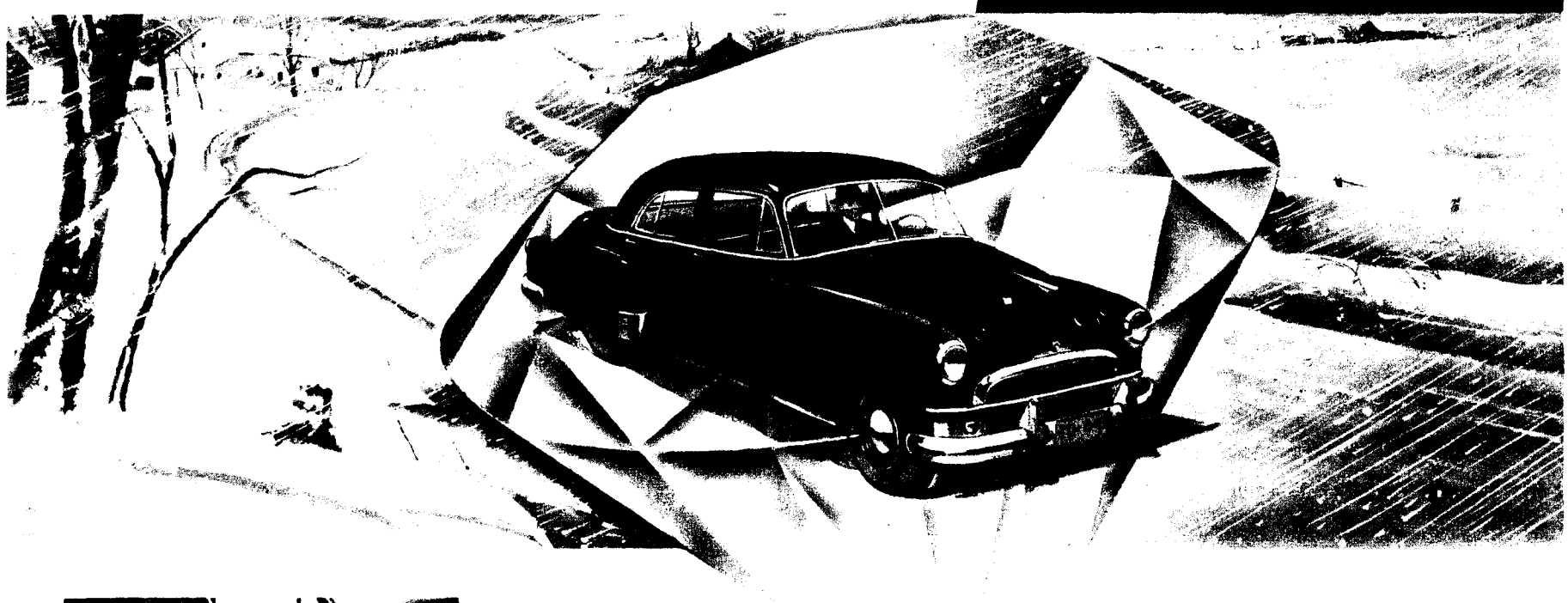
"Reader's Digest showed me how to wax my car in 20 minutes!"

Lawrence Whitney, 6216 Peck Avenue, La Grange Highlands, Ill., is one of millions of car owners who discovered the new no-rub way to wax a car by reading the story of Car-Plate in Reader's Digest!



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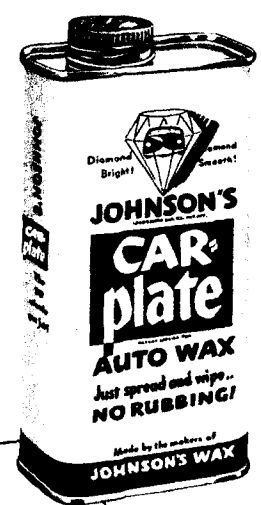

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Car-Plate is the result of a great new basic chemical discovery in the Johnson's Wax laboratories. It's a free-flowing liquid wax. Just spread it on the cleaned surface... let it dry .... then wipe lightly. That's all!

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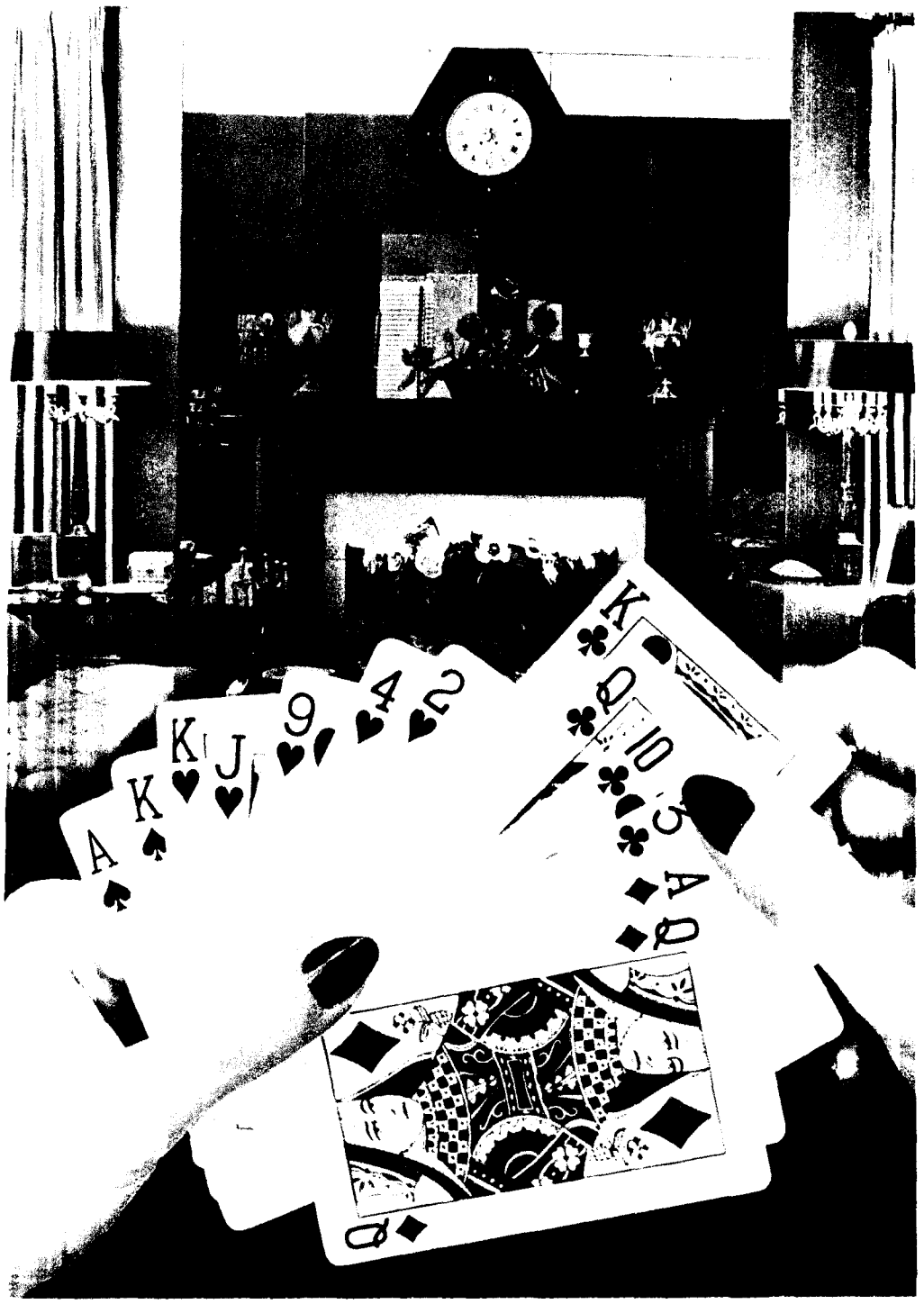

AT CEIL CHAPMAN'S OWN HOME. When this celebrated fashion designer entertains, you see her sure brilliant touch in every detail. Example—fresh new Congress decks at every game. "It's such a pity to strike an off-note with soiled, shabby cards," Ceil Chapman says. "And everybody loves a game that begins with the crackle of cellophane!"

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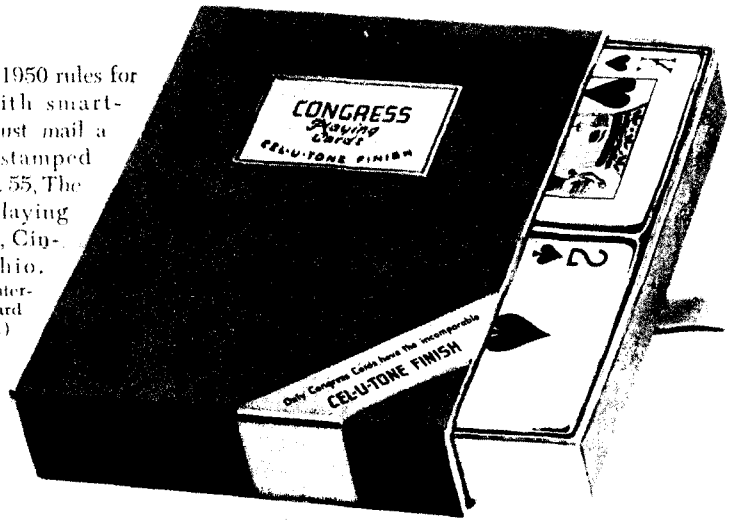

Senator Lucas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

Look closely at the voting records of many Republicans who lead the chorus of opposition, and who pour their wrath upon our President rather than upon Joseph Stalin and his commissars.

You will find that they are shouting so loudly to cover up their own tragic mistakes. You will find that they are demanding Democratic scalps to keep the people of America from realizing how they delayed and obstructed the Marshall Plan, the Atlantic Pact, the Arms Program, Aid to Korea, and other important parts of the far-reaching program proposed under Democratic leadership.

Do not let these men, who interpret history for their own purposes, lead you into believing that all wars start when the Democrats are in power.

IN THE past century, the American people have participated in four major wars. Two have been fought under Republican Presidents—the Civil War under Abraham Lincoln and the Spanish-American War under William McKinley. Two have occurred under Democratic administrations—the one against the Kaiser and the Central Powers in 1917-'18, and the other against the Axis Powers which ended in 1945.

History shows that the responsible leaders of both major parties tried to prevent the outbreak of these wars. No American President has ever wanted to plunge the American people into the agony and misery of military hostilities.

The Democratic party, founded by sons of the people, has always sought to spare Americans from the horror of armed conflict. In Korea, we are engaged in a battle we did not want and we did not seek. But if we had not faced the challenge in Korea, we would have been forced to face it someday in another part of the world.

We are still striving for peace—through the United Nations, through the Marshall Plan, through the Atlantic Pact, through all the bold steps in our foreign policy. We know that each step holds an element of risk. But the obstructionist Republicans do not offer a program which contains so much hope for the future.

What have we done meanwhile to build up the defenses of America? Here are the facts:

In the five years between 1945 and 1950, Congress has appropriated about $90,000,000,000 for defense. Of that amount, about $42,000,000,000—or nearly half of the total—went for the costs of liquidating World War II.

It cost billions to bring home the millions of young Americans in the armed services after our victory in 1945. It cost billions to pay enlisted men and women for their last leave. It cost billions to maintain our occupation forces in Germany and Japan. It cost billions to terminate the war contracts held by many business firms. These items and many others related to World War II accounted for 42 of the 90 billions.

How did we spend the other 48 billions?

We spent them to build a strong and scientific defense for America. We spent billions for atomic bombs and other secret weapons which have guarded us from a sudden attack. We spent billions to create the most devastating air force in the world, and the strongest navy.

We did not try to maintain a vast land army, ready to defend every threatened country on earth. On the advice of high military leaders, we maintained an army capable of rapid expansion in an emergency.

We have held complete command of the air and the sea around Korea since the fighting started in the Far East. After some necessary retreats, we took the offensive with amphibious landings which threw the enemy into confusion. There can be no doubt now about the ultimate victory of the United Nations forces. This will be achieved in spite of those who seek for political reasons to create distrust and disunity at home.

Thanks to the wise economic policies we have followed in recent years under the Democratic program, our country is in better shape today to meet the demands of increased production for defense than at any other time in American history.

Our capacity to produce has increased 40 per cent in the last 10 years.

Our supplies of steel, nonferrous metals, lumber, rubber, coal, oil and transportation are far greater than they were in the early 1940s.

We have more than five times as many ships as we had in the 1939-'41 period. Our oil-gathering and trunk pipe lines are 22 per cent larger than in the prewar years.

The capacity of our general industrial machinery is now 2½ times larger than the prewar capacity.

In the five years since our victory over the Axis Powers, American business has built and added to its productive facilities $115,000,000,000 worth of new plants and equipment.

These facts give the lie to those who say that America has moved toward Socialism. American business has grown and thrived under the progressive policies of the Democratic party.

Under Democratic leadership, Americans have risen to the greatest level of prosperity the people have ever known.

The nation has climbed from the bread lines and bankruptcies of the depression to produce goods and services at a rate now approaching $270,000,000,000 a year.

More than 62,000,000 Americans now have good jobs at good wages.

Since 1945, we have turned out more than 20,000,000 passenger cars, more than 21,000,000 electric refrigerators, nearly 9,000,000 television sets and nearly 5,000,000 new homes.

In this five-year period, we have constructed a new house for one out of every seven families, a new car and a new refrigerator for one out of every two, and a television set for one family out of every four. No other nation on earth can match those achievements.

MEMBERS of the Democratic majority in the Senate and the House of Representatives will seek your votes next November 7th on the basis of the constructive record of the Eighty-first Congress.

This Congress passed a housing bill which started the greatest building boom Americans have yet enjoyed. This Congress added 10,000,000 people to the Social Security rolls and increased the benefits available to all those covered. This Congress gave the Commodity Credit Corporation authority and money to build more storage bins for farm crops, to enable farmers to market their products successfully and profitably. This Congress increased the minimum wages of working people, and the Democratic leaders tried hard to repeal the repressive Taft-Hartley Act passed by a Republican Congress. This Congress greatly increased the funds available for the F.B.I. to enable J. Edgar Hoover and his efficient agents to expose and control the subversive activities of Communists and others. This Congress also passed additional legislation dealing with subversive activities. This Congress passed the Defense Production Act, to give the President power to stop inflation and to mobilize our economic resources in defense of the free way of life.

I believe you will remember what you have achieved under Democratic leadership when you go to the polls.

Under Democratic leadership you can triumph over Communism, just as you defeated the forces of Hitler and the Japanese militarists. THE END

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Senator Taft

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

every person named except two, although evidence was found in the F.B.I. files against many of these men. We need a Republican Congress, because only a Republican Congress will force the removal of Communist influence from government departments.

We need a Republican Congress because only a Republican Congress can force a clear declaration of foreign policy and an intelligent and common-sense program to carry it out. We are in the mess we are in today because there has been no principle guiding our foreign policy, and secrecy has concealed its true character. Men like Henry Wallace and Harry Hopkins regarded Soviet Russia as a peace-loving democracy, and Communism as somewhat similar to our own form of government. We knew that there were many Communists in the government, from Lee Pressman to those who handed secrets to Reds, and it could only have been their influence which fooled men in policy positions into seeing some resemblance between American principles and those of Joe Stalin.

IT WAS Democratic administration policy at Yalta and Potsdam which established the Russians in Berlin, Prague, Vienna, Manchuria and Korea, in positions from which they threaten the safety and security of the world and of the American people; and it was continued pro-Communist policy in the State Department which permitted the Communists to take over all of China and almost invited them to invade South Korea.

Administration policy is still wavering and uncertain. In January, Secretary of State Acheson ridiculed the proposal that we defend Formosa. In June, the President sent the 7th Fleet to protect it. In August, he slapped down General MacArthur for suggesting that Formosa is of vital military importance in our line of defense in the Far East. Do we keep the Communists out of Formosa or don't we?

When we were wavering in Europe, Senator Vandenberg's influence finally forced the administration to adopt a definite anti-Communist policy there. Only a Republican Congress can achieve that result in the Far East.

Only a Republican Congress can force a clear declaration of military policy. As Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson announced in February, 1950, that we were prepared to hit Joseph Stalin within an hour after he started a war. Then Johnson thought $14,000,000,000 enough for that purpose. Before he quit, he told us that such a force was wholly insufficient and that we must spent $30,000,000,000 a year, or even $45,000,000,000.

Is war to be in the air primarily, or do we send 5,000,000 American boys to fight Russia on the continent of Europe? Can we fight a successful war on European or Asiatic soil against overwhelming numbers and a nation equipped with the atomic bomb? These are questions on which the people have a right to the best military advice, and which the people have the right to decide. But only a Republican Congress can bring that advice out into the open, and cause a free debate on the policies which are so vital that they may determine whether this country goes down to destruction or succeeds in restoring liberty throughout the world.

Only a Republican Congress can hope to put through really constructive measures in the field of labor, agriculture and welfare without the extremes of Socialism. For example, the Eighty-first Congress—even though Democratic—would not repeal the Taft-Hartley law, yet the administration was able to block all constructive efforts to improve it. Amendments which I sponsored, and which passed the Senate largely in response to labor criticism where that criticism appeared to be sound, were suppressed in the Labor Committee of the House. The administration and the labor bosses demanded repeal or nothing, and therefore opposed any improvements in the law.

Only a Republican Congress will enact a reasonable farm program with price supports fair to both farmer and consumer and in accordance with the general recommendations of sound farm organizations like the Grange and the Farm Bureau. The administration must have the Brannan Plan or it won't play ball.

In the field of health, welfare and education, again the remedies proposed by the administration tend strongly toward federal control as in the case of socialized medicine. The administration is not enthusiastic for any constructive measures based on control and administration by the states, or any which will weaken federal direction of health and welfare.

Only a Republican Congress will deal constructively with the old-age pension problem and move toward the establishment of a universal pension based on pay-as-you-go taxation. The Social Security Administration has insisted on the theory of so-called social insurance though the coverage and the pensions provided have been inadequate.

There is another reason why we need today an independent Congress. In the war emergency, we are asked to grant many arbitrary powers such as those which existed during the second World War. Such powers can be used to socialize the entire country, and the left-wing element within the Democratic party will try to use them for that purpose. It is vitally necessary that we elect a Congress which will grant these powers only to the extent that they are really necessary to meet the emergency before us.

It is even more necessary that we have a Congress which will closely watch the actions taken by the administration and see that they are confined to war purposes. The Control Bill recently passed contains power for the government to go into any business the President may wish to enter—powers granted in almost exactly the terms requested by him in time of peace two years ago when he wanted the power in order to enter any industry whose policies he disapproved.

We need a Congress which will not hesitate to say to the President: "These powers were granted for war purposes. You shall not use them to carry out Socialistic purposes unrelated to the war." There were many examples of usurpation of power during the last war like the federalization of the employment offices. Only a Republican Congress will be a watchdog Congress.

FINALLY, the election of a Republican Congress will notify the world that this country does believe in liberty and a free system and is positively opposed to Communism and Socialism. For 18 years Americans have apologized for the American system throughout the world. The continued sympathy for Communism and Socialism shown by our government in many respects has led the world to doubt what the real belief of the American people is.

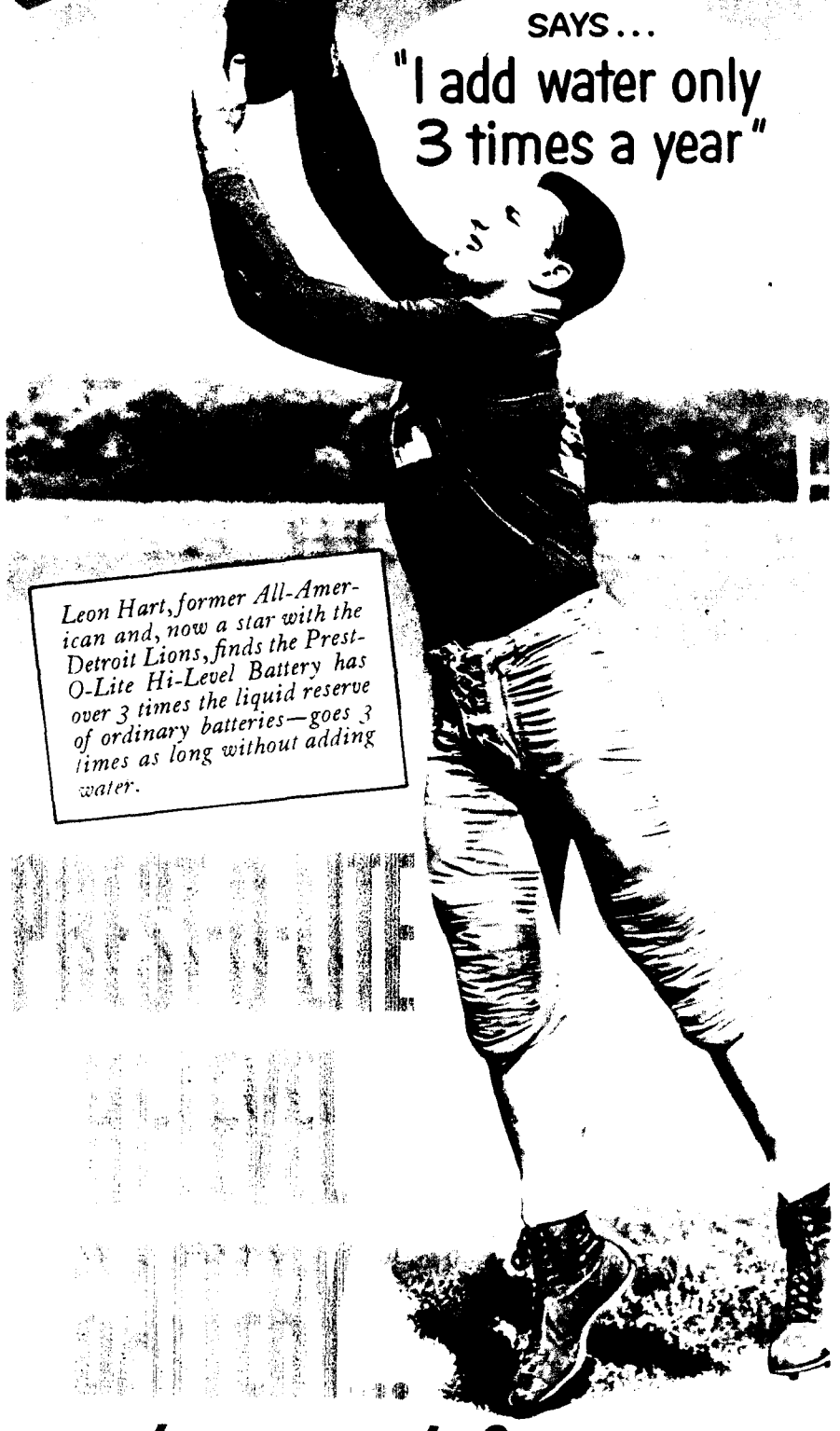
Communism has spread its hold throughout the world by its strange and deceptive appeal to the minds of men, because there has been no fighting doctrine in the contest against it. It is time that we convinced ourselves that we still believe in liberty, and rededicate ourselves to spreading its doctrine throughout the world. Adequate military preparation may check the Russian armies, but the ideology of Communism can be checked only by a people who vigorously reject the theory of government control over their lives. A Republican victory in this election would let the people of the world know that we are prepared to fight Communism in every form, at home and abroad.

THE END

Leon Hart

SAYS...

"I add water only 3 times a year"



Leon Hart, former All-American and, now a star with the Detroit Lions, finds the Prest-O-Lite Hi-Level Battery has over 3 times the liquid reserve of ordinary batteries—goes 3 times as long without adding water.

needs water only 3 times a year

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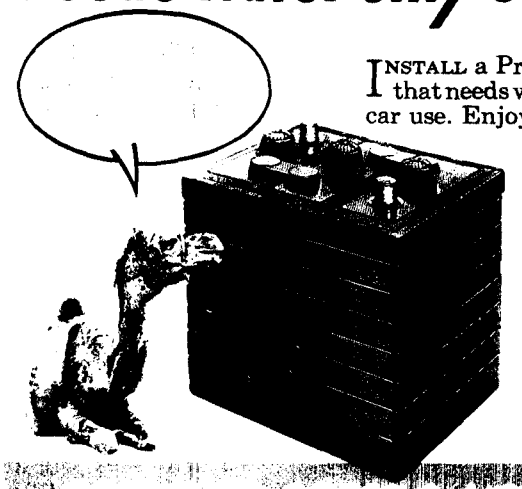

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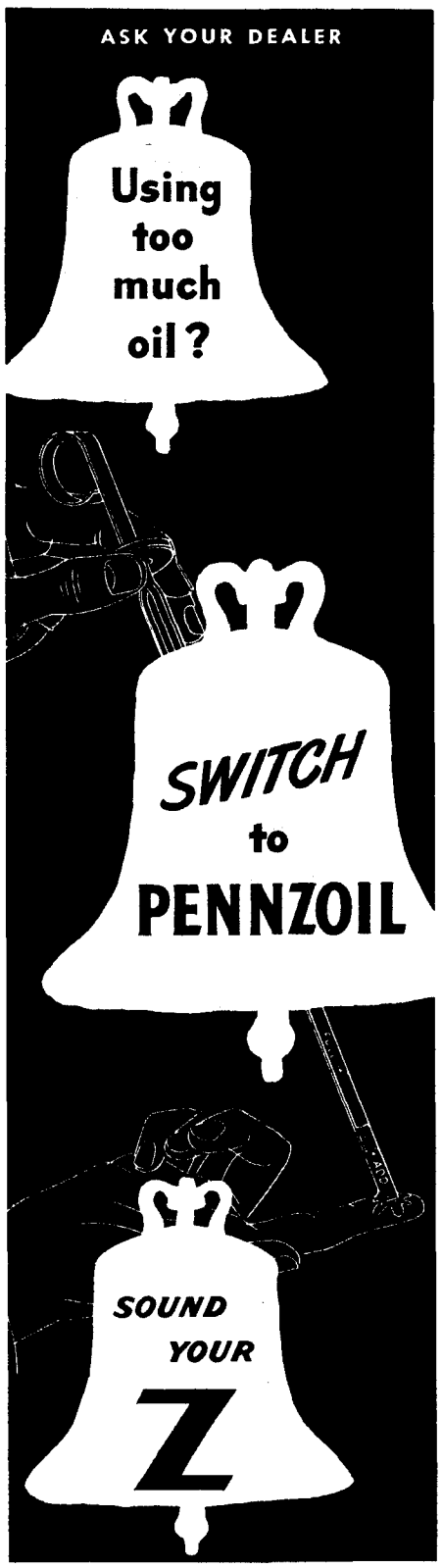

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Don't Smoke—Unless You Like It

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

past the sixty-year mark. Light smokers did almost as well. Sixty-one per cent survived past sixty. But among heavy smokers only 46 per cent reached sixty.

But many other statisticians find serious flaws in Dr. Pearl's reasoning. He had isolated a single factor from among many which undoubtedly contribute to the slightly earlier death of some smokers, and the slightly longer survival of some nonsmokers. But others point out that people who work under high pressure and high tension often smoke heavily, to permit themselves to work better or to withstand the tension.

Such people (physicians, for example) do, on the average, live shorter spans. They suffer more industrial accidents. They drive faster and, when they have a collision, the result is more often death than injury. Refusing to spare weakened hearts, they deliberately choose an active life in preference to a long dull one.

But is it the smoking that shortens their lives? Or is it not rather their whole way of living which affects their life-span?

There is another set of figures that seems to refute the Pearl theory. These are the records of the U.S. Public Health Service, which show that the life-span of Americans has been increasing, decade after decade, and now averages 67.8 years. This increase has occurred in the face of an 11,775 per cent increase in the smoking of cigarettes since 1900. At the turn of the century, but a tiny fraction of our population smoked cigarettes and only a small proportion smoked tobacco in any form. For the last 20 years, well over half the population has been smoking, millions have been smoking heavily and, in the adult age group, the nonsmoker has become almost a rarity.

From a Life Insurance Angle

Small wonder then that insurance actuaries have refused to place any penalties against the smoker—occasional, moderate, heavy or chain.

In the words of Walter G. Bowerman, fellow of the Society of Actuaries, "The results of Dr. Pearl's findings are so widely at variance with the judgments of common sense and the carefully developed practice of life insurance companies . . . as to suggest that some serious errors must have been made."

Closely akin to the shorten-your-life charge is the old allegation that tobacco will stunt your growth. Here, again the evidence simply does not support the assertion. Consider, for example, the records of the draft boards in World Wars I and II. The generation that was drafted in 1917 and 1918 had smoked far less than the men, of the same age brackets, who were called up in World War II. Yet, despite the alleged stunting effects of tobacco, the draftees of the second World War stood fully an inch-and-a-half taller than their fathers. Similar studies of the height of college students show the same increase in size, and in general health, despite an increase in smoking by the newer generation.

The facts of life have also crumpled another once popular antitobacco theory. In the twenties and thirties, when women were taking up smoking, the American birth rate fell into a marked decline. There were many factors to account for this fall—birth control for one thing and the great depression of the thirties for another. Young people married later in those grim days. Many of them postponed childbearing in the face of job insecurity and low wages. Many chose to feed two children well, instead of four children poorly.

Yet, discounting these factors, several researchers reached the conclusion that smoking by women was inducing sterility.

Then along came the forties, prosperity and war. Most of the reasons for not having children became less important. Most of the reasons for having children loomed larger. And, despite a still higher smoking rate among American women, the birth rate promptly went soaring to an all-time high.

Most physicians do not take the evidence against the cigarette gathered to date any too seriously. They show this, in the first instance, by their own smoking habits. For numerous surveys have demonstrated that physicians, living an intense, active life, smoke at least as frequently and as heavily as does the average man.

Yet, every now and then, some doctors are even led off the track of sound medical practice simply because it is easy to say, "Why not stop smoking?"

Consider, for example, the case of a young New York woman who was troubled by a persistent cough. She turned to her family doctor, described her symptoms. He examined her throat and said, "Suppose you cut down on smoking."

Obediently the young lady reduced her consumption of cigarettes from 30 a day to five. But the cough got no better. Again she turned to her family doctor who, sagely shaking his head, prescribed total abstinence. Still no improvement occurred.

Then, after three months of fruitlessly fighting what she had been told was a cigarette cough, the woman turned to another physician. This new man did what his predecessor should have done months before. He took a sputum sample, sent it to a laboratory and demonstrated, conclusively, that his patient's cough stemmed from tuberculosis. The disease had progressed, untreated, for three months longer than necessary.

Her case demonstrates the danger of concentrating all attention upon a single villain. For, often enough, a cough that can be glibly blamed on tobacco may actually evidence some far more basic and destructive disease. Delay, on the basis of an unsound diagnosis, merely permits such a disease to progress untreated for many needless months.

Untouched by prejudice against the cigarette, many a physician has come to appreciate a new attitude toward smoking in recent years. They ascribe no curative virtues to tobacco. They recognize that smoking is an expensive habit. But they also recognize that many of their patients find, in a pipe or a cigar or a cigarette, a pleasure and solace and a relief from nervous tension that should not, too readily, be denied them.

They have noted, for example, that when they take their heart patients abruptly off their tobacco ration, mild depressions often ensue.

They find that among their neurotic and nervous patients, the denial of cigarettes often produces outbreaks of other, and far less desirable, nervous habits. Such people, unable to channel their energies into puffing, become face-pickers, foot-tappers, icebox raiders.

Even the appetite-depressing effect of cigarettes, which seems to be scientifically well established, is now being recognized as not by any means always an evil. The smoker who starves himself into malnutrition is an extremely rare, if not a totally nonexistent, phenomenon. But the man who smokes to stifle a tendency toward overeating is familiar to most doctors.

Medical Consensus Summarized

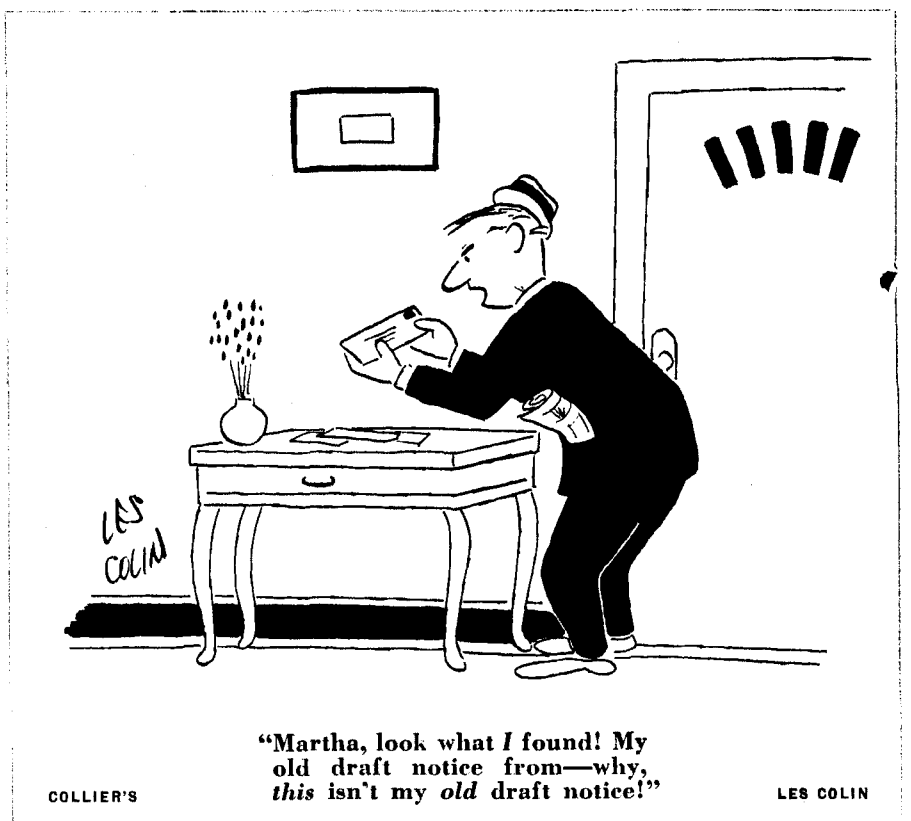
Perhaps the best and most judicious summary of the most generally accepted medical viewpoint is to be found in an editorial published a few years ago in the Journal of the American Medical Association. "Actual surveys indicate," it stated, "that the majority of physicians themselves smoke cigarettes. From a psychological point of view, more can be said in behalf of smoking as a form of escape from tension than against it. There does not seem to be a preponderance of evidence that would indicate the abolition of the use of tobacco as a substance contrary to the public health."

To that authoritative statement it might be well to add the advice given me by a Washington physician after a long evening of discussing the pros and cons of smoking. Together with two cancer researchers and a statistician, we had all puffed away for hours while we analyzed the medical evidence for and against the cigarette. When we finally quit, at three in the morning, a deep blue haze filled the room.

"Summing it all up, Doctor," I asked, "would you advise me—an average, sedentary, moderately healthy character—to keep on smoking or to quit?"

Cigarette in hand and glancing at the overloaded ash trays, he laughed.

Then he leaned over and whispered, "I'm going to tell you exactly what I tell most of my patients. Don't smoke—unless you like it." THE END



"Martha, look what *I* found! My old draft notice from—why, *this* isn't my *old* draft notice!"

COLLIER'S — LES COLIN

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The Fifty-Mission Cap

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

lipstick in her eye; but she sobered up a little. You know. Sometimes all you need is one good look in a mirror and that does it.

After a final very long and level look at her image in the glass she straightened up, sniffed and said, "Well. No more drunken babbling."

"Suzy, why didn't you come and tell me?" I said. "You know that I would've made it possible for you to get married."

"You and your shotgun," she said. "We thought you wouldn't let a married woman stay up here, and Ben didn't want to leave and I didn't want to leave if he was here."

"Now listen, stop worrying," I said. "You don't have a thing to worry about now. Hell, I'm in command here. I can do anything I want. We'll get him back and I'll see that you get married. I'll borrow a liaison plane from Franklin and fly over to one of the missions and bring back a missionary. We can do it the day Schroeder gets back if you want to. And I'll see to it that you get to stay with him. I won't separate you. Don't worry about that."

SHE smiled as if she were in pain and squeezed her eyes shut. When she opened them I saw that she was crying.

"I knew you'd say something like that," she said, choking.

"Now don't cry. You don't have anything to cry about."

She sat there crying without making a sound. It was hard for her to talk and when she did she labored at it. "Oh, yes, I do. I'm not crying about myself. Oh, I guess I am. But not about Ben or my condition. Oh, I guess that is a part of it, too. Everything's a part of it. You're a part of it."

"What have I done now?" I said.

"Nothing. Oh, nothing. You've just been beautiful, that's all. You've—I've fallen in love with you, that's all. I love you, Bart."

She was looking up at me and I could see only too clearly that that time it was no joke. I guess I must've looked pretty worried because immediately she said, "Oh, I'm not going to bother you. I know how you feel about me, about your wife. That's what makes it all so terrible."

I walked around the hut feeling pretty grim. I didn't know what to say to her. "Maybe it's just because I'm so much older than you are, Suzy. Maybe it's a kind of fatherly thing or something."

"Oh, no," she said. "No."

I turned and looked at her. She was staring up at me, her lips slightly parted, waiting. No. It wasn't kind of fatherly at all. It was kind of something else.

She stood up and said, "Bart?" like she was asking me a question.

My answer must've been yes. We met in the middle of the hut. I held her like I was drowning. After a moment or two I felt as if I were drowning. All the time she was murmuring, "I love you, I love you, I love you."

It had been a long time since I had been home. I realized that. Almost immediately I began not to care whether I ever got back. You know how it is. One part of my mind was saying, no no this is wrong, and the other part was jumping up and down in the bleachers spilling popcorn and yelling.

Where it would all have ended I will never know. I started leading her across the hut—or perhaps she was leading me—and I stepped on an empty whisky bottle that was lying on the floor and I fell down.

"Oh, darling!" she said, trying to help me up. "Are you hurt?"

It had been like cold water in my face, that fall. "No, no," I said, drawing away. And then I said, "Don't touch me."

"What's the matter?"

I stood up. "You know. I don't love you."

"I don't care!" she said. She was willing to pretend.

I was, too, but I couldn't make myself do it. I guess I did a pretty cowardly thing then. I said, "Run along. You run along. You'll feel differently tomorrow. You run along. I've got some work to do."

She stood there for a moment. Then she gave up. "All right," she said. "All right, Bart. Good night."

"Good night." I said.

She left and I sat there thinking what a terrific thing it was to be a man sometimes. I knew though that her feeling for me, whatever it was, would have been different if Schroeder hadn't been lost. She was a swell kid, she was damn' nice-looking. But that wasn't what I wanted. I had always been pretty proud of the fact that I had never been a low type, and I knew that once she got Schroeder back she would feel differently about me. She wasn't really in love with me. She was just confused and lonely and worried.

I thought, oh the hell with worldly success, and I picked up the telephone and gave Operations a buzz. "This is Colonel Rogers. Get Sergeant Meyer and send him to headquarters immediately."

"Yes, sir."

I put the field telephone back in its case and sat down at my desk.

It was about ten minutes until a tall skinny corporal came in and saluted and said, "Colonel, sir."

"You're Edwards, aren't you?" I said. "Where is Sergeant Meyer?"

"He's making the rounds, sir. I sent someone for him."

"Edwards, I want you and the detail to guard some of the huts tonight."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm going to post you," I said. "If anyone tries to get out of the huts, you have my permission to use any method you see fit to force them to stay inside."

"Can we shoot them?" Edwards asked.

"Only as a last resort."

I called Operations and found out from the sergeant where Aspern and his men were quartered. Then I posted the guards on the huts. When Sergeant Meyer reported to me I told him to check with me every thirty minutes for the rest of the night. Than I left Sergeant Meyer and went to Operations alone.

THERE were two enlisted men on duty. I sent one of them to awaken Lieutenant Colonel Dennis and haul him down to Operations. I asked the other man, "All the originals of incoming radio messages are filed here, aren't they?"

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Get me the file of messages from Air Force headquarters."

"Oh, I don't think we ever receive any direct from them, sir. They would go to—"

"Look and see."

He went away to look and in a moment he came back with a file folder. "There has been one, sir. I guess I didn't see it when it came in. It's classified Secret."

I took the folder and read the message and it was the one I was looking for. It contained the order about the Tupolev-70 that Aspern had told me about. I was still staring at it when Dennis came in.

"Well, what's up now?" he said.

"Why didn't I see this radio?"

"You saw it," he said.

"I did not."

"Oh, you mean yourself personally?" he said. "How do I know? I send the stuff to your adjutant when it comes in. If he doesn't show it to you I can't help that."

I knew that Price had never seen it. "Price never got his hands on this."

"Look." Dennis pointed to the buck slip that was attached. "Aren't those Price's initials?"

"He didn't see it," I said.

"Well, it's too bad Price isn't here," Dennis said. "We could settle this one way or another."

"Isn't it?" I said. "When I took off in

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that ship, why didn't you tell me this? Why didn't you try and stop me?"

He grinned. "You're in command, aren't you?"

"Okay. We'll see about this." I gave the folder back to the sergeant; he went away to file it.

"You can't prove anything," Dennis said quietly. "Why don't you keep your mouth shut and take it like a man? You've had this coming to you for a long time." He knew what he had done to me all right.

I couldn't do anything to him right then —in fact at the moment I doubted whether I would ever be able to do anything to him —and I turned around and walked out. I didn't look back but I knew he was standing there grinning.

I WENT to my hut and changed my socks and crept into my sleeping bag. Every thirty minutes that night, just like a clock, Sergeant Meyer would come into my hut, shake me by the shoulder and say, "Sir, everything's fine." And I kept telling him that that was fine, too, and going back to sleep. When he awakened me at three o'clock I didn't go back to sleep. I crawled out of the sleeping bag into the ugly early morning and began putting on my clothes.

I went to Jacobs' and Cole's and Anderson's hut—they shared one—and they were still in their sleeping bags. I shook them out.

"Good morning, sir," Jacobs said, trying to keep his eyes open and get out of the sleeping bag. "Did you sleep well, sir?"

"Dry up," I told him. "Come on, Cole. Grab your socks. Let's go."

"Okay, okay," Cole said, somewhat aggravated.

I handed Anderson his pants.

"Thank you, sir," he said.

"Come on, come on," I said.

The three of them got dressed and I herded them over to mess. There was always someone at the mess because a few men had to stay on duty all night and so there was always something to eat at any time of the day or night. The only catch was eating it. That morning there were mashed potatoes, coffee and French toast, none of it prepared by loving hands.

We sat down and began to eat. "Listen to me, the three of you," I said, and looked at them as they looked up at me. "I want you to get one thing straight. You are not going on this flight because you volunteered. You're ordered to go. I'm ordering you now. And I want you to remember that if anything comes up."

"Like what?" Cole said.

"Never mind," I said. "Something may come up. And if it does, remember that you were ordered to go."

"Is something wrong, sir?" Cole asked.

"No," I lied. The thing that was wrong was Aspern and what would happen when he woke up and found himself under guard. There would be trouble then and I didn't want any one of my three innocents to get hurt.

"Oh, who can eat this swill?" Cole said throwing down his fork.

None of us could. We left the mess and went down to Operations, walking single file over the ice, not talking. It was very still and quiet and the rest of the base was asleep. When we got closer to the parking area I saw that the fuel truck was pulled up beside the Tupolev-70 and that the ground crew of sorts was staggering around in that vicinity. I sent Cole into Operations to get the radio that we were going to drop to Captain Thomas. . . .

It was close to 0400 when we took off and settled ourselves down to creeping through the air at a bare two hundred miles an hour. About 0500 hours we were approaching the spot over the ice pack in Baffin Bay where we had estimated we should pick up Captain Thomas, Schroeder and the rest of the men. We knew where we had left them; we also knew how fast they had been drifting, the night before. It seemed simple enough—but after we had let down and were flying contact and after we had flown all the way north to the point where we had first dropped Thomas we still saw nothing. No men, no F-86. Nothing.

Cole had been watching the time. "We're too far north, sir. They couldn't be this far north."

I turned the ship around and flew south. There was nothing but the pack ice below, shifting, buckling. Sometimes a patch of water would appear and then disappear.

"Take over, Cole," I said.

"Yes, sir."

"Anderson. Call the base and get a fix."

It had been about twelve hours since we had dropped Thomas and left him there. I didn't think that the ice could have moved very far south in that time.

My three young men were looking worried. "What do we do now, sir?" Cole asked.

"We'll have to hunt for them," I said.

The ceiling was not more than 2,000 feet. We had to stay right under that and with so little altitude we could not see over a very large area. That meant we would have to fly back and forth more times to cover an area.

"Hell, we'll find them," Jacobs said suddenly. "That ice can't be moving fast. They can't have gotten very far away."

"Sure," Cole said.

I didn't say anything. I'd been thinking that that would probably be true if Thomas and the rest of them were on an ice floe. But if during the night the ice had started to break up and they had all been asleep or something they could have gone down in the water. The piece of ice they were on had broken once—it could break up again, especially when the ice drifted south into warmer water.

It's not the sun that breaks up the ice, but the motion of the water. It disintegrates when it moves into warmer water, and because of the action of the waves. Pack ice is in motion all the time, even in midwinter. It is usually about six or seven feet thick, but sometimes it is fifteen or more. And then pressures and currents and the winds may cause it to pile up in hummocks forty to fifty feet high.

COLE flew the ship. I sat in the pilot's seat and looked out the window. Jacobs crawled down into the nose section, into the navigator's compartment, and watched from there. "Anderson," I said.

He didn't answer and I turned around and saw that he was listening to something in the headphones. He held up his hand for a second and then slipped one of the phones off his ear and said, "The base says it's closing in. It'll be fogbound here in about an hour."

"The ceiling's been dropping, sir, as we've been going south," Cole said.

"All right," I said. What else could I say? "Anderson, you'd better tell the base to relay a message to Franklin that our men are drifting down Baffin Bay, supposedly, that their condition is unknown, and that he'd better send his search planes up again."

"Yes, sir," Anderson said. . . .

We searched as long as we could, until the fog got so bad and the ceiling got so low that we were almost right down on the ice. All of us were tired and the strain of looking down at the glare from the light on the ice and water had given me a headache. At 0800 hours we had to start for home. We got on top of the dirty stuff and flew south into the arctic sun. I remembered then that Aspern would be waiting for me and that he would be angry.

Cole had to wake me up to land the ship. We parked the big beast and Jacobs stayed with it to see that it got refueled. Cole and Anderson started across the base to the mess and I went to Operations. Dennis and Major Cooley and several of the pilots, plus the usual number of enlisted men, were inside, standing around.

"Anything from Franklin come through yet?" I asked Dennis.

"I'll get the message for you."

It had already been filed. It was on top of the stack in a folder and I stood there and read it. One of the C-54s was on its way to search by radar. That was just great. When the ice had broken up, the wreckage of the F-86 could have gone in the water. The radar couldn't find it then. Or, the wreckage and the men could be on separate floes. The best way was to wait until the fog lifted and search visually. But we could not wait. As long as the area was fogbound then the only way to do it was by radar.

I guess I must have looked rather sour because Dennis said, "Something wrong, Colonel?"

If he meant to needle me he succeeded. "What's the latest on the weather?" I asked.

"You won't be able to take off for several hours."

"I want the information as it comes in. I'll be in headquarters." I started out.

"Oh, Colonel," Dennis called. "By the way, Colonel Aspern and his party have gone."

"What?" I said.

"I said he took off. About two hours ago, with the Russians and all the rest of his party. Except the men from Wright Field. They're still here."

That was a blow. I went on outside. Sergeant Meyer was standing outside the door. Evidently he had been waiting for me. I said, "I want to talk to you."

"Yes, sir," he said.

He walked at my heels. The path was too narrow for us to walk side by side. The field was beginning to close in.

"Sir, I didn't have anything to do with it," Meyer said.

"Who did then?"

"Edwards. I was getting my sleep and Edwards had charge. I was asleep all the time. I was off and he was on, sir."

"You send him to me in headquarters right away, Sergeant."

"Sir, Edwards is a good man. I don't know what we would have done this winter without Edwards."

"Send him to me, Sergeant."

"Yes, sir," Meyer said. He turned around and started back the other way.

I plodded ever onward to headquarters. Sergeant Major Brady was solicitous and helped me off with my parka, saying, "It didn't go so well, did it, sir?"

"No. How's the morning report?"

"Do you want to check it, sir?"

"No, no." I sat down at my desk and Brady stood by hesitantly a second and then went back to his side of the partition. I don't know how long it was until Edwards came in. I had almost gone to sleep sitting there. The first thing I knew Brady was saying, "You didn't send for any Corporal Edwards, did you, sir?"

"Yes. Send him in."

WHEN Edwards came in he looked scared. He licked his lips and said, "You didn't want me for anything, did you, sir?"

"I thought I told you not to let those men out of their huts?" I said.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Well, what happened, Corporal?"

"Well, sir," Edwards said, swallowing. "Well, this colonel comes out and I said get back in there and he said you can't say that to me, I'm Colonel So-and-So, what do you think you're doing? And so I said Colonel Rogers told me to keep you in here. And he said oh he did did he and turned and walked off. I had that carbine so I threw it up and said halt and he said go to hell so I shot down at the ground by his feet and he turned around and came back and said give me that piece you damn' fool. So I gave it to him."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," Edwards said. "Should I have shot him, sir?"

"No," I said.

"Sir, I thought they were the Russians," Edwards said. "I didn't know they were our own officers. And one sergeant. I thought they were Russians and I was so surprised that I didn't know what to do because he was a colonel and I just didn't want any trouble."

It seemed as if that were true of everyone.

"Am I in trouble now, sir?" Edwards asked.

"No," I said. "You can go, Corporal."

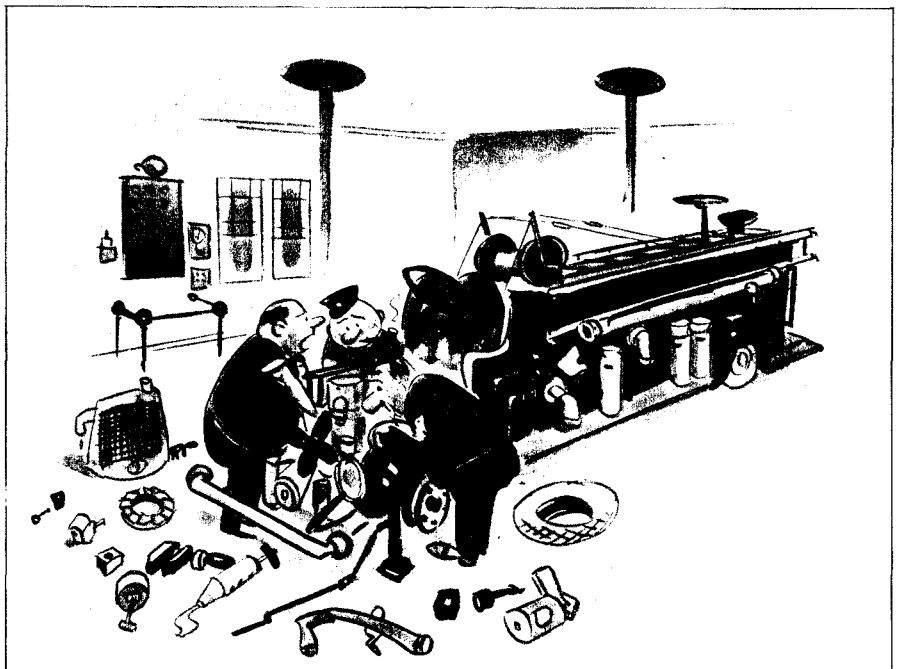
"Yes, sir," he said. And he did.

Aspern was on his way back to Washington. Aspern and his big mouth and his tales of mutiny and inciting to riot, or whatever he'd call it, and his witnesses. And when he got there that would be the end of me. I smiled wryly to myself, left headquarters, and went to my hut where I crawled into the sack and slept like a colonel. . . .

At two thirty Brady woke me up, shaking me with his fat, pudgy hand. The wind was rising and the fog was leaving us. I sent Brady to get my crew and I went to mess; after I ate, I went down to Operations.

Only the enlisted men were there. They had been listening to the search C-54 reporting by radio; the report was that there was nothing to report. The 13th's helicopter was on its way, and Franklin was coming up. I sat down at Dennis' desk to go over the latest weather information and while I was so sitting a fat little man whom I had never seen before came in the hut and walked over to me and said, "Colonel Rogers? I've been looking all over for you. I'm Basker."

I looked up at him; his parka and other arctic equipment were so new and clean



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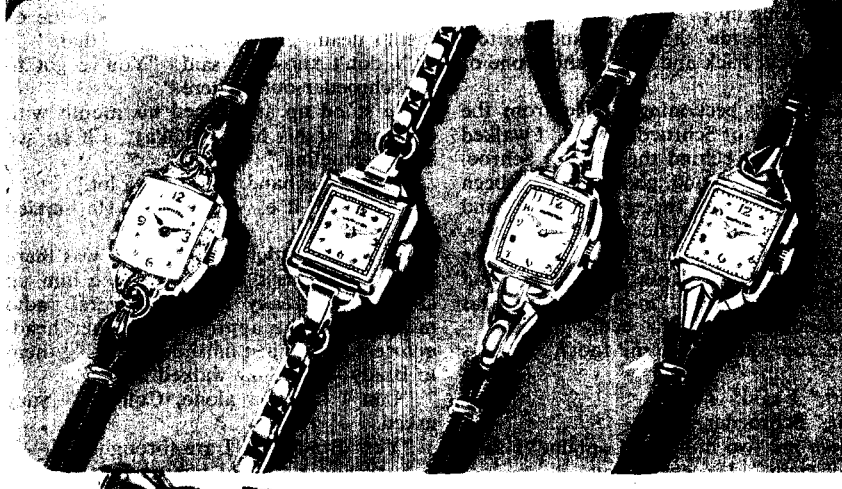

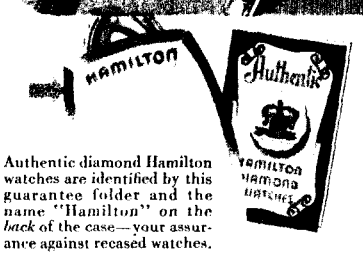

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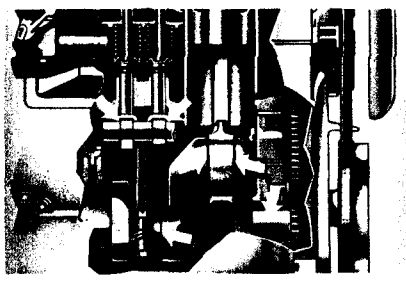

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they were painful to see. "Which Basker?" I said.

"Why, E. A. Basker. There's only one at Wright Field," he said. "Well, Colonel, where's that Tupolev-70? I want to get my men right on it."

"Where are your men?" I said.

"They're coming."

"Let me know when they get here and I will take you to the aircraft personally."

"I appreciate that, Colonel," Basker said.

Cole came in the hut and slammed the door. He paused to light a cigarette, then he came over. "We're ready, Colonel."

"I'll be along in a minute."

Cole went outside.

"Does it get very cold here?" Basker asked.

"Sometimes."

"How cold does it get?"

"Fifty below. Sometimes lower."

"How much lower?" he said.

He had an inquisitive, prying, scientific mind. I was spared further conversation by the arrival of his men. There were three of them and they came in the hut and stood just inside the door staring around abstractedly.

"Those are my men," Basker said.

I took them outside. We went across the parking area to the Tupolev-70. Basker's men kept slipping and falling down. I helped them into the transport and got in behind them and closed the door and fastened it tight. I went forward leaving Basker and his men studying the passenger section. I sat down in the pilot's seat. Cole was in the co-pilot's seat and Jacobs was on the radio, talking to the tower. Anderson was down in the nose section.

"Let's go," I said to Cole.

We released the brakes and pulled the ship out of line and started down the taxi strip. Basker came forward like he'd been shot out of guns. "Say, what're you—"

"It's all right," I said. "We're just moving down the line."

"Well, I've got my orders," he said.

We turned onto the landing strip and swung into position to take off. Jacobs said, "You're clear, Colonel."

I advanced the throttles. We began to roll.

"What're you doing?" Basker cried.

"He's taking her up," Cole said.

"But not yet!" Basker said. "We're not ready yet!"

The wheel lifted off the strip and we began to climb slowly.

"Where are you taking me?" Basker said.

"Go back and sit down," I said.

"Well, somebody is certainly going to hear about this," Basker said, and marched back to the passenger section in a huff.

WE SEARCHED upper Baffin Bay at an altitude of about 5,000 feet. Cole and I took turns flying. Afternoon became evening, but the arctic sun was still just above the horizon. My eyes felt burning and gritty from lack of sleep and having to stare down at the glare below, even though I was wearing protective glasses. We found nothing.

Franklin's two C-54s were both in the area by that time, one high and one low. Once we saw one of them but it was very far to the south and almost a speck in the sky. About six o'clock the number-three engine began to heat up and we feathered the prop. I was afraid that we were in trouble then but the ship continued to fly without loss of altitude and so I decided to stay and search as long as we could.

We were all exhausted by then. Flying like that was monotonous, and wearing because it was monotonous. We had not had enough sleep and we were having a hard time keeping awake. I think that right then we all felt that it was useless, that everything had been for nothing, and that we never would find them. I know that I did.

And then the base radio began calling us. Jacobs answered and the base told him that the missing men had been sighted south of our position in Baffin Bay by one of Franklin's C-54s. The C-54 would remain in the area until a rescue could be effected.

By that time I didn't have a sigh of relief left to sigh.

"We'd better go home, Colonel," Cole said. "Our fuel's getting low."

"I know," I said. "Let's go home."

We turned the ship around and flew south. No one had anything else to say. It had been a long time and we had all sweated a great deal. We just didn't have anything to say.

WHEN we landed at the base I checked in at Operations and then went to my quarters. I left word for someone to awaken me when the rescue was accomplished and when the men had been brought back to our base. Then I went to sleep and I slept hard until Brady came into the hut and began to shake me.

I opened my eyes. "Take it easy, damn it."

"I'm sorry, sir. But they're here."

"Oh. Okay, sergeant." I got out of the sleeping bag, coughing and trying to light a cigarette. Brady lighted it for me.

"Want me for anything else, sir?"

"You'd better stick around headquarters. We may have to send some messages."

"I'll be there, sir." He left.

I had been sleeping in my clothes. I put on my parka and boots and tied the wool scarf over my fifty-mission cap and under my chin. I plodded across the base to the hospital and went in. It looked very busy.

I stood just inside the door and waited. Screens had been placed around two of the beds. There was a third bed with a man in it but there was no screen around him. Suzy and Wilma kept moving back and forth. I had no idea how Wilma had got out of confinement unless Thomas had told her he needed her. I didn't much care.

Thomas stepped from behind one of the screens and saw me. He walked down between the two rows of beds toward me, limping.

"Who takes care of sick doctors?" I asked him.

"I always go to a good vet myself."

I was almost afraid to ask him, but I finally said, "Well, what's the score?"

"One-one," he said, not looking up. "*Price got killed making the jump.*"

"Schroeder?"

"He's alive. But whether he's going to keep one of his feet—well, I couldn't say. I think we'd better get him out of here immediately."

"How's that sergeant?"

"Hell, he's all right. You couldn't kill him with a stick. He's back there asleep. How're you?"

"Well," I said. "You think Schroeder should go out of here immediately?"

"Yes. I don't want to operate here."

"Do you want to go with him?"

"No. Send a nurse. Send Suzy."

"All right. Can I speak to Schroeder?"

"Well, he's pretty full of dope. He might not be making much sense. Let me see."

I stood beside the desk and waited. Thomas went back and went behind one of the screens.

I saw Suzy beckoning to me from the screen in front of Schroeder's bed. I walked back and went behind the screen. Schroeder was a big blond goof; he had been cleaned up and the sheets were clean and someone had found time to comb his hair. His eyes were open and they looked as if he hurt. His face was thin and burned and the skin was cracked in places. Thomas was standing beside the bed.

"Do you want to see the foot?" Thomas said.

"No," I said.

"Sir," Schroeder said.

"Give me two minutes, Captain," I said.

"All right." He went away.

"Sir," Schroeder said.

"Don't talk unless I ask you to," I said. "Let me talk."

He stared up at me, waiting.

"Why did you chase those Russians?" I asked.

"They weren't supposed to be there."

"But you knew the order. Why did you chase them?"

"To see what they were doing." He took a deep breath. "I was afraid that maybe they had the bomb on board. I lost them and hunted and couldn't find them. Waited too late to start back. I tried to call the base but something was wrong. Couldn't raise it. Ran out of fuel and came down. Got back as far as I could and came down."

"Were you trying to land beside that old 47 wreckage?"

"No. It was just there."

I put my hand on his shoulder. "We're flying you out of here in a few minutes. I'll send Suzy with you and I'll arrange it so she can stay with you."

"I'm sorry, sir," he said.

So was I. "Everything will be all right," I said. "Don't worry."

"I'm sorry."

"Everything will be all right," I said. "Don't you worry. I'm going to do everything I can to smooth this over." I said good luck to him and tried to smile and then I stepped from behind the screen feeling a thousand years old. He was worried and I knew he was worried about losing his foot and not being able to fly and then being court-martialed on top of that and then kicked out without any pension. Then how could he take care of Suzy?

Thomas was waiting for me.

"Where've you got Price?" I asked him.

"Over there. I had them bring it in here."

I walked over to the bed that Thomas had indicated and stepped behind the screen. The body was underneath a sheet. Thomas came around to the other side of the bed and pulled back the sheet. The face had turned black. I reached down and covered him back up. Thomas said, "He broke his back. I think he died instantly."

"Where did you say the sergeant was?" I said.

"Right here."

I went to the sergeant's bed. His eyes were closed but he opened them when I touched his shoulder. "How did it go?" I asked him.

"All right, sir."

"Is there anything you'd like to have now?"

"Some whisky?" he asked.

"*I'll see that you get it.*"

I walked the length of the hut to the front door with Thomas. "Get Suzy and Schroeder ready. I'll go see Franklin. Perhaps he can take off immediately."

"Yes, sir," Thomas said.

I WENT down to Operations. Franklin was not there. I found him in the mess drinking coffee and eating bread and a raw white onion. I sat down beside him and he looked up and said, "Well, I was just about to go look for you."

"I've just come from the hospital," I said.

"Yeah?" Franklin said. He finished his coffee. "Well, I've just been sitting here thinking. One of them's alive, but one of them's dead. How do you figure that?"

"I don't know," I said. "You've got to fly Schroeder out of here."

He stood up and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Okay. I'll go see about refueling."

I shook his hand. "Thanks a lot."

"You take it easy," he said. He hurried out.

I went to headquarters. Brady was there sitting at his desk asleep. I woke him up and we got ready to send several radio messages to the appropriate higher headquarters. I was just finishing dictating them to Brady when Suzy walked in.

"Can I see you alone, Colonel?" Suzy asked.

"Yes. Brady and I are through."

Suzy and I walked behind the partition to my desk. I thought that she probably wanted to thank me. I said, "I told you I'd save him, Suzy."

She stood there a moment beside me without speaking; she looked anxious and worried and afraid—and not at all as she should have looked. "I'm—not sure I want him," she said.

Well. I sat down and looked at her. I

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was afraid she was going to start that love stuff again. "What's the matter?" I said.

"Not like he is. Not this way," she said.

"You want a two-legged man?"

"Oh, no. I don't mean that. But, if he gets court-martialed what will we do? How can he take care of me? He'll be crippled, and—don't send me south with him," she pleaded. "Please let me stay here."

I got up and paced the floor in my usual fashion. "No. You've got to go."

"But I don't want to, not now. What good—"

"Look. He doesn't like it any better than you do," I said. "He's more afraid and more worried than you are. So you've got to go with him. You can't let him down now."

"But how can it ever be any good for either of us if he gets court-martialed, and —we'll have a miserable life, Bart."

"He might not get court-martialed," I said.

"*Might* not," she said.

"Look, Suzy. There are a lot of ways you can figure this. One way is that you and he made an agreement, so now you've got to stick by it. Another is that he got hurt trying to do something for you, and so now you've got to try to do something for him."

"But it's going to be so hard."

"All I could do was rescue him, kid," I said. "I can't live your life with him for you."

She didn't say anything for almost a minute. Then she looked up at me and smiled what was probably the smallest smile in the history of joy and mirth. She was not one hundred per cent happy, but she did smile —some. "That's right. You did rescue him and that wasn't easy."

"I've had more fun in my time," I said.

She came closer to me and said, "Well."

"Well what?"

"Well, good-by, I guess," she said. "Kiss me good-by."

I did.

"You're beautiful," she said. "You're a beautiful man."

"Take care of that boy," I said.

"You mean all three of us." She smiled. "You *are* beautiful," she said and turned and hurried out.

So I sat down to brood a while about life, figuring it was the least I could do.

I sat there for a long time thinking about Price and remembering the things he had done for me and the way I had felt about him which had not always been very friendly.

The mail plane might be due in that day, since it hadn't come the day before and it had been a whole week since I had written my wife. For once I had more to write than the usual "Well, nothing's happened and we're still here" sort of letter. I got a pencil and a piece of paper and wrote the date and "Dear Kate" at the top of the page. And then the telephone, the direct line from Operations, began to ring. I answered it.

"Colonel Rogers."

"This is Dennis."

"Yes?" I said.

There was a long pause. "We've got some trouble."

"What's up?" I said.

"We've lost one."

"We what?" I said.

"An aircraft failed to return from a flight," he said, and he sounded pretty sad.

I said, "Stay where you are. I'll be right down."

"I'll be in Briefing," he said.

I put on my parka and went down to Briefing as fast as I could; at that point it wasn't very fast.

DENNIS was inside the briefing hut, sitting at the table, smoking a cigarette. He was staring down at the table and he didn't look up when I came in.

"What's the story?" I said.

He still did not look up. "Flight Two went out to search for Schroeder—shortly before he was found. The flight split up into elements of single planes. They returned singly to the field and a pilot named Merrill didn't return. There hasn't been any word from him at all. He's down somewhere by now, somewhere in upper Baffin Bay."

"Who sent that flight out to search?" I asked.

"I did," he said. "Who'd you think?"

"You knew the squadron was grounded?"

"Yes, I knew that."

"Why did you do it?" I said. "Didn't you know I'd find out?"

"Oh," he said; he waved his hand. "We went out after you took off. We came back before you got in. At least we were supposed to and we all did but Merrill and he just isn't coming back." He dropped his cigarette to the floor and put his foot on it. "I thought if we didn't find him we'd never have to tell you. I knew how much you wanted to find him. And I thought that if we found him you'd overlook an unauthorized flight."

"We?" I said. "You went, too?"

"Sure."

"Why in hell did you do it?"

He looked up at me. "You know," he said. "I thought I could get something out of it."

Of all the sad things that had happened that was about the saddest of all. "I'll have to confine you to your quarters."

He laughed shortly; he sounded as if he was angry because he had failed, and noth-

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ing more than that. He looked up at me with a swagger. "It won't do you any good," he said. "You're on your way out."

"What?"

"You flew that Tupolev-70. You were holding Aspern under armed guard. They'll get you. Wait and see."

He had it all figured out. "You counted on that, didn't you?" I said.

"Sure," he said, and he was proud of himself.

"Tell me something," I said. "Doesn't it bother you about the pilot? That you lost him?"

"What the hell do you mean? If he's cluck enough to get lost now, why something would've happened to him later. It's not my fault."

"Aren't you sorry for him?"

"No. Why should I be?" He was proud of saying that, but he was ashamed, too, and both things were very great.

"You should live in trees. You're about ninety per cent of what's wrong with the world."

"Go on," he said. "You're just trying to needle me. There's nothing wrong with the world."

I could have hit him, I guess, but I had tried beating knowledge into his thick skull before. It just didn't work. All I could do was say, "Confine yourself to your quarters."

He laughed that peculiarly proud laugh. "I'll go. But I won't stay. Wait and see."

I left him and went to Operations and had a message sent to Wing headquarters telling them what had happened and requesting the immediate return of the 13th. Then I went back to headquarters. Brady helped me write a report to Wing on our freshly lost pilot.

"You want this to go out tonight, sir?" Brady said. "I was at chow and one of the guys from Operations said the mail plane's coming in later."

"Yes," I said. "Type it now."

BRADY went into the outer office and began to peck. I took the sheet of paper that I had started to write my wife a letter on from the desk. It still said, "Dear Kate" and nothing more. I wrote the letter to my wife, telling her the whole story of Schroeder and company. Brady came in before I was finished. "Here it is, sir." He held out the report. "You want to sign it? I haven't heard that C-46 yet."

I signed the report with bold downward strokes, finished the letter to my wife with haste, and gave both to Brady just as the C-46 passed low over the headquarters hut making a terrific but normal clatter.

"There he is now, sir," Brady said. "I'll go right down."

I called Operations to see if Franklin had replied to my radio message to Wing, but he had not.

I was about to leave the hut when Brady came in, slamming the door. I was behind the partition putting on my parka and I said, "That you, Sergeant?"

He came around the partition. I saw that he was out of breath. For a fat boy he had really been doing some fast stepping.

"Sir," he said. "Sir. This just came in. While I was down there." He held out a radio message.

Naturally I thought it was from Franklin. "Thanks," I said, and I took it and read it. I was relieved of command of the 376th and ordered to report immediately to General Faber. I knew that it could only mean one thing—they were going to take me in a back room of the Pentagon and put the boot to me.

"There's this, too, sir," Brady said, offering me an official envelope. "It just came too, sir."

I took the sheet of paper out of the envelope; it was an extract copy of the order promoting me to brigadier general. "You see both of these, Brady?" I asked.

He looked unhappy. "Yes, sir."

"Well, what do I do now? Laugh or cry?"

"I don't know, sir."

I knew what I was supposed to do and that was cry because the order had already been signed and started on its way a long time before the radio message had been sent. Aspern had really burned up the air getting back to Washington; either that or he had radioed the sad news ahead from some place like Goose. Well, I hoped he was happy, the miserable creep.

Brady was still standing there, first on one foot, then on the other. "Excuse me, sir. But the radio said immediately so I told them down at Operations not to let that C-46 leave without you. They won't clear him until you're ready. Was that right?"

"Yes." I still had on my parka so I zipped it up. "Send Major Howe to my quarters right away." I left the hut and strode to my quarters.

AS SOON as I was inside my hut I got a couple of B-4 bags and began packing. I knew that I might be flying continuously until I reached Washington and that I would have no time to change clothing. I took off the o.d. I had on, in preparation for putting on pinks and a blouse, and I was standing there in nothing but my long-handles and GI shoes when Wilma burst in.

She stopped when she saw me. "Oh, my gosh, Colonel, I'm sorry, I—"

"Turn your head, Lieutenant," I said.

She faced the door. "I didn't know. I never thought, Colonel."

I put on my pants. "Well, what is it?"

"It's Alvin, sir. I mean Colonel Dennis."

"Well?"

"Do you have to do it?"

"Yes. You know that as well as I do," I said. "You know what he did. What do you expect me to do, give him a medal?"

We stood staring at each other. She didn't speak. "Well?" I said.

"There's just one other thing. I think you're a big slob," she said, and she turned and went out.

I closed the door after her. I was a big man and I could overlook small insults, if they were small enough. I was completely dressed, including medals, and had packed all my scanty belongings when Dad Howe came in.

I had no time to waste. "Dad, I've been relieved. I've been ordered back."

"Oh, Bartholomew, I am so sorry. So sorry for you," he said. "But perhaps all is not lost. All you have to do is lie—"

"Forget it," I said. "Listen. You're in command—until Wing appoints someone else. I've confined Dennis to quarters. You knew there was someone else missing?"

"No!"

"You'll have to prefer charges against Dennis."

He stood there staring at me for a moment and then he shook his head. "No, I can't do it."

"You can't?" I said.

"You confined him to quarters, Bartholomew," he said. "But you aren't in command. I am. So I'm going to release him."

"But you don't even know what happened!"

"No, and I don't want to. I hope I never will," he said. "I can't have any trouble now, Bartholomew. I can't get mixed up in anything. Not anything like this. You know he's got as many friends as you have. You know where he would be tried. You know how he'll fight it. It's only a few months until I retire. I've waited a long time now to retire."

Well, what could I do? I stood there a minute. "All right, Dad," I said.

"I want you to know—"

"I know, Dad, forget it."

He offered to carry one of the B-4 bags down to Operations, but I declined. I left him in the hut—he was welcome to it—and walked down to Operations alone, lugging my gear. I didn't pass anyone on the way down there and there were no brass bands around anywhere that I saw. I went into Operations. Only the enlisted men on duty and the C-46 pilot, Ralston, were there.

"I been looking all over for you," Ralston said, running across the room to me. "I want to get out of here."

"Relax, damn it," I said.

"Well, hurry, can't you?" he said. "Oh. By the way, congratulations."

"Thanks," I snarled at him. I turned to one of the sergeants. "You have a copy of that radio message that just came for me? That's all the orders I have."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm leaving now," I said.

"Come on," Ralston said. "It looks like snow to me, I don't care what they say. Want me to carry one of those bags?"

"No, thanks," I said.

"Well, come on," he said, opening the door for me. "Let's hurry a little bit."

I followed him outside. He managed to keep about ten paces ahead of me, trotting backward so he could watch me. He opened the door of the C-46 and hopped in. I climbed in and he fastened the door.

"Take any seat you want, General."

It was a bucket-seat type. "Thanks," I said.

He grinned like the clever fool he was and went forward saying, "Let's go, Ed. But take it easy. We got a general on board."

I heard Ed say, "Oh, yeah?"

The engines revved and Ralston yelled back, "Better fasten your belt, General."

I said that he could go to hell, but not out loud, and stretched out full length on the mailbags; I was asleep before they got the C-46 off the ground.

I DON'T know how long it was after that until Ralston came back and woke me up. He had some hot coffee and peanut-butter sandwiches and he sat down beside me saying, "Want a little something to eat? Ed's flying the ship."

I told him never mind.

"Say, I heard about your misfortune."

I said nothing.

Ralston looked at me closely and then took a big bite of peanut butter. "Don't you feel like talking about it?"

"No," I said.

"Well, I'm sure it must have been a blow to you," he said. He sat there chewing for a while and then he cleared his throat and said, "My brother-in-law had a similar experience. He got his right arm cut off in a sawmill."

I lost my temper then. I honestly could not tell whether Ralston was kidding me or not. I said, "You stupid ass, what does that stupid story have to with anything?"

"Well, all I meant was that my brother

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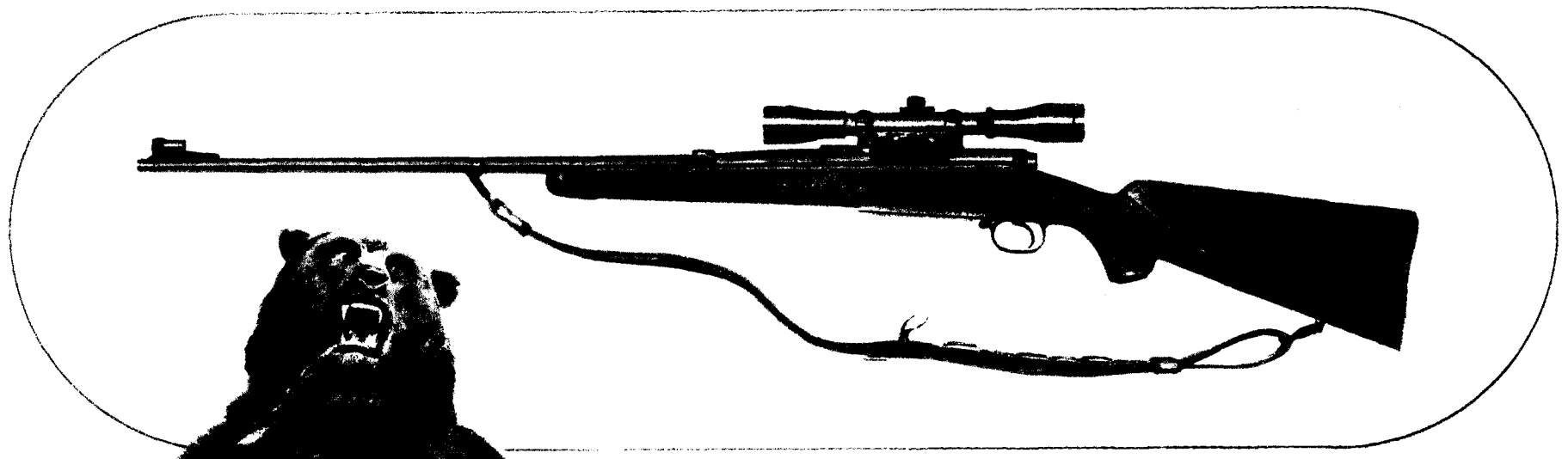

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in-law couldn't do anything but run a sawmill and he had to have his right arm to do it and it looked like he was ruined."

"So what?"

"Well, you're in the same fix, aren't you? Let me tell you what my brother-in-law did."

"Keep your stupid stories to yourself."

Ralston's face got red and he said, "Well, I'm sorry now that I brought you that coffee."

"You can have it back," I said.

"Now cut that out," he said. "Don't go pulling that stuff on me. It won't get you anywhere. This is the last trip I'll ever fly for the Army. My contract's up and I'm getting out."

"You going to run that sawmill?"

"Don't be so smart," he said. "Hell, no. I don't know what I'm going to do." He sounded depressed and he sighed.

"Then why are you getting out?"

"It's not for me," he said. "I don't mind the chicken any more than anyone else, I guess. It's just that I like to be home a hell of a lot more often than I've been."

I could understand that.

"What kind of life is it anyway?" he said. "You fly around a little bit and spend the rest of the time sitting on your tail."

"What're you going to do?"

"I don't know."

"You married?"

"Uh-huh."

"Your wife work?"

Ralston grinned. "Not yet."

"You'll get along," I said.

"I know I will," he said. He offered me another peanut-butter sandwich and I began to eat it absent-mindedly. "You are in trouble, aren't you?" he said.

"Yes," I said. "I'm on my way out."

"What're you going to do?"

"I don't know."

"You got any contacts?"

"Any what?"

"Contacts. Business contacts."

"One of my wife's uncles is a used-car dealer in Phoenix."

"Well, that would probably keep you out in the open," Ralston said. He ate the last sandwich. "Well, I got to get back and see how Ed's doing. Can't let him do all the work." He went forward.

That was the last time I spoke to Ralston, although I did tell him good-by and shake hands with him when we landed at Goose, but he was checking in at Operations there and I was hurrying out to get on a C-47 to ride down to Stephensville. There wasn't much time for anything but good-by and then I had to run.

THE first thing I did when I landed at Stephensville was cable my wife telling her that I was heading for Washington, but not why, and telling her to meet me at one of the three hotels where I would probably have a room.

We left Stephensville about six in the morning. I slept most of the way and arrived feeling crumpled and sweaty. The second hotel I tried gave me a room, and I told them that the general's lady would be along later and went up to shave. I wanted to stay there and wait for Kate but I couldn't. I had to report to General Faber, so I reported to him.

The general kept himself behind several well-closed doors. In between were WAFs, civilian employees, sergeants, and one captain. I got as far as the captain, who told me politely to sit and gave me an old magazine to read. I read the magazine with great interest until I was sent in.

Faber was standing behind his desk, his hands on his hips, scowling and looking hot and as if he had really been working. He said, "What the hell have you been doing?"

"I doubt if I can explain it," I said.

"You'd better be able to." He sat down. "Well, sit down."

"I've talked with Colonel Aspern," he said. He told me what Aspern had told him and Aspern had not lied.

"That's the way it was," I said.

"Well, then there's nothing I can do for you," Faber said. "I've read the charges that are going to be brought against you. Why in hell did you do it?"

"Well, at the time it seemed the only thing to do. My pilot would've died."

"I know, I know," he said. "I don't disagree with that. If you could only prove that you never saw the order."

"I can't. You know that."

"You've ruined yourself," he said. "There's nothing I can do for you, Rogers. I'd like to. I'd really like to because I know you're the kind of man we need. But they're going to put you on reserve. On the inactive list. Without pay."

I hadn't expected any pay, but still it was not pleasant to have my expectations come true.

"And at a time like this," Faber went on, "when the world situation is what it is, when we need you most." He shook his head.

"If any real big shooting starts you always know where to reach me," I said.

"I know that," he said. "But you certainly haven't done yourself any good. I wish that I could help you. I'll try to make it all as painless as possible."

I THANKED him, told him the name of my hotel and said I'd wait there until he had some word for me. I spent the rest of the day walking and looking at the ground. It was late when I returned to my hotel. They told me that Mrs. Rogers had arrived. I went up and knocked on the door.

"Yes?" she said from inside.

"Telegram, lady," I said.

She opened the door. "Well, the uniform has certainly changed since my day," she said.

"That's the way it is," I said. "Change. Nothing but change."

"Come on in, boy," she said.

I entered and we embraced. She congratulated me on the generalship but said that I would always be old Bart to her.

"Good," I said. "Because I have a series of shocks for you. Won't you sit down?"

She looked a trifle startled, but said, "I can take it standing up."

I told her. It only took about an hour and by that time we were both lying on the bed with our shoes off. When I finished she said, "Well," kind of weakly.

"I know," I said.

"No high brass," she said.

"No high brass."

"And no more hot aircraft."

"Not unless I build my own."

"And no military career, with retirement pay."

"Nothing but you and me," I said.

She patted my cheek bravely. "But you did save that boy's life."

"Not singlehandedly," I said.

"But you made the decision."

That I could not deny.

"How do you feel about it?" she said. "Are you bitter?"

"No. Just worried about our future."

"Well, we have the house and several thousand dollars in the bank," she said. "And then there's my uncle. You know. The one who's in the used-car business?"

We both laughed like it was a joke, but we put a call through to Phoenix. Uncle said not to worry about a thing.

Well. When the smoke cleared and we were in Phoenix again I put the uniform in the closet and the fifty-mission cap on the shelf. Once I wore the cap fishing but after that I let the kid have it. He was seven years old and you know how they are. He wore it for about a week and then traded it to a friend for a portable radio that would not work and could never be made to work. But even at that I have never had any doubt that Sonny got the best of the bargain. THE END

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

were made. Whistles tootled. Then polls were conducted, and we hope they indicate the start of a trend. The consensus in Seattle (population 462,981): We're big enough now. The consensus in Portland (population 371,009): We're *too* big now. When last heard from, the ballyhoo boys were looking around for something else that they could holler for.

★ ★ ★

And from her newspaper—the Des Moines Register—Mrs. Ella Wagenbord learns that one of her neighbors, motoring across country, saw a speed warning reading: Slow Down Dammit. Mrs. Wagenbord has sent the news on to the State Department, urging that these words be substituted for our current Russian policy.

★ ★ ★

We've been trying to find out what's happened to John Frazier, of Huntington Park, California, since he won that suit against Justice of the Peace Stanley Moffatt. Mr. Frazier was enjoying himself in a café, laughing loudly and frequently. Justice Moffatt could find nothing funny in the vicinity and arrested Mr. Frazier for what he described as "braying like a jackass and howling like a coyote." Mr. Frazier was acquitted of the justice's charge that he was

disturbing the peace, claiming that it was his constitutional right to laugh when he felt like it. Mr. Frazier sued His Honor and was awarded $4,150 damages. Without knowing any more about it than that, we'd say that anyone who can laugh that much these days should be congratulated.

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Party

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Manley glanced at Jere. She was raising her lovely head and emptying her wineglass. She never used to drink champagne like this, not sipping or tasting. He caught her eye—a furtive warning. She smiled at him, challengingly.

The dinner was climaxed with ice cream sculptured to the heroic form of Strongpaws himself, enclosed in a circle of black cherries in wine. There were calls of "Speech, speech!" for Strongpaws, and he obliged, rising with his forefeet on the table to deliver a series of well-modulated barks.

"What's Al Jolson got that he hasn't got," Jere was saying at her table, "except knees?"

"He's got better manners than my husband," Mona said.

Everyone was getting drunk. Accents slipped off. Words bumped into each other and coupled like little boxcars. Mild attractions suddenly flamed to irresistible passions; minor irritations flamed to violent hatreds. Couples slipped off into dark corners of the garden. A wife said to her actor-husband, "If you talk to that sow once more I'll leave you," and he took the challenge and she kept her word.

That was what Jere and Manley loved about parties; they were a quickening of life's normal pulse: they made dull people bearable and bright people brighter; they put people in a dice cage and shook them up to see what new combinations would appear. A look, a word, a right or wrong move after the third drink could make a friend, a career, a lover, an enemy. The sum of a party was so much more than the mere addition of all its parts. The Hallidays loved the sense of mystery, of teasing the Fates and tempting the Furies, of what's-going-to-happen-*tonight*.

This party was going fine. It needed only the slightest turn of the swizzle stick to start it bubbling up. The white orchestra (which alternated with the black jazz band) was all soft strings and muted saxophones.

THERE was a spatter of applause and Manley saw that Wister La Salle was on the bandstand. His sweet, almost feminine tenor fluttered gently over the garden. He was singing Sweethearts on Parade.

Manley did not miss the way La Salle, turning his head prettily, sang directly to Jere. And he did not miss the way her eyes laughed *yes!* Damn them, he could *hear* it.

The band medleyed into Jeannine and someone said isn't that Blanche Mehaffey over there and somebody said don't you think Dolores Del Rio is the most beautiful woman in Hollywood and someone said no, Dolores Costello, and somebody said the trumpet player is cute and somebody said I heard a cute one in the commissary the other day and somebody said for the fifth time that evening won't it be great when we have Smith for President so we can get liquor back and somebody said I wish they'd play Sweethearts on Parade and somebody said where were you, dopey? they just did and somebody said I love champagne but it doesn't love me and somebody said look at her talking baby talk and somebody said she hasn't got any morals I mean she doesn't even try to *hide* what she does and somebody said Great, Just the Greatest Thing Since the Ten Commandments and somebody said which one's—God's or De Mille's and of course somebody said you better not let C.B. hear you giving him second billing and somebody said for the sixth time that evening pardon me while I go into my strange inner tube and somebody said for the sixteenth time these are Coolidge stockings they do not choose to run and somebody said how about it and somebody said we'll see and somebody said so I says look Irving and somebody said I think the old songs four or five years ago were a lot better than the ones we have now and somebody said so I speak right up I says listen Mr. Van Berghoff maybe I'm only a lousy five-dollar-a-day extra but I and somebody said honestly I don't hate her I'm sorry for her and somebody said every time she has three drinks she has to get up and sing I Faw Down an' Go Boom and somebody said I wish she'd just Faw Down an' Go Boom without singing about it and somebody said take my word for it that stock won't stop till it reaches and somebody said I think Manley Halliday is cuter-looking than the Prince of Wales and somebody said haven't had so much fun since Marion's masquerade party and somebody said hey kids don't miss this—Jere's doing an imitation of Pavlova doing an imitation of Gilda Gray doing the shimmy on the buffet table.

Hot ginger and dynamite
There's nothing but that at night
Back in Nagasaki
Where the fellers chew tobaccy
An' the women wicky wacky woo . . . *

Mona came up with a drink for Manley while he was watching and kissed him playfully. "What's this scandalous talk I hear about your being faithful to Jere?"

"Know what I am? Inverted Vic-torian tha's what I am."

Mona's personality, in the artificial twilight of the colored lanterns, flashed like radium. She was not so much a woman of infinite charm, Manley was thinking, as a brilliant imitation of a woman of infinite charm.

"I wish I had more chance to talk to you. I love intelligent men. I'm so fed up with these Hollywood males—all shoptalk and passes."

"Mona, been thinking about you. You're complex. You're an awful little egotist 'n' at the same time you're still scared, still searching—in here you know—" He tapped his left breast vaguely. The thought was receding from him like the backwash of a wave and he was running down the strand to catch up with it. "You know—you haven't fulfilled yourself."

"Darling," Mona cried in triumph, throwing out her arms, "you know me! You *know* me!"

In some pagoda
She ordered soda
The earth shakes milk shakes
Ten cents a piece . . . *

Jere and Wister La Salle were doing a burlesque adagio.

"Your wife oughta be in pictures," Sam Loeb, a veteran producer, was telling Manley. "She's a natural little comedienne."

"Sir," Manley said, "I'll have you know you are speaking of the woman I love."

THE dancers had drifted to the side of the pool illuminated with underwater lights of red, blue and green. A trim little Wampas star from Hollywood High School with marmalade hair who was always taking her clothes off did so again. She posed on the edge of the diving board and for a tantalizing moment Manley enjoyed the unreal sense of beauty of the scene—the fine young body offered so freely to the night, so fearlessly. The sight of her clothed only in moonlight aroused no other emotion in him than a strange pride. When she was old, forty or fifty, she would remember that she had been alive and that her youth had lighted up a pool more brightly than all the colored lights.

The child with the marmalade hair, now that everyone had seen her, made her dive—up, up, with mermaid grace, ah, now—too bad, a belly flop. Manley was angry with her: the anticlimax gave a sudden vulgarity to the performance; the mood of fantasy was interrupted by the slap of bare breast and belly against the water. Jere would never have spoiled it that way. He had seen Jere diving nude from the bow of a yacht, splendidly silhouetted against the floodlight arching down and knifing through the surface so perfectly that she had seemed not at all a naked woman but some nymph of the sea returning home to the green depths.

Wonder where Jere is. Time he and Jere had a dance together. Time he and Jere . . .

"Watch this, kid, it's gonna be rich." A dapper Midwesterner, who passed on the screen for a European sharper, flashed his toothy trade-mark grin in Manley's face. Manley turned to see a stubby little man impeccably dressed, with a red ribbon of honor slashed across his chest, approaching the producer J. C. Coles, who had come from eastern Europe as Jakob Kolinsky a fast twenty-five years before. Coles was fifty, bald, vain, with a hard mind in a soft body, a terror to his employees but clearly inadequate and insecure at parties that were not his own. He would never have come to such a wingding as this if his wife of five months, the young star Mary Gay, hadn't insisted. It was a Hollywood joke that Coles adored his little Mary Gay to the point of insanity. He phoned her from the studio every hour of the day and night. He had studio detectives follow her.

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am the Count Pierre de Corday de la Corbierre."

"I am delighted to have the honor," Coles announced with a slight accent and a sense of European deference.

The Count whipped out a jeweled cigarette case with his crest on it. He identified himself, modestly, as a cousin of the French consul general. Coles, preparing a French Foreign Legion story that required French government co-operation, became even more attentive.

"Permit me to compliment you," the Count said, "on the extraordinary beauty of your wife."

Coles, tugged one way by pride and another by jealousy, muttered politely.

"Such complexion," the Count went on. "Such elegance. Such hair. Eyes that would turn the meekest of men into Casanovas—"

"Yes, yes, thank you," Coles interrupted.

But the Count, apparently swept on by his own romantic momentum, could not be put off. "—with the figure of Diana, Salomé, shoulders as pink and full as . . ."

"Count, excuse me, but I must ask you to—"

"And breasts, ah, like white peonies, with their—"

Red-faced, dry-throated, Coles began to choke his protest.

"Mr. Coles, I am something of a sculptor," the Count persisted. "Perhaps you know my work. I have done some of the most famous beauties of England and France, in the nude, lovely creatures all"—he kissed his fingers appreciatively—"but none to compare with the charming Mrs. Coles. If I could have the honor of using her for a model—if you would allow her to come to my studio in Carmel for, say just a few weeks—"

COLES let out a terrible sound, between a cry of pain and a warrior's shout, and grabbed the Count by the neck and began to shake him hysterically, while the Count screamed Help! Help! and the crowd around them laughed and laughed.

Manley, watching the scene in a kind of fascinated horror, broke through the circle and tried to separate them like a referee, somewhat sobered by the unhappy sound of struggle. "I don't know who you are but I'll have to ask you to . . ."

The Count snickered and suddenly switched from his accent to plain American. "F' godssake, Mr. Halliday, I'm Gus Jones."

"Who?"

"Gus Jones."

Something about the bluntness of the name hammered home. Gus Jones. The professional ribber who hired out to parties to needle the guests. He and Jere had talked about him, but he didn't remember engaging him. Maybe Jere had. Anyway it was a joke, just a little gag, he was explaining to

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COLLIER'S

"Before you start playing hard-to-get maybe you better make sure he's not the type that gives up too easily"

KATE OSANN

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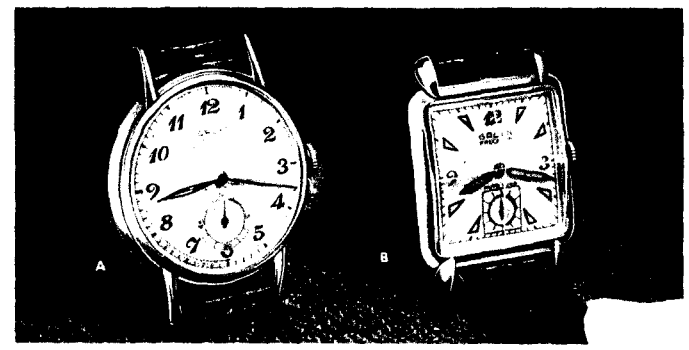

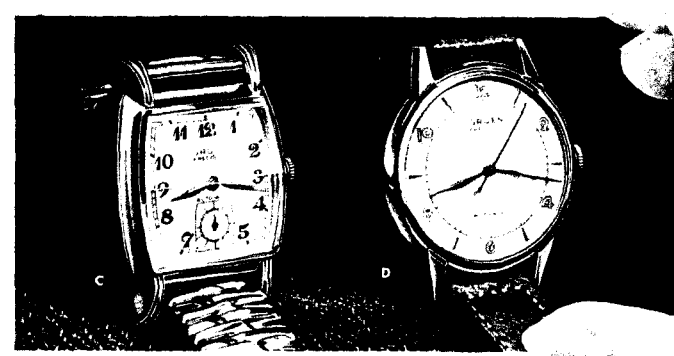

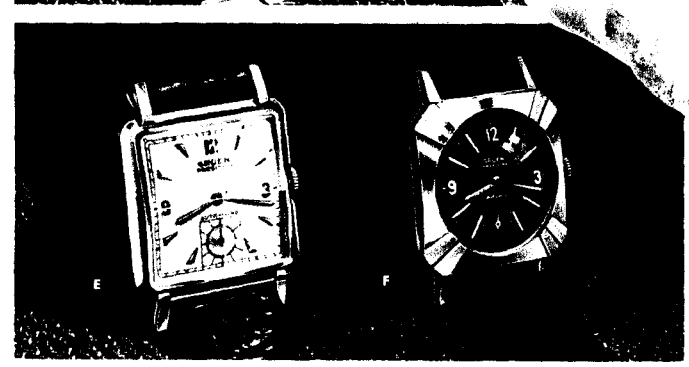

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J. C. Coles—and Gus Jones's impromptu audience lifted their voices in laughter as if on cue.

"I see, yes, of course, a joke," Coles repeated, but the blood-pressure complexion, so suddenly risen, had not yet begun to subside.

"Manley, you're a card, you really made it look real," somebody he didn't know chuckled in his face. Manley drifted toward the bar. "Wha'lyuhave, kiddo?" The bartender grinned. Everybody was drunk.

THE band was playing In a Mist—he and Jere were crazy about the Beiderbecke record, he was telling Colleen Moore or somebody who looked an awful lot like her. The girl, who except for the cut of her hair didn't look anything like Colleen Moore, melted away. Jere's face floated up big-eyed and expectant.

"Jere, been lookin' all over for you."

"Looking for you, too. Didn't think it would be nice if I left without telling you."

He could see that her eyes were unusually large the way they always were when she was excited by anger or happiness. "Hear what they're playin'? They mean well, but they aren't Bix—"

"Mannie, I'm leaving with Wister."

A hurried kiss touched his cheek. The sounds of festivity swirled around him. Somebody fell, glass spattered, band tore up Twelfth Street Rag, marmalade girl costumed in towels now did a hula on the diving board. There was a terrible cry from somewhere in the garden, Wha'happened? Wassa matter? Manley managed to reach the circle of curious guests jostling for a better view of the little blonde who had been playing the drums. "That louse bit me," she said, pointing to the dog several men were holding. The owner moved excitedly. "He never bites—he's a good dog—she was teasing him." The victim's escort came nobly to her defense by swatting Strongpaws' owner on the nose. The dog barked hysterically. The little blonde sobbed. It was all over in a moment. Manley, surprised to find he still had a hundred dollars in his pocket, told the owner to take the beast home. "Go on, shake hands with the man and say thank you," the owner insisted. Strongpaws and Manley complied reluctantly. Damn—now he'd probably have to pay for the little blonde's dress, maybe doctor bills. Whose idea was that Strongpaws gag anyway? Jere's. Say, where the hell was Jere?

"G'night, night, wunnerful time—" The party was thinning out. The hopefuls and the die-hards were still going strong. And the band was tapping out an old favorite, Why Do I Love You?

Look for Jere. No Jere anywhere. No Jere and no Wister. Jere really leave? A word, a kiss, good-by. Did she say she was going? Was the whole thing in his mind? He wasn't sure. All he knew was he couldn't find her. Fine thing for the hostess. Should always wait 'n' say night to all your guests before running off with another man.

"Night, night, glad ya did, see ya soon, lost your *what* in the pool? Oh, y'r anklet, look f'r it in the morning, 'ts morning now, ha ha ha all right some *other* morning . . ."

Seeing Mona to the gate ("This hour of the morning always frightens me, Manley. Never know what I'll do." "Be a good girl now, Mona. Le's Montmartre later this week."), his eyes were distracted to the parking space. Wister's roadster must be along there someplace. They wouldn't just go, wouldn't just—"Manley, I'd adore it if you'd come down to the beach for tea one afternoon." Her lips were cool and tasted more of promise than of passion.

"Love to, Mona, any time." He waved vaguely. No car. No car and no Jere, damn her. So this is the way the world ends this is the way the world ends this is the way the world ends not with a bang but a roadster . . .

The last melodic phrase had drifted out over the garden. The last drunk had been subdued. The last promise was made for lunch or cocktails this week. The last pair of high heels climbed wearily into the last limousine. The last of the bartenders made off with the last of the booze. "Don't bother," Manley heard himself mutter to Naga. "Le's clean it up t'morra." He reached in his pocket to give Naga an extra tip but his pockets were empty now. Must've given it to someone else.

He walked slowly back into the big house, barred the heavy medieval door and stood in the vast stone hallway. It was so quiet he could hear his own heavy breathing. Only in the days of feudal lords or now in Hollywood would anyone think of inhabiting such a house. It was five times too *big for two people, a hundred times too* large for one. Who had ever lived here? There was only one room fit to live in and that was the little barroom paneled in pine and decorated with Toulouse-Lautrec posters. You could live in the bar. He peered into the icebox under the bar and found a split of champagne. He lifted the glass to himself in the mirror. Good lord, was that he? He looked forty. Saint Bernard eyes.

When the champagne was gone and he could find no more he settled for half a pint of bootleg whisky. After champagne the whisky tasted awful. To get it down he had to drink it fast. When the bottle was empty, for hell or for spite, he threw it as hard as he could through the archway into the living room. It fell without breaking and slid harmlessly along the carpet. Couldn't do that again, he thought. But then, what can you do again?

He opened the closet bottle on the shelf. It was peach brandy but he didn't care. Jere was gone, out somewhere in the languid California dawn with a languid hero whose personality was as synthetic as his name. Where were they now—making for Palm Springs, in some improvised love nest along the road, or settling down in some luxurious hideaway? And did she have that look in her eyes that no other man was supposed to see? And was she making her own little loving sounds, her monosyllabic incantations that had only the most accidental connection with vulgarity?

He poured out the remnants of the peach brandy into a highball glass—the cuckold's cocktail, he thought darkly, and flung the empty bottle without aiming. It crashed against the far wall and the crash of glass spattering sounded good and violent.

HE STAGGERED from behind the bar, heavy-legged, heavy-brained, up the long, winding wrought-iron staircase (overwrought, he and Jere had joked about it) to the bedroom that wasn't cozy, wasn't theirs because they had no home. He stared into the empty room and noticed the lipsticked tips of half a dozen crushed cigarette butts ("Jere, three packs a day, you've got to cut down") crumpled on the floor near the chair, the beige suit she had taken off to dress for the party (never in all their living together had he ever seen her hang anything up); near her bed the murder mysteries she bought and left behind in hotel rooms by the dozen. He picked one up—The Club of Masks; wish she wouldn't waste her good mind on this trash. Out of the pages dropped a leaf of stationery from the Hotel del Coronado where they had spent the week end before last. Manley made out the few scratchy pencil lines of an abortive poem:

A STUDY FOR THE LEFT HAND NOT KNOWING WHAT THE RIGHT HAND IS DOING

We are me and me are I
loosened goosened lorelei
if she hollers let her gonium
eeny miney pandemonium

I am what I never could
being what I never should
if she dies before she tries
who'll put pennies on her eyes

She is I and I am wh

Another one of those things she was never finishing. The discarded clothes, the cigarette butts (some crushed out after only two or three drags), the books on the floor, the unfinished poem, made him feel as if he were some sort of tourist of the emotions visiting the sentimental monuments erected to the memory of Jere Halliday. Maybe those songs aren't so far off after all, he thought. Among my souvenirs—even if they are cigarette butts, crumpled slips and bras, broken lines of impulsive verse and other symbols of feminine disorder. Even so, he was moved now in a sentimental way. Salt drops burned in his eyes and he wanted to bawl. Flopping down on the day bed he cried hysterically into his hands.

SOME time later (an hour, a day, an eon) he must have got up, must have gone down to the living room and turned on the radio, for he heard things: Jack Smith whispering Cecelia and Diane . . . comes to you from the famous Cocoanut Grove, playground of the stars . . . he's in with a short jab to the mouth, another jab, and then Young Nationalists . . . Chicago, Presidential Candidate Herbert Hoover said today I foresee the day and that not far off when every workingman in America will not only own his own . . . And minutes—was it hours, was it days later?—he was crashing another empty bottle against the stucco walls interrupting the simpering voice of a lady evangelist crying out her spiritual wares like a Panama City crib girl. Oughta write a novel about a lady evangelist. He thought he was having an inspiration: female Elmer Gantry with Hollywood trimmings. "And so I say to all you good people tonight don't just get out and get under the moon, get out and get under God!" The bottle in his hand wasn't empty, but he sent it hurtling against the face of the radio. *Shut up,* SHUT UP! He was too stupefied to remember he could turn it off, too stupefied to tell day from night, gin from brandy, love from hate.

Beyond drunkenness he lay on the floor and felt himself sliding down as it swung around to serve as wall, ceiling, floor, wall again. Cigarette's gone out. Hadda match in my hand. Where's 'at match? Thought I lit it. Can't find it. Where's 'at match? He'n Jere . . . the match?

The big empty house wasn't cold anymore. Red arms of flame reached through a window and gesticulated crazily as if beckoning for help help Jere my talent's on fire it's padded with dollar bills that burn like money help Jere help let the damn house burn and my fat and my flesh tainted with success but for Godssakes Jere don't let the talent burn away to cinder . . .

The house that had always seemed so cold roared with the heat of a blast furnace. Upstairs in the study with the red leather furniture one hundred and three pages of the novel that Dorset House had expected to publish the year after The Night's High Noon was curling to a soft gray ash. At the same time Manley was remembering *they had always begged me to make a carbon.* Forcing himself up out of the crackling stupor, he managed to reach the bottom of the stairway, but as he decided to go up, the stairs were deciding to come down . . .

. . . "Manley darling, it's me! Can you see me? Manley . . ."

He had seen nothing but whiteness but now a fuzzed impression of dark red hair came down to him. He concentrated on seeing. He was in love with that face. Never knew why. It just pleased him. Just pleased him, that's all.

"Darling, when I heard what you had done, I—I almost died too."

It took him a little time to realize what she meant. It was one thing to say I can't live without you. It was another to—to actually try to take your own—well, had he? The last thing he remembered was the party—what had happened to their party?—gone up in flames.

"Manley, I was a dope," she was saying into the bandages, "a sixteen-cylinder dope. I wasn't really heaving you. I was just sick and tired of that silly party."

Involuntarily, his shoulders began to shake. "Please, Mrs. Halliday," said the stern-faced nurse, "you mustn't make him laugh." THE END

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Play a Lone Hand

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

under sandy eyebrows that bushed fiercely; his unsmiling face held the contained patience of a man who knew and liked his job and thought every minute away from it was a waste of time. Even his handshake was abrupt, Giff noticed. Get it over with, he thought resignedly, and walked over to the pile of luggage. He picked up the transit, and was reaching for a duffel bag when the older man saw him.

"Ho! You must be my chainman." He held out a rough hand. "Bill Fiske's the name."

Giff told him his and they shook hands. Sheriff Edwards had turned at the sound of their voices, and now he looked carefully at Giff. Here it comes, Giff thought. But Edwards only turned and said to the agent, "Welling, this is your guide, Giff Dixon."

Giff received the same friendly handshake and the identical affable smile with which Welling had greeted Edwards, but Welling's bloodshot eyes gave him a quick and shrewd appraisal.

Afterward, Giff loaded the luggage into the back of the hotel hack, and when the others were seated, he took a place in the back seat beside the gear.

There was talk, then, of the trip from Kansas City, all of it trivial, and then Giff heard Welling ask, "Where's Deyo? Out of town?"

"No, the train isn't very punctual, and the land office was busy this morning. He'll meet you at the hotel."

THE Territory House, Corazon's only hotel, was a two-story adobe affair with a double veranda. It stood at the town's main four corners. The hotel hack finished its quarter-mile journey from the station at the wide stepping block in front of the hotel steps. Giff was first down, and as he unloaded the luggage he saw the man come down the steps and approach them. He was a soft, well-barbered man of fifty, dressed in an expensive dark suit. The color in his clean-shaven face came from good living, and not from the outdoors. There was a sort of bay-rum elegance and arrogance about him that proclaimed his disdain for physical work.

Sheriff Edwards said, "Here's your man, Welling. This is Ross Deyo. Vince Welling."

After acknowledging the introduction and introducing Fiske, in turn, Welling said, "Where's a comfortable saloon, Sheriff? I'd like to buy you all a drink and talk with Deyo, here."

Fiske cut in dryly, "I can't take whisky this early, Vince."

Welling laughed. "All right, you'll get a cigar. Only let's be comfortable."

Deyo mentioned the Plains Bar across from the livery, and they started across the street for it. Fiske paused long enough to say to Giff, "We wrote for rooms. Just lug the stuff up there."

The room which the Territory House had reserved for them was a big corner one on the second floor facing Grant Street. Giff made two trips through the cool lobby and up the steps with the gear which he stored neatly in a corner of the room. Afterward, he moved to a window and looked out, musing. He decided he liked Fiske, who would be his real boss. Remembering Welling, his looks, his too-easy manner, his eagerness for a saloon at this hour, Giff passed a narrow judgment on the man: He was a boozer and a lightweight. Recalling Cass's warning, *Just don't get mad at them*, he smiled faintly. How can you get mad at nothing?

He went out, and down the stairs. There were horses to arrange for with Cass Murray, and he wanted everything ready when he was asked about it.

As he passed the desk in the lobby, the elderly clerk hailed him. Extending an envelope to him, the clerk said, "Give that to your boss, will you?"

"Which one?"

"Welling."

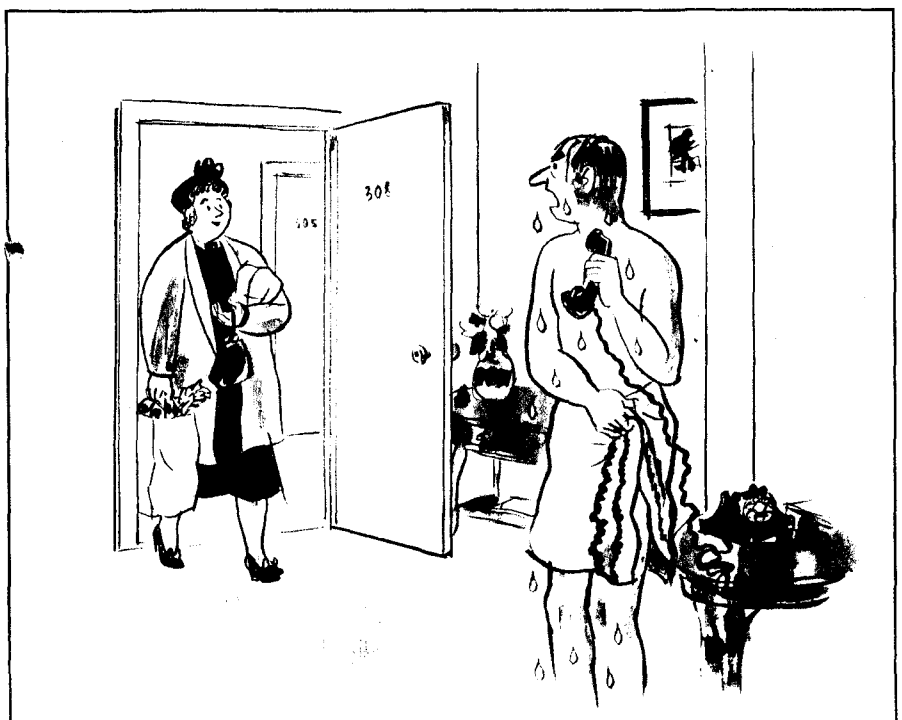
Giff nodded, pocketed the envelope and went out into the street, turning down it toward the livery. A mild traffic stirred on the street. A dozen horses were racked in front of the Plains Bar, and Giff guessed that the word was out that the special agent was on view there. A puncher driving three loose horses passed Giff; he halted to look at them, and afterward turned into the livery. Murray was not in the office, and Giff saw the hostler out in back hammering at the corral gate.

Giff tramped back to the corral and asked the ancient and dirty old man, "Where's Murray?"

The old man ceased hammering. "Farming, where he always is."

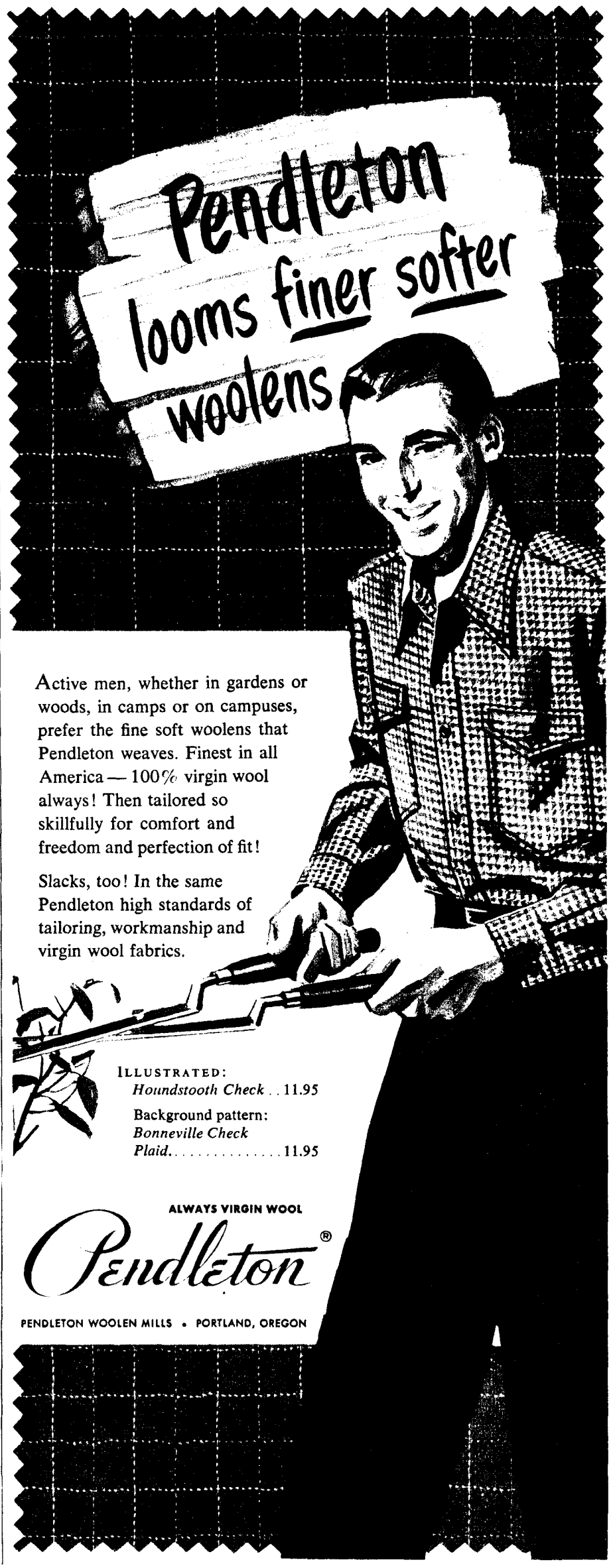
"Where's his place?" Giff asked.

The old man smiled. "Hell, it ain't a farm, but he pretends it is. He's leased a half block of town lots over east. He farms them half-bushel crops just like they was



"At times I *do* believe the Russians invented the telephone!"

COLLIER'S — HERB WILLIAMS



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three hundred acres. He can't keep away from growing things. It'll lose him his business, too, if he ain't careful."

Giff turned back and tramped up the runway. A pair of men were approaching him, the nearest a big man in clean waist overalls, gray shirt and open vest. He was barely middle-aged, Giff judged, although his full black mustaches were heavily threaded with gray and his thick black hair, parted deep on the side, held wide streaks of dead white. His handsome ruddy face was weather-burned, but there were none of the telltale work lines, the brands of sun and wind, upon it. The almost benign expression on his face was somehow belied by the quiet arrogance in his dark eyes.

He was talking to his companion, a squat barrel of a man in soiled range clothes. He glanced at Giff, still talking as he drew abreast him, and then he halted, ceased talking, and raised a large, well-fleshed hand to flag Giff down.

"Aren't you the fellow somebody told me was looking for a riding job?" His voice was oddly musical, and the expression in his eyes had altered to complete friendliness.

Giff nodded warily; instinct told him this was a persuasive man, and to be alert.

"Have you worked cattle much?"

"All my life."

"Then you're hired," the man said. "I'm shorthanded now."

"You still are," Giff said. "I'm working."

"Who for?"

"The government. I'm chainman for the special agent's surveyor."

"And how long will that last?"

"I haven't asked."

The big man turned to his companion. "How long were the others here, Gus?"

"Oh, two weeks, maybe."

The big man turned back to Giff and said, "You're still hired, then. Just say I'm loaning you out to the government crew." He put out his hand. "I'm Sebree, Grady Sebree. This is Gus Traff, my foreman."

Giff shook hands with them both, then Sebree asked, "That all right with you?"

Giff didn't answer immediately, and then he said dryly, "This is a mighty changeable country, Mr. Sebree. For two days I've cruised the town looking for work. I've talked to men from most of the outfits and nobody is hiring, they told me. Now I'm offered two jobs in one day."

SEBREE laughed easily. "Well, if you're a rancher, your men can get sick on you, and they can just plain quit on you. One quit me last night, and another's sick." He paused. "Even if I hire another hand today, I'll need you in two weeks. Want the job?"

"If you want to wait," Giff said.

"Good. Oh, yes. You'd better pick up your saddle at Burton's." A kind of wry amusement crept into Sebree's eyes. "You'll need that, even working for the government. Tell Burton I sent you."

Giff nodded, and Sebree started to turn away, then checked himself. "Where are you surveying first?"

"Nobody's told me."

Sebree rubbed his cheek with the palm of his hand, looking off into space for a moment. "Tell you what. As soon as this agent fella has made his plans, let me know, will you? I'd ask him myself, only I make a point of keeping myself and my men away from these agents. I don't want it thought I'm trying to influence them. As soon as their work is mapped out, I'd like to know what it is. I don't want any information that's private, and I don't want you to break a confidence, you understand."

There was no mockery in his tone, yet it was plain in his eyes, and when he finished speaking, a faint smile of irony lifted a corner of his mouth. Immediately, Giff understood the invitation, and he knew then why Sebree had hired him. The promise of a job had been held out to him, and he was getting his saddle back—this was in exchange for future information as to the plans of Welling, who probably intended to investigate Sebree. Sebree had contrived to get this across by saying the exact opposite, and Giff had a brief and wary admiration for the man's cleverness. It was difficult to offer to buy a man without insulting him, yet Sebree had managed it. Giff had his choice of accepting or rejecting the offer without committing himself, which was what Sebree intended.

"All right," Giff said. Sebree gave him a parting smile and went on. Giff paused momentarily at the archway, then turned downstreet toward Burton's saddle shop. With a kind of cold amusement, he considered Sebree's proposition. Did he owe loyalty to a boozing politician who was probably incompetent, or to a man who had already done him a favor? Wait and see, he told himself cynically, but first get the saddle.

HE PASSED a brick building on the corner which he noticed for the first time had CORAZON DISTRICT LAND OFFICE chiseled in the red sandstone lintel of the corner entrance. He turned right and went into the adjoining building. Burton's dark and narrow shop, smelling of leather and oil and clean wood shavings, held a dozen saddles on sawhorses scattered in the front half of the shop.

An old man, unshaven and bent, was working on the wood of a saddletree at his bench. Leaning against the far end of it was a middle-aged puncher, moodily watching the old man work. Both turned as they heard Giff approach.

"Fellow name of Sebree told me to pick up my saddle, and he'd settle for it."

The old man pointed to a half-dozen saddles against the wall. "It's right where you dumped it."

Giff went over to his saddle, and then glanced up at the old man. "Who's this Sebree?"

The old man exchanged glances with the puncher before he smiled faintly and replied, "You're working for him, aren't you?"

"Not yet. In a few weeks I will be. But who is he?"

Again the old man glanced at the puncher, "Like to answer that, Les?"

The puncher regarded Giff morosely. "He pays standard wages. That's all you care about, isn't it?"

"Not all. Does he run a big or little outfit? Where's his place?"

A faint humor stirred in the puncher's sad eyes. "You point your horse northeast and ride two days and you'll still be on his land. Didn't you ever hear of the Torreon Cattle Company?"

Giff shook his head and the puncher glanced wryly at the old man.

"Well, this whole damn' town is just a Torreon loading pen. Everyone in it fits in Sebree's vest pocket with lots of room to spare."

Giff asked dryly, "But not you?"

The puncher shook his head. "I tried it once but the climate didn't agree with me. I'm forty miles back in the mountains now and the air smells better."

Giff looked at the old man. "You feel that way about it too, Pop?"

The puncher said swiftly, "You were talking to me, weren't you?"

Giff understood then that where this maverick puncher could afford to speak the truth, old Burton could not. He picked up his saddle, said, "Thanks, Pop," and went out. He was even surer, now, of Sebree's reason for hiring him; when a man had a lot at stake, quick action was understandable.

He dumped his saddle in the livery office, then went on upstreet to the hotel and climbed the stairs. At Welling's door, he knocked and was told to come in. Fiske was already at work. He had cleared off the table in the middle of the room, had a plat tacked down on its surface, and was bending over examining it. Welling lay sprawled across the bed, his boots just off the coverlet, and he was sleeping.

Fiske looked up, said hello, and went back to his work. Giff took the envelope from his pocket and laid it on the table. "You want me for anything?"

"No." Fiske straightened up, looking at the envelope. "What's this?"

"The hotel clerk gave it to me to give to you."

Fiske opened the envelope, took out the letter and read it. Finished, he gave Giff a searching glance, and read it again. Then, still holding the letter in his hand, he moved over to the bed. Putting a hand on Welling's shoulder, he shook him roughly, and Welling sleepily turned over. "What the hell, Bill?" he mumbled.

"Go duck your head in the basin, and then read this," Fiske said, holding out the letter.

Welling sat up, reached for the letter and yawned, then gave it his half-fuddled regard. He read the letter through, shook his head as if to clear it of whisky fumes, and read it through again. Then he looked over at Giff, who was watching this with a rising, impersonal curiosity. "Did you bring this?"

Giff told him about the clerk's handing it to him.

"Who's Perry Albers?" Welling asked.

"Careful, Vince!" Fiske cut in.

Welling looked up at him, but Fiske was watching Giff. "Why careful?"

"That letter was meant for you alone, and nobody else. Even I shouldn't have read it."

WELLING regarded him for a stupefied moment, and then he laughed. "Bill, you're crazy—crazier than the fool who wrote this. This is a grudge letter. I get them everywhere I go."

"You don't believe it?"

"No."

"Then you're a damn' fool," Fiske said quietly, and with finality.

Welling, far from being offended, scowled and looked again at the letter, then sighed, "All right, I'll go see him."

"If you do that, you'll likely get him shot," Fiske said without emotion. "Why do you think he wrote you instead of coming to see you? He's being careful. In return, that's the least you can do."

Welling heaved himself to his feet and said petulantly, "First, I don't take the letter seriously enough. Then when I offer to, you stop me. Make some sense, Bill."

Fiske rammed his hands in his pockets and, head down, walked to the table, wheeled and came back. He raised his head and regarded Giff. "No offense, Dixon. We don't know anything about you."

"That's right," Giff said. "I'll be down in the lobby if you want me." He moved toward the door, oddly relieved at a chance to escape.

"We want you right now," Fiske said flatly. He took the letter from Welling's hand, then went back to the table. From the letter, he copied something onto a piece of paper, picked up the letter and the paper and came over to Giff, who had halted by the door.

"You know what a final proof notice for a homestead entry is?" he asked.

"No."

Fiske explained to him that when a homesteader had lived on his homestead for six months of one year and had made the required improvements on it, he must publish notice of final proof in four consecutive issues of a newspaper, after which the publisher would sign an affidavit of publication for him to submit to the register of the land office to complete his claim for title on the land. It was a newspaper form, Fiske said; surely he had seen the notices.

"I worked cattle. I didn't farm," Giff said. "I've seen them. I never paid any attention."

"Then pay attention now," Fiske said, and he thrust the paper into Giff's hand. "Go down to the newspaper office. It's called"—here he referred to the letter—"the San Dimas County Free Press. Ask for

COLLIER'S

"I found out there was another woman in his life . . . his wife"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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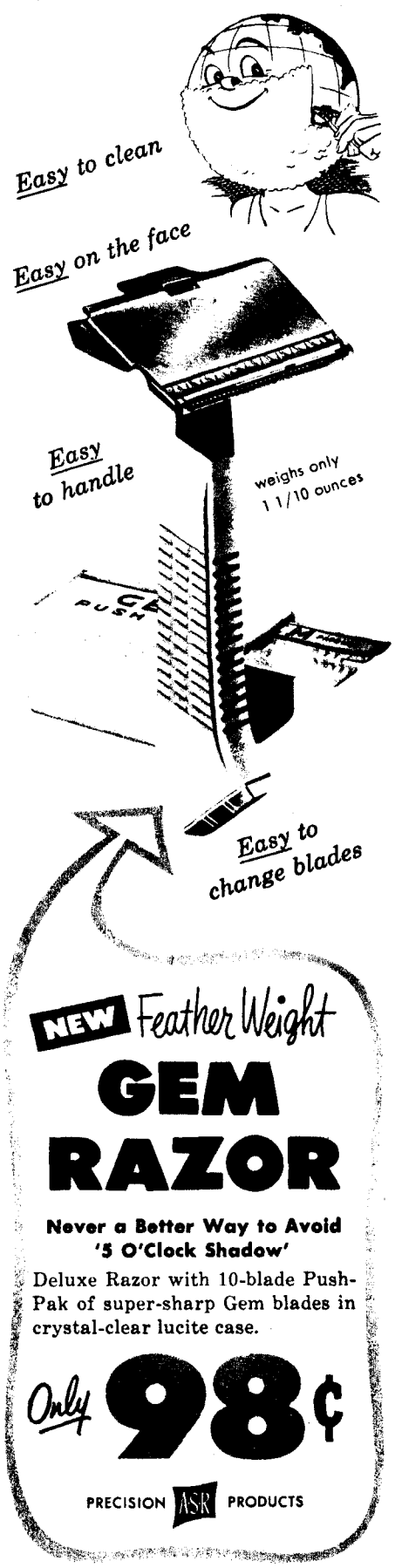

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their files. Hunt up the April 17th copy of last year. That paper I gave you has the names of five entrymen on it. See if their final proof notices are in that issue."

Wordlessly, Giff accepted the paper and put it in his pocket. Welling was looking sullen and still drowsy as he said, "Ask if their printer is named Perry Albers."

"*Don't* ask!" Fiske contradicted flatly. He turned to Welling. "What's the sense in all this if we let them know we're looking for Albers?"

"All right," Welling said sulkily. "It's damn' foolishness anyway."

Giff asked patiently, "Am I supposed to do this on the quiet?"

"No. Land office investigators are eternally at newspaper files. Everybody knows it. Just don't tell them what issue you want."

Giff went out then, and descended to the lobby. He was amused and curious about what had just happened, but not overly. It was obvious that Perry Albers, the Free Press printer, had written them information Fiske thought valuable and Welling did not.

In his first chore on the new job, Giff reflected, it had been Fiske who made the decision, and Welling, fuddled with liquor, who fell into line with it. Oddly, Giff did not mind Fiske's suspicion of him; remembering Sebree's offer, he thought: Fiske's right. Why tell me anything?

THE newspaper office was a narrow building wedged between two larger ones, and was in the block past the land office on the opposite side of the street. Its big window was painted white to half its height. On the window in black big letters was printed SAN DIMAS COUNTY FREE PRESS.

Stepping in from the sun-drenched street, Giff halted and closed the door, his eyes slowly adjusting themselves to the gloom of the long room. Presently, he made out a big flat-topped desk against the window. A couple of chairs, a tall clothes commode and a rusty safe made up the furniture. The room was in monumental disorder, the desk littered with papers, the floor cluttered with boxes and cartons, piled almost to the ceiling with bound files and yellowing newspapers.

The only sound came from the print shop in the rear where an overhead lamp was burning, and it was a strange sound, the rapid chinking of metal against metal. Giff walked up to a tall cabinet whose back was to the street and, rounding it, came to an abrupt halt. A girl, wearing an ink-stained and oversize apron, was seated on a tall stool setting type; her right hand moved with sure swiftness as she selected the type from the case and slapped it into the stick held in her left hand.

Giff watched her a moment in mild wonderment, and then started as she addressed him, in total unfriendliness, without interrupting her work or even looking at him. "What do you want?"

His surprise held him mute a moment; the girl, getting no answer, ceased work and looked up at him, her face harried and without patience. When she saw him, her expression altered to one of mocking apology without any embarrassment at all. She was a small girl, almost frail-seeming, and her dark and curly hair was pinned in an unruly mass on top of her head. Her blue eyes, wide-spaced and direct, seemed large because of her small nose, and now her full lips relaxed in a crooked smile.

"I thought you were Earl," she said, and leaned both hands on the type case. "Anyway, what is it you want?"

"I'd like to look at your back numbers," Giff said cautiously.

The girl sighed wearily. "You picked a time, didn't you?"

"Did I?"

"The worst," the girl said tartly. "The boss is shooting billiards over in the saloon. He's stepping over the printer, who's probably lying drunk on the floor. I've got a paper to get out, and who gives a damn about it besides me?"

Giff frowned a little in distaste, and the girl looked sharply at him. "Haven't you ever heard a girl swear?"

"None like you."

"You don't see any of them doing my job either, do you?" she asked with instant truculence. When Giff didn't answer, she shifted her attention to the type case and stared at it for a moment. Then she asked, "Did you see that broken-down coat closet in the office? Well, pull a chair up to it, and *don't* put a foot through the chair seat when you stand on it. The bound files are on top of the closet. Take them down and don't pull down all that trash on top." She grinned faintly and added, "And keep out of my way or I'll stomp on you."

"Yes, ma'am," Giff said dryly.

His gibe was entirely lost on the girl; she was setting type again. Giff turned back into the office, a faint resentment at her stirring in him. She'll make some man a fine husband, he thought. Nevertheless, he followed her instructions, being careful not to put his foot through the worn cane bottom of the chair.

He lugged the files over to the desk. First, he identified the form of a final proof notice. Then he looked for last year's April 17th issue of the paper, and found it missing. Curious now, he leafed back and found other issues missing, even into the year before and the year before that. His search had come to a full stop, and he speculated a moment on the reason for the absence of certain issues. He shrugged and put the files back. He'd done his job, and the results meant nothing to him.

Curiosity, however, drew him back to the girl. He stood patiently by the typestand while she finished a stick, and then she looked up at him inquiringly.

"Don't you keep a copy of all the issues of your paper?" he asked.

"In summer, we do. Then when winter comes, we have to have something to start fires." When Giff didn't smile, she said, "You're a gay lad, aren't you? That was a joke, but don't smile for me."

Giff shifted uncomfortably, watching her. She sighed and said, "What was it? Maybe I can remember it."

Recalling Fiske's words, Giff said idly, "Oh, land office stuff. We have to look up a lot of it."

The girl set down the stick of type gently, carefully, a sudden interest coming into her eyes. "Don't tell me you're that new boozehead agent by the name of Welling?"

"The name is Dixon," Giff said coldly. "I'm working for Welling."

"Well, happy headaches," she murmured softly. "Here we go again." She looked carefully at him. "Haven't I seen you around? Yesterday, say? With fur on your face?"

Giff nodded stiffly. "I've been here a month, staying at Doc Miller's."

"Oh, the clay pigeon," she said. "Well, well, at least you've had some practice."

"What does that mean?"

"Getting shot at," the girl said.

BEFORE he could reply, he heard the door shut behind him. At the sound, the girl raised her head and called, "Earl!" There was a grunt from the office, followed by the slamming of a drawer, the footsteps. A man appeared and halted beside the typestand. He was a thin, tall, mournful-looking man dressed in an unpressed black suit; his hat, pushed far back on his head, revealed a bald, bony skull. His face was sharp and almost cadaverous. Carefully regarding the girl, he tucked a handful of cigars into the breast pocket of his coat.

"Where's Perry?" she demanded.

"Why—here, isn't he?" Earl answered idly.

"Why do you think I'm setting type if he is?" the girl demanded angrily. "Where's your billiard game this afternoon?"

"Reno's."

"Then he's likely flat on his face at Henty's!" she said angrily. "I'll finish setting the paper up, since he's probably so drunk he can't. But if you think I'm going

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Agriculturist, National Garden Bureau	The best-selling flower in the Western Hemisphere is not the rose but the petunia.
Physiologist, University of Chicago	The human appendix is not useless—it helps in the formation of blood.
Scientist, Australian Information Bureau	"Music while you work" in factories is not necessarily helpful—it sometimes proves more irritating to workers than the noise of the machines.
Horticulturist, Department of Agriculture	Thinning apple trees does not increase the amount of fruit—it actually decreases it.
Journalist, Hollywood	Gin rummy is not a recent invention—it was originated by a fellow in Brooklyn 41 years ago.
Zoologist, Chicago Zoo	Zoo monkeys are more amused by the people than the people are by them, experiments show.
Cattleman, North Dakota Stockmen's Association	Cattle rustling is not dead—rustlers got away with $200,000 worth in North Dakota alone last year.
Cardiologist, Staten Island Hospital	Nobody but nobody can hold his hand out "perfectly still"—everybody's hand trembles.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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COLLIER'S

"I'm not worried about the draft—I have a dependent!"

BANDEL LINN

to run that press tomorrow, you're crazy!"

Earl raised both thin hands in protest. "All right, all right, I'll get a boy in."

"Get Perry in! He's your printer! You pay him! Leave your billiard game long enough to lug him out of that saloon and sober him up!"

"Oh, I haven't time," Earl said. He looked without interest at Giff, then turned and started out.

"I hope you choke on chalk dust!" the girl called angrily. "I hope you get a sliver up to your elbow. I hope—" but the slamming of the door cut her off. She turned back to the typestand then, and saw Giff. "Are you still here?" she demanded angrily.

Giff watched her a moment, then said, "Tell me something."

"No! All right what?"

"Can you whisper?"

Amazingly, then, the girl broke into laughter. She threw her head back and laughed with a wild and antic joy.

When her laughter had subsided, she said, "I had that coming, didn't I? Yes, I can whisper, but to hear me you'll have to pick a day that's not before press day and when the printer isn't drunk and the publisher isn't shooting billiards." She regarded him with friendliness. "Do me a favor, Mr. Dixon. Go over to Henty's and if our printer is standing up, turn him this way and give him a shove, will you?"

"How do I know him?"

"Black hands," she said flatly. Giff touched his hat and went out. Pausing a moment on the boardwalk to roll a cigarette, he found himself wondering about this girl. He remembered her last words before Earl's entrance. Were they a prediction, or just the flip observation of a harried girl? At any rate, he had part of the information Fiske wanted: the printer's first name was Perry, which would be Albers, and learning it had been done without rousing suspicion.

GIFF identified Henty's saloon on the corner across from the land office, and stepping out into the street, he cut through the late afternoon traffic of wagons and riders and fell in behind two punchers preceding him into the saloon.

It was a big and pleasant place, with the bar directly opposite the door. In the back were two billiard tables, and the rest of the room was reserved for a faro layout and half a dozen big poker tables. Three separate card games were in progress, and a handful of drinkers stood at the bar.

Giff went to the bar and had his drink of whisky, the first in more than a month. He could not afford it, but he also could not afford not to, for he did not want to look as *if* he were hunting anyone. In fact, he had no intention of doing the girl the favor she had requested; he simply wanted to see Albers and be able to describe him to Fiske. He was amused at his own sudden interest in this preposterous game of Fiske's.

Finished with his drink, he drifted over to a poker table and, along with another puncher, watched the game a moment. His glance roved the room.

PRESENTLY, he observed a man at a table in the front corner; he was half stretched out on the table, sleeping on his arms.

Giff moved on to another game at a table next to the corner one, approaching it so that when he turned away he would pass the corner table. Halting, he idly noted the men playing, and then his glance settled on Sebree's foreman across the table. Traff had seen him, and Giff nodded his greeting and had it returned.

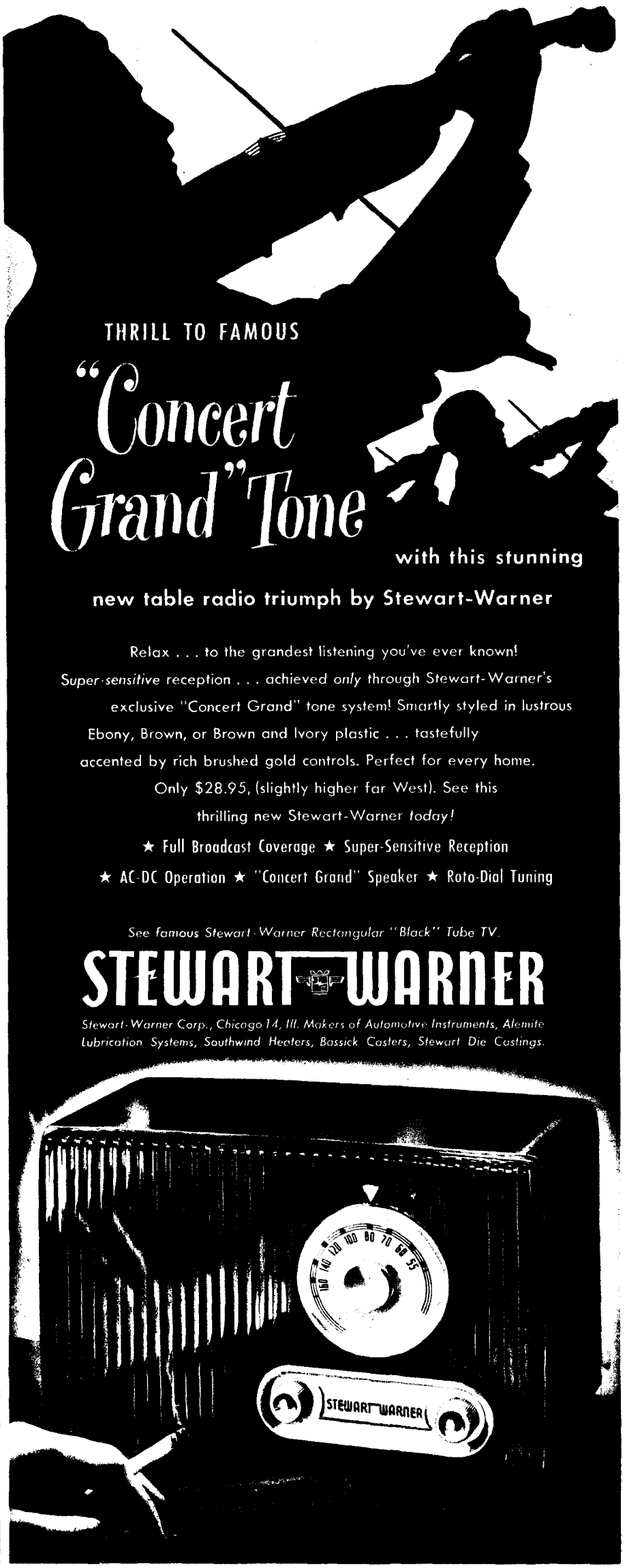
He watched Traff a moment, wondering about him. He had a broad face, with wide flaring nostrils and small eyes; his neck was short, so that his head seemed set directly on his massive shoulders and, seated, he was inches shorter than the men he was playing with. His very grossness suggested power and drive, and his every move held authority. This was the man who might be his boss.

Raising his glance now, Traff surprised Giff watching him. He nodded to an empty chair and asked, "Like to sit in?"

Giff shook his head and smiled faintly. "I've got my saddle back. I'd like to keep it."

Traff grinned. Giff watched a hand played out, then idly turned away. With seeming naturalness, he looked at the figure sprawled on the next table. There were the ink-stained hands, all right, cradling the man's head. His face, mouth open, was turned to the room, and Giff had his casual look at him on the way out.

Dusk lay over the town when he stepped into the street and the earliest lamps were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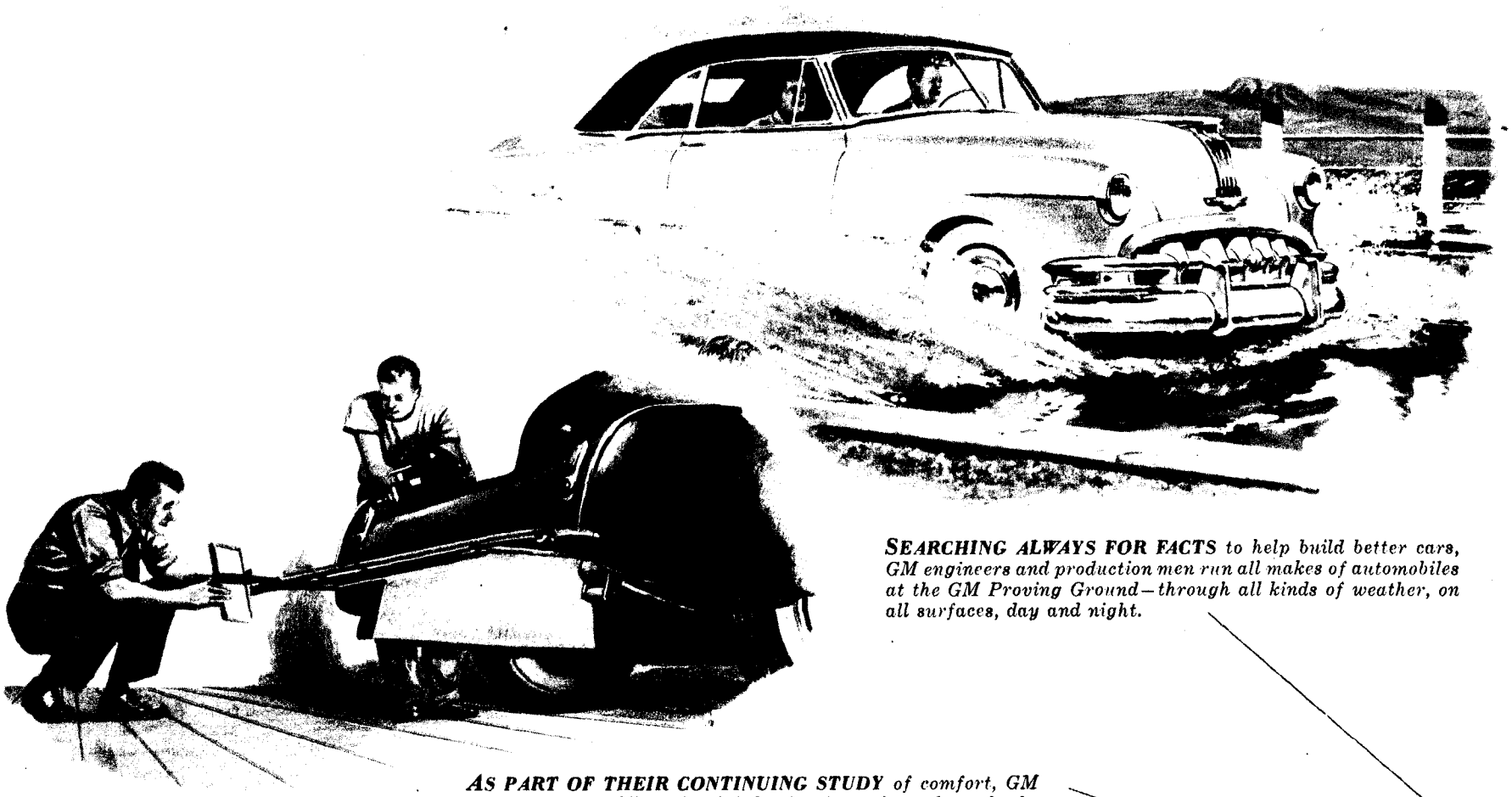

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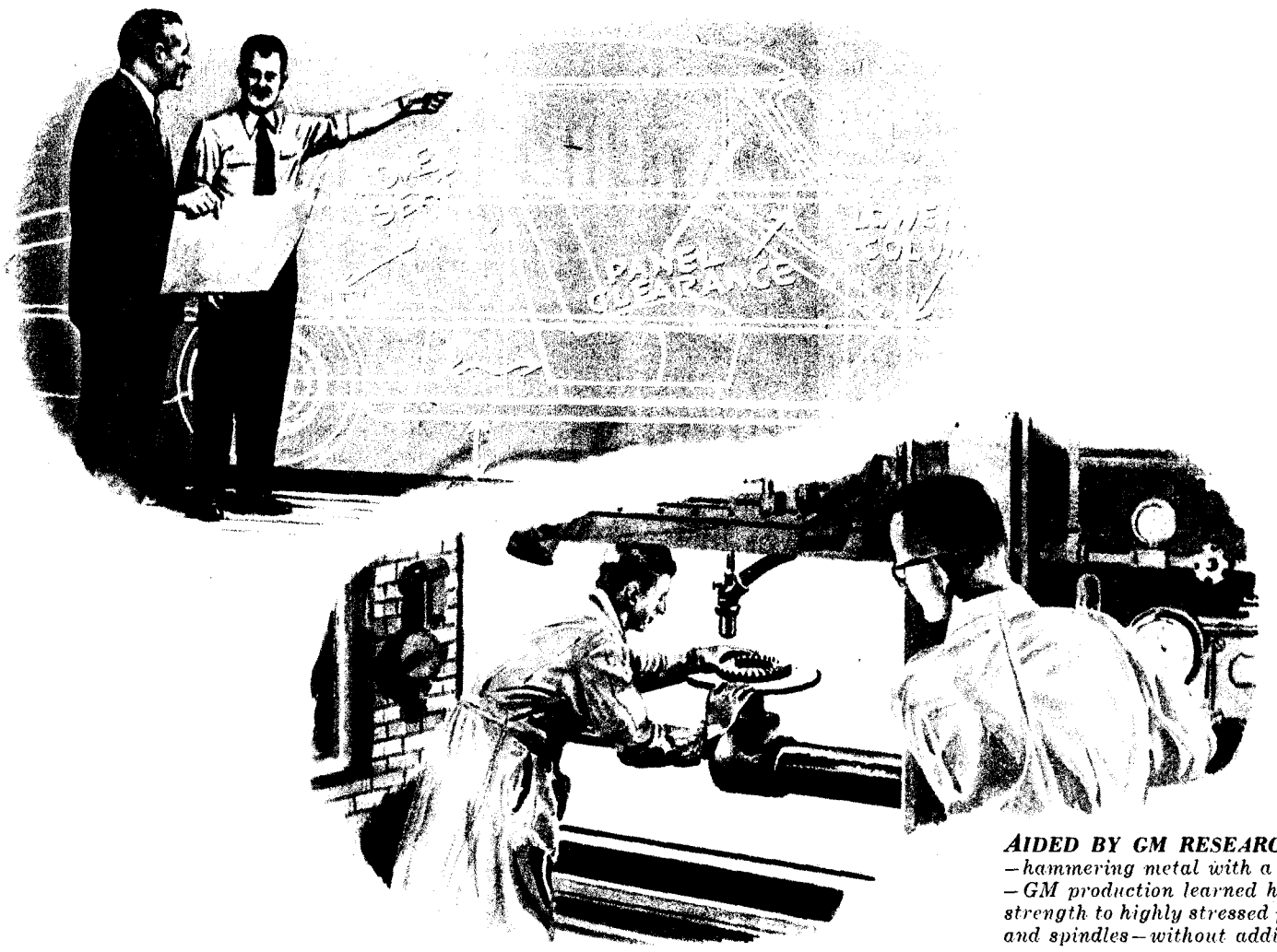

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being lighted. Giff, on his way to the hotel, paused long enough to see if Murray was in, found he wasn't, and walked on. The lobby lamps of the Territory House were already lighted, and the dining room was open.

Giff had climbed two of the steps to the second story when he stopped abruptly, thought of something, turned and came back to the desk. The elderly clerk had seen him, and came out of his chair as Giff approached the counter.

"That letter you gave me this afternoon. Who gave it to you?" Giff asked.

"Some kid."

And now he asked the question that really interested him. "Do you know a girl working in the Free Press office?"

"Mary Kincheon, sure."

Giff moved toward the stairs, turning over the name in his mind, liking the sound of it and wondering why he did.

AT HIS knock, Fiske's abrupt voice told him to come in. Fiske was sitting by the window. Giff, noting Welling's absence, swung a straight chair away from the wall, straddled it, and sat down.

"Albers works there, right enough," he reported. "Right now, he's sleeping off a jag on a corner table of Henty's saloon. The April 17th copy was missing, so I couldn't check these names." He extended the slip of paper to Fiske, who took it without comment. When Fiske held his silence, Giff rose. "That all?"

"Going to sleep in the hayloft again tonight?" Fiske asked mildly.

Giff peered at him in the dusk, and he knew Fiske was watching his face. "Hayloft?"

"While you were checking on Albers, I was checking on you," Fiske said. "Nobody knows anything about you. Murray seems to think you're all right."

When Giff didn't answer, Fiske said, "I hope you are." He rose. "Seen Welling?"

"No."

"He's leaning on the back bar of the saloon across the street. Have you already gathered that's his real career?"

"Yes."

Fiske turned away from the chair and made a slow circle of the room, his head hung thoughtfully. When the circle touched Giff, he halted. "I've got no authority and you're only a harum-scarum camp swamper, as far as I can find out. Something's happening here though, something—and we two are the only ones who can do anything about it. Feel like trying?"

"What is it?" Giff asked cautiously.

"That's none of your business. It's none of mine either, but I'm making it mine. Want to take it that way—blindfolded?"

Many things flashed through Giff's mind then—Sebree and the price he might be eager to pay for information, Mary Kincheon's warning, Fiske's description of Welling. He felt no loyalty to this barb-tongued surveyor who admitted he was snooping in business that didn't concern him. His only loyalty was to Murray, who didn't give a damn about either the agent or his surveyor. But a kind of wary curiosity nagged at him. Beyond that, he sensed the almost desperate tone in Fiske's words. What's there to lose? he thought. Too, the fact that Fiske didn't trust him—and rightly—was, upon repetition, beginning to smart.

He said tonelessly, "What do I do?"

"Get Albers up here without anyone knowing it."

Giff thought about that a moment, cautiously turning it over in his mind. That shouldn't be hard, once Albers sobered up. "All right," he said.

Fiske talked then, pointing out a way to accomplish it. Once the card players came into Henty's after supper and the tables filled, Albers would be moved. The thing to do was wait for his exit, follow him, and bring him up the backstairs fire escape. Fiske, meanwhile, would undertake to get Welling from the saloon.

"Two drunks," Giff said coldly. "What sense will they make?"

"You'll never know," Fiske countered tartly. "Just get Albers here."

They left the lobby together and parted in front of the stepping block in the new dark. Giff moved downstreet and entered Henty's saloon. The evening crowd was gathering. Without stepping up to the bar, Giff saw Albers still asleep at the corner table. Traff was still playing in his game too.

GIFF went out, crossed the street, and took up his vigil in the dark recess of the land office doorway. He did not have long to wait; within a matter of minutes he saw one of the white-aproned bartenders push open the bat-wings. He had a man by the arm, and he gently stood him up, balanced him, and then vanished into the saloon. In the light coming over the swing doors, Giff recognized Albers.

The printer lurched out to the edge of the plankwalk, caught himself, and with a careful steadiness stepped into the road and cut across it and down the side street west. Giff waited a moment, keeping him in sight, then stepped out and cut down the side street too, keeping to the walk. When Albers turned up the alley that ran behind the Free Press, Giff hurried across the street and plunged in after him.

Ahead, he could hear Albers stumbling among the cinders and could see his vague shape. He called softly, "Albers," and started to run toward him. Albers moaned softly, and he too began to run, and then he fell heavily. When he rose, Giff was beside him, and Albers struck out blindly, yelling, "No! No! I didn't, I tell you!"

Roughly, Giff pinned the man's arms, and then said through his teeth, "Stop it, you damn' fool! I'm from the land office!"

Albers stopped struggling, and Giff let him go. "Come along," Giff said. "Welling sent me for you."

At that moment, the sound of running feet came to him, and he looked back down the alley. A couple of men rounded into it, running full tilt. Albers heard them, too, and he swore bitterly, drunkenly and began to run again. Giff ran alongside him, wondering what to do, how to hide him.

Then the shot boomed savagely in the alley. It was the second one, though, that hit Albers. Giff could tell by the sound of gagging wind driven from him that the bullet had hit him in the back. He fell heavily, loosely. For only a moment, Giff paused, then ran again, the end of the alley in sight.

He pounded around the corner of the building, his foot was lifted to jump onto the boardwalk, when the thing hit him. It was as if he had run full tilt into an eight-by-eight timber; it caught him in the belly, and he had time only to see the blurred figure of a man beside him. Then he was down, gagging and retching, while the kicks and blows were rained on his head and body. Finally, mercifully, a kick in his temple seemed to explode the night into pinwheeling fire, and then he lost himself in blackness.

(To be continued next week)

"Let's not be hasty, old man. They've got fifty of them!"

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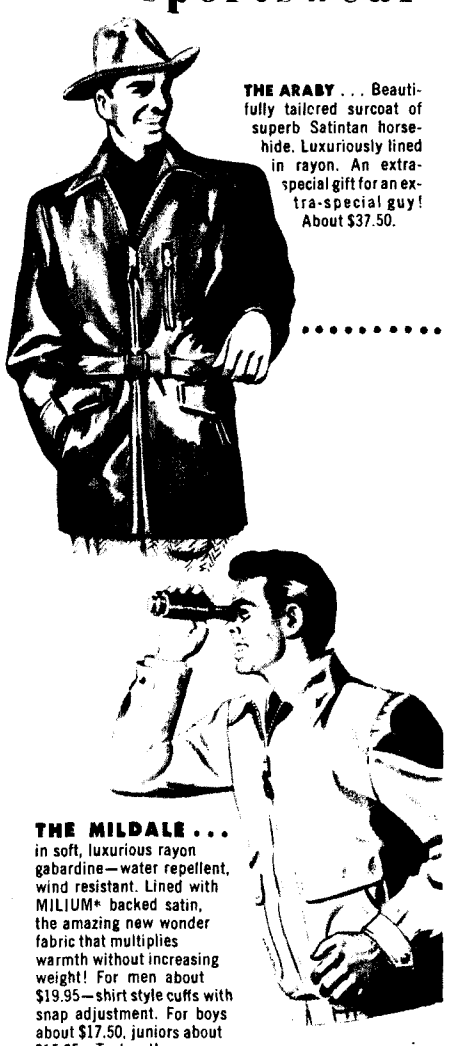

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She-Town

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

brighten things up around town. After carefully notifying his own attractive wife, Virginia, that his judicial work precluded her running for office, he enlisted his friend *Charles O'Neill (Cheese) Oden, as lieutenant*, and set to work drafting a slate of women. "We tried to get two or three of the widows around here to run," Snippy recalls, "but some were bashful. It's like you try to kiss one, she makes out like she don't want to."

Bashful widows notwithstanding, the connivers persuaded six ladies to run for the council seats, but had trouble getting a candidate for mayor. They got turndowns from several older women, and then selected Dorothy Davis. "They started putting the heat on me the Sunday before election," said Mayor Davis. "Snippy came down at seven-thirty Sunday morning, and the election was to be Tuesday. I made them read me the duties of the mayor out of the city ordinances, and said I'd run when they told me it would be all right for the council to have the trial justice try the town court cases."

Councilmen Caught Napping

The neat political plot hatched so informally caught members of the incumbent council soundly napping, and Judge Miller's snowball had gathered too much weight to be stopped when the males awakened to action. Dorothy Davis got a baby sitter and started ringing doorbells. Commonwealth's Attorney Rayner Snead joined the Snippy Miller All-Girl Campaign Committee, and Skipper Giles, a candidate for re-election to the council himself, was converted. June 13th was a hot day, but the voters trooped to the polls, and when they counted the ballots after sundown, all the women had won.

The revolution was accomplished. With the exception of discharged males, and a scattering of timid females who believed a man or two should have been put into office "for balance," the good citizens of Washington now faced the future with a zest not unlike that of spectators just before the opening curtain of a new play. Election of the women came as a real surprise, and promised excitement for the future. It appeared even more remarkable against the background of pastoral seclusion which the little mountain hamlet had presented for generations.

Normally, Washington is a sleepy, isolated community tucked neatly between Old Rag Mountain and Mount Marshall, along the Robert E. Lee Highway approach to Virginia's celebrated Skyline Drive. A minimum of 200 residents was required for the state legislature to organize the original settlement as a town, in 1796. Today, the population is 245—an increase of something less than a third of one inhabitant each year. The village lies 68 miles southwest of the capital of the United States, a metropolis invariably referred to by the saucy Miss Bowie as "that other Washington."

No railroad touches the township. A group of promoters made vague motions about bringing in a spur of the Chesapeake & Ohio some 50 years ago, but nothing came of it. Too noisy and smoky to suit the people. Passing motorists seldom notice Washington's five graceful, weathered churches, or the classic twin chimneys rising side by side at either end of its red brick colonial houses. Some days Mrs. Paul Walker serves meals at the ancient Washington House Inn on Main Street. Some days she doesn't. It depends on how she feels.

There is no drugstore; no place to buy whisky. The nearest doctor lives seven miles away.

Prior to this year's town election, residents of Washington appeared singularly unconcerned over the village's shortcomings. Life in their tiny municipality moved in a contented, leisurely current, little affected either by newfangled notions of the outside world, or changing times. Great world upheavals, like wars, infrequently drew town lads to far corners, but mostly they returned, and settled comfortably into the easy pace of living in the Virginia hills.

In summer, hollyhocks edge the green lawns of the township's cool, orderly homes and its quiet churchyards. The drowsy shrilling of tree locusts swells and dies in the August heat. Occasionally, the polite whirr of a lawn mower punctuates the pervading serenity. Uncle Ben Cliffin, a lean, chocolate figure in a straight, split-oak ladder-back chair, dozes in the broad stripe of sun slicing across his small back yard at the corner of Gay and Jett Streets.

Life in the village centers about a worn, narrow bench resting against the red brick wall of the courthouse. Snippy Miller, Commonwealth Attorney Snead, the county poet D. Lyle Miller, and other characters may usually be found here on summer days, swapping yarns and languidly talking politics. Sometimes the town clerk, Jim Settle, joins the gossipers, but mostly he plays setback inside the square brick clerk's office next to the courthouse.

Once in a while old Charlie Leyden Sisk drops by, to recite Bible quotations and complain about the scarcity of good rye grain for whisky making. "Fu'thermore," he generally adds, "it's gittin' mighty hard to find a good stream of water for the mash." Charlie always tells how he killed one man and got sent to prison, shot another getting out over the wall, and killed a third who didn't count. He says he saw the glory of the Lord when he reached the age of seventy-nine, however, and has now put aside wickedness for all time.

Washington is the county seat of Rappahannock County, a distinction captured by a single vote in a contest with the nearby village of Woodville over a century ago. A Woodville voter who had two pretty daughters, the story goes, cast the deciding ballot because he feared the corrupting influence of monthly court days, with crowds of lawyers and cityfolk attending. From the vantage point of history, it appears the good man's fears were groundless. Practically nothing sufficiently exciting either to create a disturbance or attract a big crowd has occurred in Washington since the Civil War.

The men of Washington ran the town rather casually, but nobody seemed to mind. Several times, the city councilmen neglected to hold elections for new terms, and just stayed on in office another two years. Nobody else wanted their jobs. No protests were heard when the village managers had to borrow money for the courthouse bell installed in 1835. Ultimately, folks predicted, the debt would be paid. It was—the same year. Once, depression forced the village's water system into receivership, and that didn't worry the citizens much either. Like other vicissitudes this, too, passed.

Electricity came to the Rappahannock country in 1928, to be greeted as a boon by the younger set, and accepted as inevitable and permanent by the old. A good gravity-powered water system was installed with the aid of federal money in 1935. Two years ago, the mayor and the council voted themselves a salary—$5 a month for the mayor and $2 for each councilman—which the new regime will, of course, inherit.

Most of the town expenses have been carried by taxes from the Rappahannock National Bank, of which ex-Councilman Charlie Bruce's wife, known as "Brucie," is cashier, and the local allotment of money from the sale of liquor in state-owned stores. At intervals, city councils have imposed personal property taxes, but none is now in effect. The outgoing council left about $2,200 in the treasury for the all-woman city government.

With election of the Davis lady government, Washington's traditional serenity was rudely shattered. "We intend to put this town on the map," announced Her Honor the Mayor. "Sure, the old council left $2,200 in the town treasury. They should have spent some of it." Mrs. Davis has plenty of ideas about how to cut down the town bank balance. "There ought to be a marker on the highway to Warrenton, telling everybody to take Route 211 through our town to Skyline Drive," said she. "It's the prettiest road to go by. We want to have some post cards printed. Right after the war, a lot of school children in Europe wrote to the town, asking for information, and inquiring how it got the name Washington. The men didn't even take the trouble to answer."

Dorothy is in full accord with Louise Miller Price, the peaches-and-cream widow elected to the new council. Mrs. Price served one term as the lone female council member, and knows how the males operated. "We can't do any worse," she adjudged. "We can trim the shrubbery, and clean up the courthouse yard." The mayor wants to go a good deal further, however. "We should plant some flowers," she said. "Of course, we've got to keep the weeds down. They were high as your shoulder before election. The very next day after the women won, the old council had men out cutting them down. But the men never replaced bulbs in the street lights when they burned out."

Another project of the new mayor calls for reprinting the history of Washington written some years ago by Franklin Clyde Baggarly, a descendant of early Rappahannock County settlers and onetime town attorney. Baggarly presented a mass of material to bolster his contention that George Washington surveyed the town and named its streets. Historian Douglas Freeman has been unable to find data confirming the Baggarly claim, but Mrs. Davis' faith is unshaken.

Evidence Supports the Legend

"There is no doubt in my mind that George Washington surveyed this town," she said firmly. "It says right in the journal of his survey work that they journeyed half a day in a northwesterly direction from Culpeper and laid out a town. We want to have the Baggarly history reprinted."

Civic enthusiasm of the new town managers is by no means limited to decoration and publicity. "We must get the power rate down," announced Mayor Davis with a determined shake of her head. "Front Royal gets it cheaper. Our water bills are too high. And we want to lay more sidewalks."

The new council is lined up solidly with its young executive on election promises, and stands ready to consider any other bright ideas she may have. Mrs. Price and Mrs. Acsah Miller, both fifty-five, along with Mrs. Bobbie Critzer, fifty-four, compose a steadying faction calculated to squelch any flightiness developed in the heady atmosphere of brand-new feminine power. Miss Ruby Jenkins, who is thirty, has been secretary to the county agricultural agent for some years, and is known as one of the solidest citizens in town.

Miss Elizabeth Racer, a twenty-eight-year-old strawberry blonde wearing a look of perpetual surprise, and raven-haired Mrs. Dorothy Hawkins, a twenty-four-year-old Hollywood type, are the new council's youngsters. Both were delighted at their election, and a little bewildered. "I think it's just fine," said the pink-haired Miss Racer, interviewed in her beauty salon adjoining Marion Gray Watts's barbershop.

"We're sure going to do our best," promised the youthful Mrs. Hawkins.

Whatever the outcome of their novel experiment in city government, Washington's residents look forward to 23 lively months under the ladies. As Commonwealth Attorney Snead said, "We expect the girls to do a wonderful job. If they don't, we can always throw them out." THE END

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The Bing Who Doesn't Sing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

career awaited him outside Germany. At thirty-one, he had amassed considerable experience of German and Austrian opera houses and had won a modest reputation as a man of musical judgment. He was like a good baseball scout, who knows where top-notch talent is available and has a pretty fair idea what it will cost. He went back to Vienna, had a brief and none-too-successful whirl at managing a small opera house in Teplice-Šanov, Czechoslovakia, and then sat back and waited for something to happen. It did.

An Englishman named John Christie had built a private, 600-seat opera house at Glyndebourne, his lovely Sussex country home, and decided to stage a Mozart festival. He had some British singers (as well as Australian John Brownlee, now one of the stalwarts of the Metropolitan) and wanted an ensemble of Continental artists to go with them. Someone told him that Bing was the man to find the new singers.

Working for Glyndebourne, Bing collected singers of 11 nationalities, from Austrian to Finnish, and shipped them off to Christie. Then he got curious. "I thought I'd go there and have a look at it," he says. "I had been to England once before, but only for a few days. This time I went to England for two weeks, and stayed 15 years." The reason for his long stay was that in 1935, Glyndebourne's second year, he was appointed general manager.

Good Voices Weren't Enough

Glyndebourne operated on a system different from any other opera house. It demanded singers who could not only sing but who also looked well on a stage, which is rare in opera, and who were willing to work as a team, which is rarer still. Bing's company of many nations soon became known as the best Mozart troupe in the world. Their full-length recordings of three Mozart operas, completed before the war, are sometimes considered the finest opera recordings ever made.

Like many other good things in England, Glyndebourne fell victim to the war. Bing was left not only without a job, but without any national status. He had applied for British citizenship in 1939, after passing through the five-year period of residence required by law, and was scheduled for his interview—one of the necessary formalities—on the very day that war broke out and put a temporary end to all naturalization. He didn't even have any foreign papers, because when Hitler seized Austria in 1938 and ordered all Austrian citizens abroad to turn in their passports for those issued by the Nazis, Bing resolutely declined to do so. Like most people in England, he spent the next few years doing fire-watching and dodging bombs—important occupations, but not financially remunerative.

Eventually he went to work in a department store belonging to one of England's largest chains. Bing's first job there was as coupon clerk. He sat behind a table and gave bewildered customers information about clothing rationing. He performed this humble task for a month, and then—to his surprise, he says—was made assistant to the sales director of the entire organization.

"I didn't have the foggiest idea of what it was all about," Bing recalls, "but I struggled along a year and was made manager of one store. I hated every minute of it, but there was one thing I did enjoy—the ladies' hairdressing department. Its atmosphere of irrational hysterics reminded me of opera. I made quite a lot more money at the department store than I ever had before, and if I had remained there I probably would have been a frightfully successful draper by now."

Bing had a long-term contract with the chain but received a release when Glyndebourne began stirring in 1944. This time he had a new idea. The Salzburg Festival in Austria, until the war the foremost musical event in the world, had first been turned into a Nazi adjunct and later knocked out altogether by the war.

It was beginning to revive slowly, and Bing saw no reason why a completely new festival in Great Britain—built around the Glyndebourne Opera—shouldn't challenge the Austrian show.

Bing wasn't the only one who built the Edinburgh Festival, but he was the power behind it—and its first artistic director. Not many people gave him a chance to succeed, but he got the city of Edinburgh, the Arts Council of Great Britain and a group of thrifty Scottish merchants to put up £60,000 for the risky venture. Besides the operatic productions by the Glyndebourne company, symphonic concerts, chamber music recitals, plays and movies, Edinburgh also offered bagpipe parades, Highland flings, and street dancing in the lovely gar-

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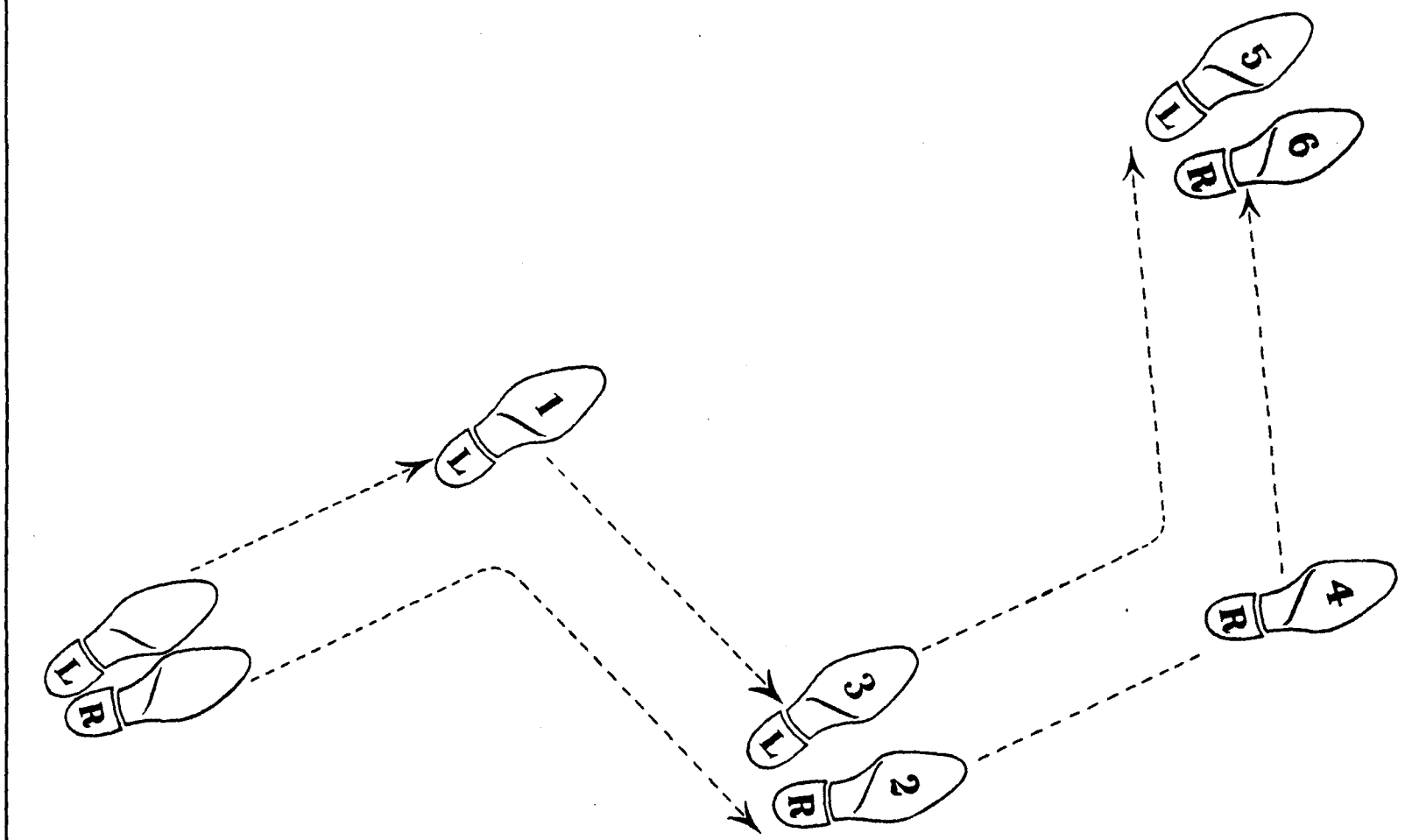

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dens below floodlighted Edinburgh Castle. In four short years, the festival was being referred to as the equal of Salzburg; it now plays to 200,000 spectators a season. (Sir Thomas Beecham, Britain's foremost conductor, said in 1948 that the Scots were "damned fools to throw away £60,000 on a festival." A year later, one of the principal conductors at Edinburgh was the same Sir Thomas Beecham.) Confronted with one of the finest spectacles of its kind in all Europe, people in musical circles began to talk about the lanky English impresario with the funny name.

Bing first visited this country in 1939, to talk over the possibilities of bringing the Glyndebourne Opera to the New York World's Fair. Nothing came of this interesting idea, but in March, 1949, Bing made a second trip, once again with the hope of importing the Glyndebourne troupe. His second day in New York, Bing paid a courtesy call on Edward Johnson, manager of the Met, who had been a visitor at Glyndebourne before the war. Johnson invited Bing to join him in his box the following Monday to see Mozart's Marriage of Figaro—and to meet some members of the board of directors. Bing, with no idea of what was in the wind, agreed. After the last act, Johnson took him back to his office and said, "How would you like to be my successor?"

Until then, Bing hadn't even been aware that Johnson was about to retire after 15 years of running the Met. The directors had been conferring for months trying to agree on a successor. Bing's name had entered the sweepstakes because of his reputation at Glyndebourne, because he knew singers, and because he was a comparatively young man with his future ahead of him.

Bing and Johnson talked it over the next day, and decided to let the situation rest a while. Bing flew back to England, but a short time later the Met asked him to come over again for some more discussions.

Too Soon to Answer Questions

"I was handed around from one director to another and asked a lot of questions I couldn't answer" is the way Bing describes his activities of the next few days. The directors' questions always boiled down to "What will your policy be?" and Bing's invariable response was: "I haven't the faintest idea. How can I tell until I know more about it?"

About this time, the directors began to get worried lest some word of their negotiations with Bing get into print prematurely. George A. Sloan, chairman of the Met's board of directors, telephoned Bing at his Fifth Avenue hotel and said to him:

"Look here, Mr. Bing, if this should go through and we want to announce your appointment we must have some photographs of you. But if you went under your own name, it might leak out and some smart newspaperman might put two and two together. Tomorrow I want you to have your picture taken under a false name." Both the pictures and the bill were sent to a third party serving as intermediary.

That elaborately disguised picture-taking, says Bing, was the one development in his negotiations with the Met that never did leak out. A few weeks later, the directors decided that Bing was their man, and the picture went out to the newspapers.

Bing sat out his first season at the Metropolitan as heir apparent. He stayed on the side lines, listening carefully to virtually every performance, keeping a sharp eye on everybody from singers to stagehands. It was something like being a scout back in Vienna and Berlin, except that this time he was mentally weighing the squad he would manage next season.

Except for a few trips to hear opera singers in other cities, Bing spent the entire season wandering up and down the rambling Met building, watching the stagehands move scenery, climbing back stairways to listen to singers going over the fine points of their roles in little studio rooms, peering into the Met's score library, and boning up on the complicated union regulations that make treating with Metropolitan artists and workers such a delicate job. People who tried to draw him out about his impressions and plans before he was ready to discuss them met a polite but firm rebuff.

One reporter found him standing in a corridor outside a rehearsal studio where a soprano was having a little trouble with an aria and asked him what he was doing there.

"Merely looking around," said Bing.

"Have you seen anything yet?" asked the reporter, reaching for his pencil.

"I'm blind."

"Deaf, too?" asked the reporter, gesturing toward the rehearsal room.

"Yes," replied Bing, eying the reporter's pencil, "—and particularly dumb."

A few months later, when Bing had taken over active direction of the house, he was ready to outline an operatic philosophy. Pacing nervously around his office, balancing a paperweight between his thumb and forefinger, he said: "My purpose in general is to try to put the dramatic and visual aspects of operatic performances on the same level as the musical aspects. This requires very profound changes in the approach in many ways. It requires close collaboration of conductor, stage director and designer, who ought to and must be of equal standing."

Although it would be an exaggeration to describe Bing's plans for the Metropolitan as revolutionary, there is no question that the ancient house is in for an artistic and financial face lifting. For one thing, Bing means to cut the high-society aspect to a minimum, and he and his advisers have had long and earnest consultations about such matters as keeping the refreshment bar tightly closed while the curtain is up, and shutting the doors to latecomers until the end of the first act.

But even more important to the future of the Met is Bing's concept of a full-time, full-strength operatic team, with all singers constantly on call and their profitable outside activities consequently held to a minimum. He will refuse to permit a singer to make a few appearances at the Met to obtain use of the "Metropolitan Opera Association" label and then spend the rest of the season capitalizing on it in concert and radio appearances.

Furthermore, Bing's idea of Broadway-directed and Broadway-staged operatic productions is something new for the Metropolitan. Bing was secretly horrified at some of the casual productions he saw during his season as an observer at the Met, where wigs have a habit of coming loose at critical moments and the scenery sways gently in the breezes of Seventh Avenue. Bing feels that by cutting down the repertory and concentrating on a comparatively few operas he can restore some of the Met's faded scenic grandeur.

He also believes that lively, down-to-earth productions such as Johann Strauss's Die Fledermaus (which, to the horror of New York's music critics, has been scheduled for twelve performances in a saucy new English version) can attract audiences which hitherto have regarded opera as strictly long-hair. That is why he has hired such Broadway figures as Margaret Webster and Garson Kanin, and made overtures to Danny Kaye, the comedian.

Fat Soprano Was Rejected

Bing also holds to the philosophy that opera singers must be looked at as well as listened to. He has already rejected one of Europe's most famous sopranos for the compelling reason that she weighs more than 200 pounds. John Gutman, one of Bing's artistic assistants, jokingly describes the new administration's division of labor this way: "Bing examines the voices, I look over the physique. Our philosophy is that everyone can sing, but there are so many ugly women."

Artistically, Bing says his policy is to find "the right person for the right part." That is his basic explanation for rehiring Miss Flagstad, the world's outstanding Wagnerian soprano, despite the fact that her appearances may bring pickets as well as standees to the Met. Incidentally, Bing last spring gave himself a preview of the picketing problem by attending a Flagstad concert at Carnegie Hall. One of the Metropolitan's directors learned to his horror the next day that a grinning Bing had marched with the pickets for about five minutes.

"I just wanted to hear what they were saying," Bing explained. "We will hear the same thing outside the opera house this fall, you know."

Where he can, Bing intends to combine business and art. The business aspect of the Metropolitan opera is a dismal one. In 1947-'48, a typical season, the association ran over $200,000 into the red, despite consistently good crowds. By trimming the number of productions given each season from between 25 and 30 to 22, Bing hopes to achieve two ends: better performances resulting from a concentration of talent and energy—and lower expenses, since it obviously costs less to give five performances of the same opera than five performances of five different operas.

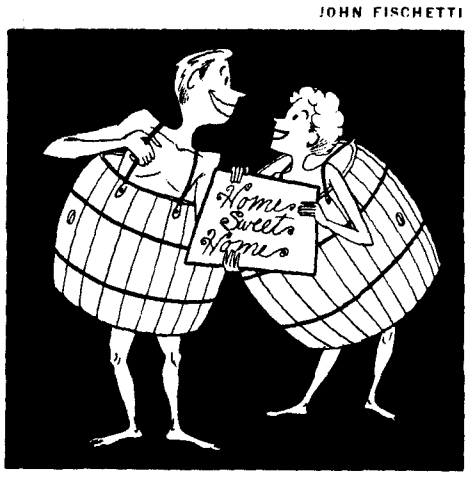
Many experts think Bing is making a mistake in cutting down the repertory. He admits he could be wrong ("Who am I not to make mistakes?" he once asked an interviewer) but he believes that the small repertory will be a shot in the arm both on the stage and at the Metropolitan's box office.

With a long-term contract running through 1953, Bing figures he can conduct a few artistic experiments —always with an eye fixed on the treasurer's till. For this nervous, ascetic-looking veteran of the European cultural and business world knows that lack of money is the one operatic evil that cannot be escaped by ignoring it.

Bing's secretary very accurately summed up the change that has come over the Met when, last summer while he was in Europe scouting singers, she commented to a visitor that she hadn't received a card from her boss yet—and then added reflectively, "He's awfully easy to get along with, but he isn't the post-card type. With him, it's strictly business."

THE END

JOHN FISCHETTI



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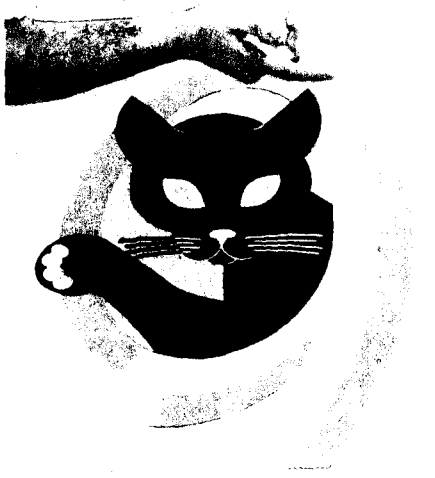

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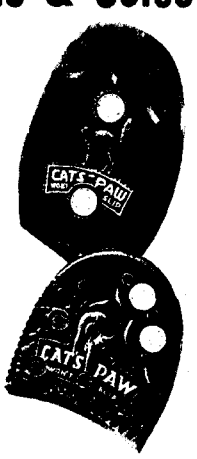

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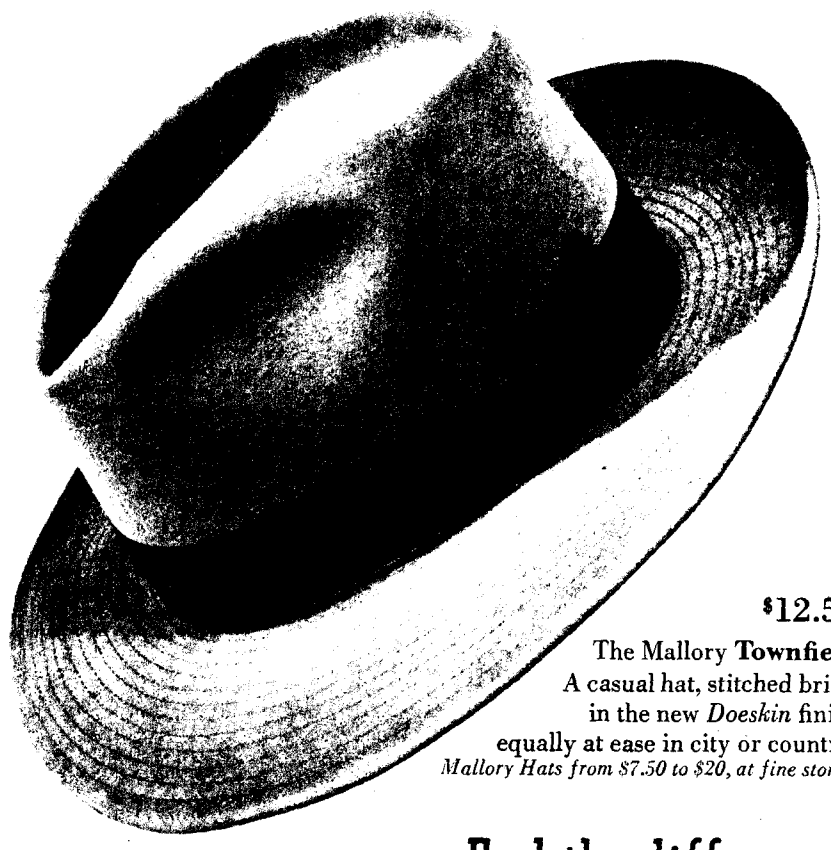

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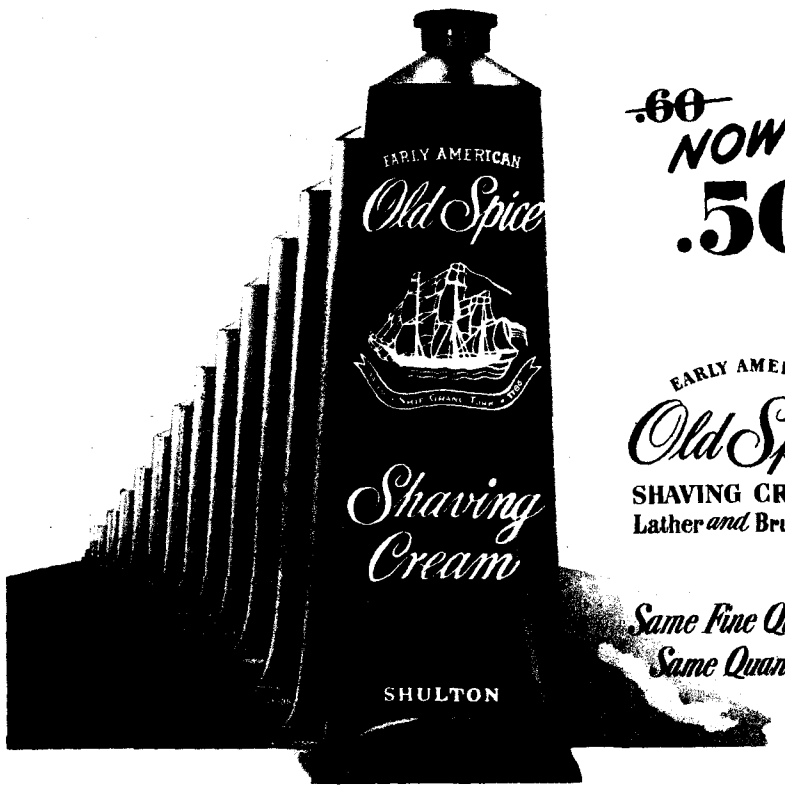

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SHULTON
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Another Galloping Ghost at Illinois

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

contact, Johnny went utterly limp. Consequently, Wilson was braced for a shock that never came. His momentum carried him forward and off balance and Johnny simply climbed out of his arms as he went down. It was like one of those scenes in a slapstick comedy when somebody tries to break down a door—then goes sprawling when the door is opened unexpectedly."

Of course, it would be difficult to advance a single reason why Karras should not be loose and relaxed—on and off the field. Johnny's athletic future offers little cause for worriment, and he certainly has no pressing financial or academic problems. At a conservative estimate, he enjoys a net income of $125 per month for campus use after all living expenses are paid.

A portion of this affluence is due to Johnny's foresight. Reporting to Illinois in the fall of 1946, he discovered that an eighteen-year-old freshman was not going to have much opportunity to play football in competition with the war veterans on Eliot's powerful squad.

"Freshmen were eligible for the varsity that year," Karras remembers, "but I would have had to beat out Buddy Young and Paul Patterson to make the first club. I didn't even bother to register for classes—just went on back home and enlisted in the Army. It looked like I might be drafted anyway, so I decided to get it over with."

With the Army in Japan

Karras spent 18 months in the army—14 of them on occupation duty in Japan. His military advancement was not spectacular, although he rose from the rank of private to private first class in the MPs, and earned All-Japan rating for his halfback accomplishments in the occupation football league.

The occupation soldiering qualified Johnny for a $75 monthly educational allotment from the Veterans Administration, and the university also proffered a $50-a-month job in the gymnasium, which Johnny has been working at ever since. "It's a pretty good job," he admits. "You get a dollar an hour for a maximum of 50 hours for handing out equipment to the phys-ed students. When things quiet down, you can take a basketball and shoot baskets."

For a few weeks, Johnny had to pay for his food and lodging out of income, but this drain on his finances was eliminated when he was pledged to the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity. The SAEs have been picking up the tab for Johnny's room and board ever since—a courtesy extended to prominent football players on many a campus.

With a $75 government allotment and a $50 university subsidy rolling in every month, plus an allowance check from home, it is understandable why Karras is considered a veritable tycoon in campus financial circles. At dinner the evening before the Ohio State game, one of Johnny's backfield colleagues asked, "What's wrong with Karras? He looks worried."

"U.S. Steel," another back explained in a hushed voice, "is off one and five eighths."

Economics of Campus Dating

Despite all this affluence, Karras lives simply and conservatively. He shares a two-room suite with a fraternity brother; limits his wardrobe to three suits, ranging in price from $42.50 to $65 each; and mails his laundry home. He dates two or three times a month and usually confines these social ventures to a movie and a visit to a campus hamburger hangout. "When you spend $5 on a campus date," Johnny comments, "you're really living."

Karras is not quite as solvent academically as financially, but he is always unimpeachably eligible—and that's what counts. He is taking the Physical Education course, which does not impose insurmountable obstacles to a student with Karras' proficient athletic background.

For example, in freshman year, Johnny was confronted with an academic schedule which listed Anatomy, Rhetoric, Beginning Football, Beginning Basketball, and Health. Johnny, who has never been ill a day in his life, breezed through Health, and had little difficulty grasping the fundamentals of Beginning Football and Beginning Basketball, which is understandable, inasmuch as he learned enough about both of these activities in high school to elicit 34 scholarship offers from various colleges.

As a freshman, Johnny averaged 3.8 in a rating system which lists 5.0 as a perfect grade. However, the grind began to tell in his sophomore year, when Johnny encountered Psychology, Safety, Rhetoric, Gymnastics, and Indoor and Outdoor Recreation. He flunked Psychology during the first semester, but managed to make up this deficiency during the next term.

Unfortunately, not all of Karras' teammates were able to keep pace with his

COLLIER'S **"With all the deductions they take out now, there's no money in payroll jobs any more"** JACK MENDELSOHN

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scholastic progress. Ronnie Clark, the varsity right halfback who also is attempting to sweat out a phys-ed diploma, found himself in a highly ineligible scholastic condition last June. Consequently, Ronnie was ordered back to summer school on the Champaign campus to study Pottery and Safety Driving in an effort to qualify for his football chores this fall.

Clark was not particularly happy about this extra academic duty, but the situation was ideal for Karras, who also spent the summer in Champaign working for a construction company. At odd moments, when Clark was not slaving away over a hot kiln, or steering his dual-control auto through downtown traffic, Karras took him out behind the fraternity house for football exercises. Karras was the pitcher and Clark the catcher in these drills. At summer's end, Karras had improved 100 per cent; or, as Clark phrased it, "You've gotten to the point where you're almost mediocre."

Admittedly, Karras' passing could stand improvement. Last fall, Johnny attempted six passes and completed only one. This solitary completion was accomplished against Wisconsin under extremely fortunate circumstances. Johnny's target was Tony Klimek, the left end. However, just as Johnny threw, a Wisconsin guard bumped his arm and the ball sailed straight to Walt Kersulis, the right end.

Eliot paid proper tribute to this masterful bit of deception. "That was the only play I've ever seen," the coach told Karras, "which completely fooled all 22 men on the field."

The passing sessions with Clark were Eliot's idea. At the start of spring training last March, Eliot presented Karras with a football and instructions to throw it at somebody for at least one hour every day until fall.

"Johnny," Eliot explained, "your most effective running play is a wide sweep around left end. Last season—when word got around that you couldn't throw—the defensive backs started coming up fast to meet you near the line of scrimmage. If you can learn to pass on the run, you'll be able to throw a few touchdowns over those halfbacks—drive them deep, where they belong. Then, after you've driven them back, you'll get off to a better start on your running plays."

That made sense to Karras. So did another idea he'd been considering. "Coach," he said, "you ought to play me on defense, too. I ought to be able to intercept a few passes—and every time I intercept there's a chance for me to go all the way."

"Johnny," Eliot replied bluntly, "I'd like to play you on defense, but you can't tackle well enough. They'd run two touchdowns past you for every pass you'd intercept."

"In that case," Johnny Karras decided, "I'll learn how to tackle."

Tough Lessons in Tackling

During the first two weeks of spring training, Karras worked on his tackling under the crunching supervision of assistant coach Burt Ingwersen, an ex-Chicago Bear guard. One afternoon, with three scrimmages going on, Eliot heard a loud R-U-U-M-M-P from the other end of the field.

Recalling the incident recently, Eliot said, "You don't have to see a good tackle. You can hear it. I yelled, 'Who did that?' and Ingwersen yelled back, 'Karras.' I knew right then that we'd have to use Karras on defense in 1950."

Eliot realized there was little likelihood that extra defensive work would detract from Karras' offensive efficiency. Johnny doesn't tire easily and he can stand up to punishment. Despite the freak heel bruise he played with all during the 1949 season and which cleared up completely with proper rest last winter, not once did Johnny request a time out, even though he carried the brunt of the Illini attack and was the victim of some exceedingly rugged tackles.

Ingwersen, who once attempted to correct Karras' unorthodox straight-arm technique, can testify to Johnny's toughness.

"Johnny," Burt said, "you ought to punch tacklers on the helmet instead of hacking at their arms."

"I know," Karras admitted, "but my way seems to work. After all, they're trying to tackle me with their arms—not their heads."

"They can grab your arm and pull you down," Ingwersen argued.

"Try it," Karras suggested.

Ingwersen lunged forward. *Whack!* Karras' right arm slashed down across his hands. Ingwersen made no immediate comment. He flexed his tingling wrists cautiously; then, he said, "Okay, Johnny, do it your way."

Later, Ingwersen confided to Ray Eliot, "That kid's really got an arm. I thought he hit me with a crowbar."

Father Was a White Sox Fan

Johnny comes from sturdy stock. His father, the late James Karras, was a Greek farmer who emigrated to the United States in 1912 and found employment in the starchworks at Argo, a suburb on the southwest side of Chicago. When Johnny was born in 1929, Karras, Sr., had become an enthusiastic baseball fan; so enthusiastic, in fact, that he made up his mind Johnny was going to be a left-handed pitcher for the Chicago White Sox.

This complicated matters somewhat because Johnny was right-handed. When Johnny was six, he started to school and had a difficult time learning to write right-handed while undergoing left-handed baseball instruction from his father. Eventually, Johnny developed into a powerful southpaw baseball thrower, but his current forward passing difficulties may be due to the fact that he isn't a natural southpaw.

When Johnny entered Argo High School, he was curiously ambidextrous. He threw baseballs, footballs and basketballs left-handed, but he kicked footballs with his right foot, and he batted baseballs from the right side of the plate; moreover, he performed all of these functions with considerable skill.

In his senior year, he won All-State honors as a football halfback, and All-League ranking in Chicago's South Suburban circuit as a basketball forward and a baseball first baseman. These activities took so much of his time he was unable to perform on the track team. However, after the baseball season was over, he worked out with the track squad for five days and then climaxed his prep career by winning the state championship in the 440-yard dash.

Despite the brilliance of Karras' past performances, there is a strong feeling among smart football men that Johnny's greatest days are ahead of him.

During the College All-Star game festivities in Chicago last August, a group of top-flight sports writers and broadcasters got together to discuss probable 1950 developments. Harry Wismer, ABC's ace sportscaster, asked: "I wonder how good this kid Karras really is?"

A gray-haired fellow with a slight paunch said, "Maybe I can answer that, Harry. I broadcast five Illinois games last fall. Karras isn't merely good—he's terrific. He's got instinct. He knows just when to cut—when to go outside for that extra yardage. You can't coach that instinct into a boy. He's got it or he hasn't.

"Another thing," the gray-haired man added, "Karras worked for a team last year that won only three games and had the worst *passing* attack in the Big Ten. Every time Karras took off, he was running against a defense packed to stop running plays.

"This fall," the man concluded, "the Illini have a couple of T-formation quarterbacks who throw that ball pretty good. If they can keep the opposing defenses opened up, watch Karras! He's going to be the best there is."

"Well," Wismer said, "you ought to know."

The gray-haired man with the slight paunch was Red Grange. THE END

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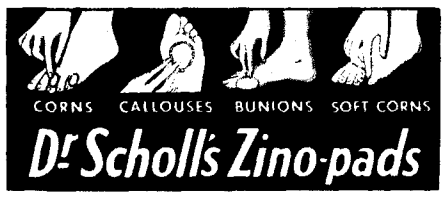

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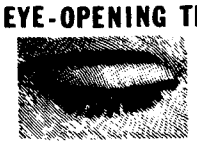

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Most Guys Rake Leaves on Saturday

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

the phone. "The name is Julie," she said. "She was very co-operative. At nine o'clock tonight she's going to develop a sick headache. She'll ask Baby to take her back to the sorority. At that point when Baby departs, someone else steps out of the shrubbery and takes her places. They're seen together and Baby gets fighting mad and explodes on Saturday. At least that's the theory. Whom do you suggest?"

"This is a small squad," I said. "Baby is twice as big as any man I have. He could break a guy in half and then where is my team? I haven't a man I dare sacrifice."

"I'd thought of that," Miss Fletcher said. She looked thoughtfully at me. "You'd better change your shirt. It's frayed a little."

"So am I," I said. "This is crazy, Miss Fletcher."

"Well," she said, "it was just an idea. Of course maybe you are a little elderly to be dating a coed—"

THAT decided me. "If this works," I said, "if we win Saturday, I'll take you to the Union ball." I went upstairs and changed the shirt. I brooded in my room until ten of nine, then walked over to the sorority and planted myself behind a tree, feeling foolish.

At nine five, Baby and his date came up the walk. They paused under the light on the porch and I heard Baby mutter sympathetic words about her headache. Then he kissed her good night and I could hear him all the way over to my tree. Baby lumbered off and when he passed out of sight I came out of the woods. The girl was still standing on the porch. I scraped a leaf and two acorns out of my collar and stepped up beside her.

"Hello," she said.

I felt like I'd felt before the first game I'd ever played in college. I felt like I'd felt that last minute before I'd stepped on the field in the Rose Bowl game years before. No stomach. I'd left it over by the tree somewhere.

She was blond. About five feet eight. The way she wore clothes they simply decorated her figure. I stammered hello and dropped my hat although in my day I'd become acquainted with a good many sorority front porches.

I managed to find my chapeau and straighten up again. "Would you like to call a cab?" I said.

"I don't mind walking," she said, and offered me an arm. I took it tenderly and started down the walk. I had thought that we'd just talk a little about Baby and that would be the end of it. Now I had no use for Babacawicz on or off the gridiron. When I thought of the big lug kissing her I wanted to strangle him.

We walked downtown to a campus night spot where they sold beer. I had a beer and Julie ordered ginger ale.

"Does Baby ever talk about football?" I said.

"He's been trying to explain a first down to me," Julie said. "He doesn't explain it very well." Her blue eyes were enormous. It was going to be a pleasure to tutor the girl.

"That's Baby for you," I said. "It's very simple. You see the offensive team—that's the team with the ball—has four chances to make ten yards or give up the ball."

Julie's brow wrinkled prettily. It was very affecting.

"Sometimes they kick," she said.

"Well, sure," I said. "The reason they kick is because they didn't make the ten yards by the third chance and they're afraid to take a chance of not making it on the fourth chance so they kick the ball."

Julie put one finger to her cheek. It was a very touching gesture. "Sometimes they kick as soon as they get the ball," she said. "It seems so silly."

I took a deep breath. "That's called a quick kick," I said. "They're trying to surprise the defensive team by kicking the ball over their heads and—"

"Is that fair?" Julie said.

I took another deep breath. "Why do we bother talking about football?" I said. "Let's talk about you."

She was nineteen. She had taken five years to get through high school. Probably some high-school teacher hadn't wanted to let her get away from him. She hadn't really wanted to go to college but her father had insisted.

"Daddy said if I stayed home," Julie said, "I might marry some poolroom bum. This way he said it'll at least be a college man."

Julie got hungry and we went somewhere else for hamburgers and coffee. When we had finally floated on air back to the sorority the front door was locked.

"That's funny," Julie said, "the door's never locked. Oh, my goodness, what time is it?"

"Ten minutes after twelve," I said, maneuvering into position to kiss her good night.

"Curfew's at eleven o'clock," she said. "We'll have to wake the house mother." She rang the bell and the kiss lasted until we heard the lock turning in the door.

The door opened four inches, and I had a glimpse of a battle-ax in a night robe and hair in curlers. It was enough to frighten a man into staying single the rest of his life, but I told myself Julie would never look like that.

"I'll have to report this," she snapped.

Julie went inside, the lock shot home, and I turned and ambled back to the rooming house humming a tune from my own college era. I was starting up the stairs when I was hailed from the rear of the house. Miss Fletcher was sitting at the kitchen table.

"Coffee?" she said. "How did it work out?" She took another look at me. "Don't tell me," she said.

I got out my handkerchief and removed the lipstick. "Be careful how jealous you make Baby," she said. "The team needs a live coach."

"We have to win this Saturday," I said. "It's vital. I think I'm going to have to support a wife. What will happen if I'm fired? All I know is football. I'll polish up my gold All-America football and hang it on my watch chain. Maybe some of my old admirers will buy life insurance from me."

"They're probably too old to pass the exam," Miss Fletcher said and put her coffee cup down hard in the saucer.

"I don't date back that far," I protested.

"Julie doesn't, that's sure," said Miss Fletcher.

"She's nineteen," I said. "I'm only thirty-two. And in many ways Julie is more mature than girls her age."

"Most girls of nineteen are fully developed," she said coldly.

She started toward the stairs, forgetting to pour my coffee, when I noticed the second cup on the table. She saw my stare.

"Baby had coffee with me," she said. "He unburdened his soul to me, Baby did. In the first place he prefers to be called Harold. He says Baby is a hell of a name for a football player."

"Well, he's a hell of a football player," I said.

"Once he lost his temper," Miss Fletcher said. "In a high-school game. He hit a field judge, I think he said it was. Just once and broke his jaw in three places. He says a man as big and strong as he is has to be careful. Maybe you'd better be careful."

She went upstairs and I followed her and put my ear to Baby's door. I could hear him snoring away peacefully and I felt very guilty but I loved his girl.

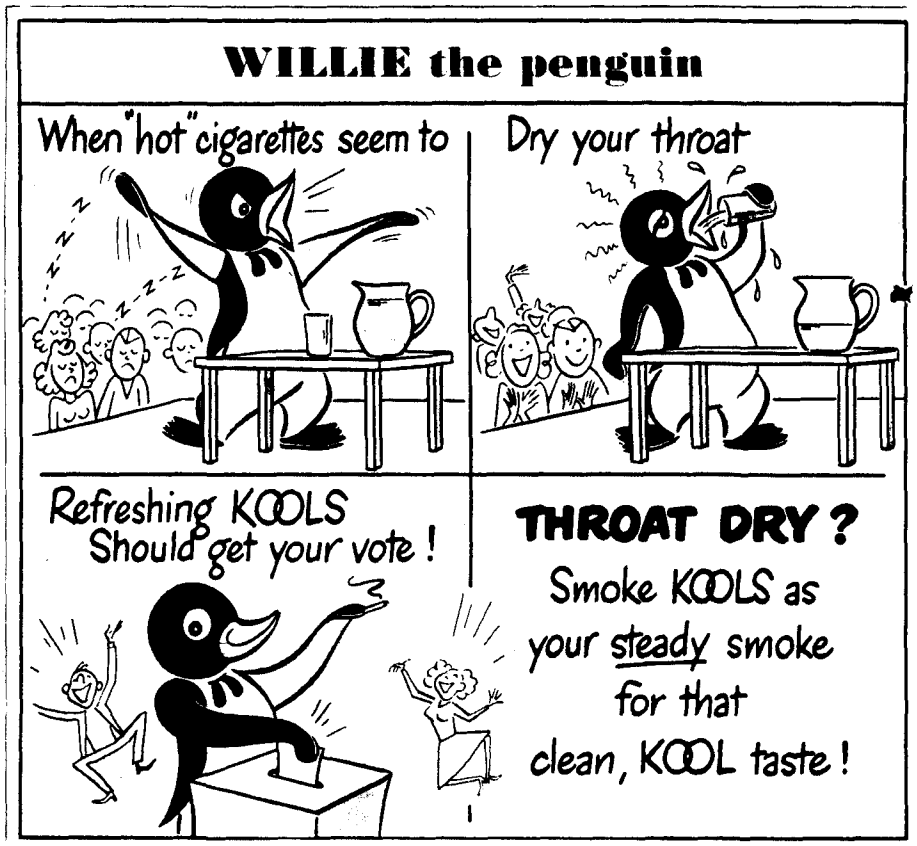
I DIDN'T see Baby the next morning, the day before the big Home-coming game with our traditional rival, Updyke. Purposely I avoided him until I walked in the locker room. By then the word had got around that I had dated his girl. I stepped into the locker room and held my breath, waiting for Baby to charge me, his eyes bloodshot and smoke pouring from his nostrils, a rampaging raging Baby.

Baby was sitting on a bench, undressed, his legs crossed, looking dreamily at his big toe. He wiggled it once or twice, then glanced up and saw me. Most of the squad were in on the deal; they waited tensely.

"Hiya, Coach," Baby said in a faraway voice. He gave me a big smile, then went back to staring at his toes.

Maybe he hadn't heard about it, I thought. I sent the team through signal practice and tried to build up their morale, which was practically underground along with mine. It was tough on those kids to lose Saturday after Saturday, to be a joke team.

Baby moved through practice like a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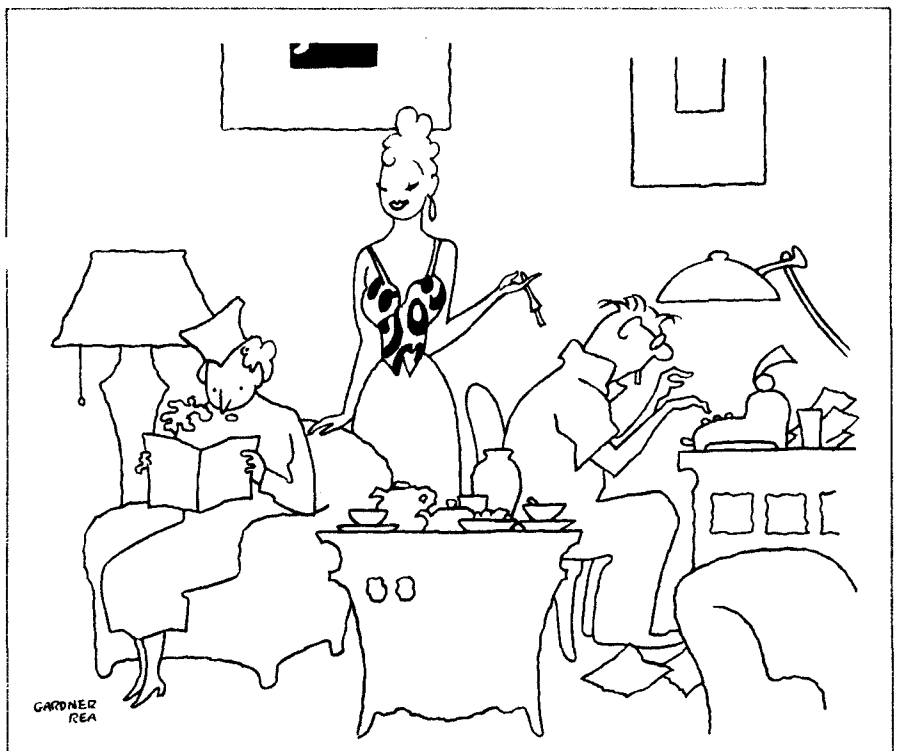

COLLIER'S **"It started out as a novel, and ended up as a paragraph. Anyway, five bucks is five bucks"** GARDNER REA

dream walking. When it was over and we were back in the lockers I decided to use the direct approach. I went up to Baby.

"You seeing Julie tonight?" I asked.

"Not tonight," Baby said. "She's confined to her sorority by order of the Dean of Women."

"You mean she has something contagious?" I said, looking at the wall mirror to see if I was breaking out in spots.

"She broke curfew last night," Baby said. "I took her home early with a headache." His blue eyes looked guilelessly into mine. "Somebody else took her out."

I let him have it. "Baby," I said, "I took her out."

"Sure," Baby said, "it's all over the campus. Half the guys on the squad were telling me today what a louse you are."

"It was a pretty low trick on my part, Baby," I said. "I guess you hate me. I guess it made your blood boil."

Baby put a hamlike hand on my shoulder, and I thought he was getting ready to stuff my corpse in a locker.

"Don't you feel bad about it, Coach," Baby said. "It's perfectly all right. Julie's a real cute kid."

He patted me on the shoulder to make me feel better, and walked off.

CAPTAIN BRITT, my little T-quarterback, had been listening in. He said glumly, "That character. No red blood. Maybe the best thing would be if none of us showed up tomorrow."

"We can win this one," I lied. "We don't need Baby."

I staggered home. I met alumni on the street who had been hot stuff back in the days of the flying wedge. They wanted to stop and ask me embarrassing questions about why we didn't win. Maybe they were people but they all looked like wolves.

I got inside the rooming house finally and Miss Fletcher was there, coming home from the office of the Dean of Women. She removed her hat and gloves, looking as businesslike and efficient as ever in that gray suit.

"Do me a favor," I said. "Poison my food tonight. If I'm in the infirmary tomorrow I'll have to listen to the game by radio. It will be better than seeing it."

She managed a grin. "I'll see what I can do," she said. "But I have a hunch the team will win. You'd better stick around."

She had been very nice and I tried to thank her, clumsily. "Miss Fletcher," I said, "Ellen, you've been very understanding. I appreciate it. You've been swell. And another thing I want to thank you for is introducing me to Julie. If it hadn't been for you—"

"Next time you date a coed," Miss Fletcher said, "have her in before curfew. I interceded with the Dean of Women for you this morning. Next time you can interview the dean yourself. She's not in awe of a football coach." Ellen stalked off to the kitchen leaving me openmouthed.

FIVE minutes later the dinner gong sounded. A blur shot past me; that was Baby. I pushed my food around my plate and watched Baby inhale everything within reach. He chattered gaily with Miss Fletcher. After dinner I went up to my room and brooded darkly. Finally I telephoned Julie on the hall phone.

"I'm staying home," she giggled. "It's almost the first night since I've been in college I'm staying home. What are you doing?"

"Dying," I said. "By inches. Are you going to the dance tomorrow night?"

"With Baby," she said.

That made me feel worse so I hung up. I went back to my room and went to bed and dreamed that the next day when the game was over, the entire crowd of spectators led by the Board of Regents in cap and gown, came down out of the stands and chased me up into the hills. . . .

I woke up in the morning limp as a dishrag. I got dressed and cut myself twice shaving. I looked out the window. The guy next door was raking leaves. He ran a bank or some soft job like that—nothing to do on Saturday but rake leaves.

I went downstairs and Ellen Fletcher said, "Two eggs or one?"

"I couldn't eat a thing," I said, but she brought me two eggs and as long as they were there I ate them. I had that twinge in my stomach. Ulcers! I had another in my shoulder. Arthritis!

Finally I couldn't put it off any longer and I went out and got in my car. The character next door had quit raking leaves; now he was burning them, standing there with the smug air of satisfaction that meant a good job well done.

"Swell day for the game," he said, gesturing toward the clear blue heavens.

I pointed toward a pocket handkerchief of a cloud in the south-southwest corner of the sky.

"Squall coming," I said glumly, and got in my car.

I started for the scene of the slaughter and got jammed in the traffic. Horns were blaring, the streets crowded, everyone looked gay. They were on their way to the

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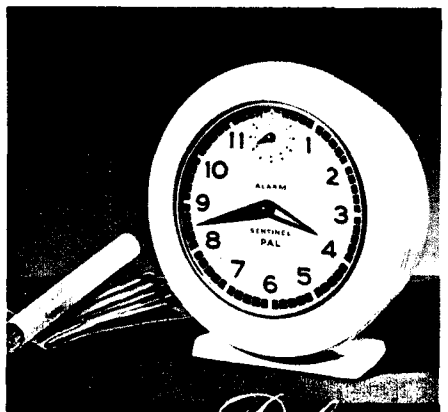

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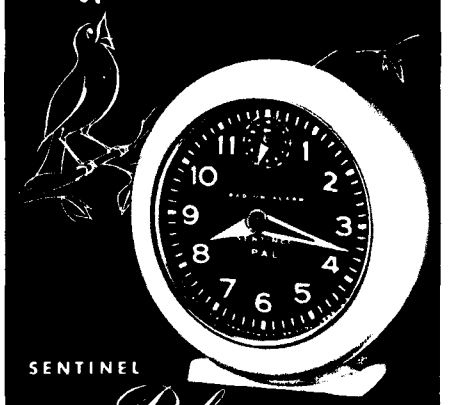

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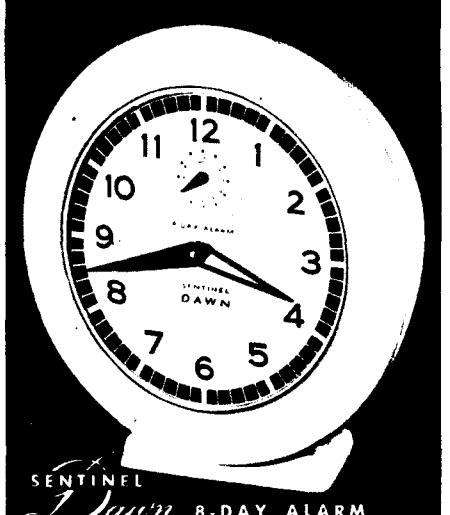

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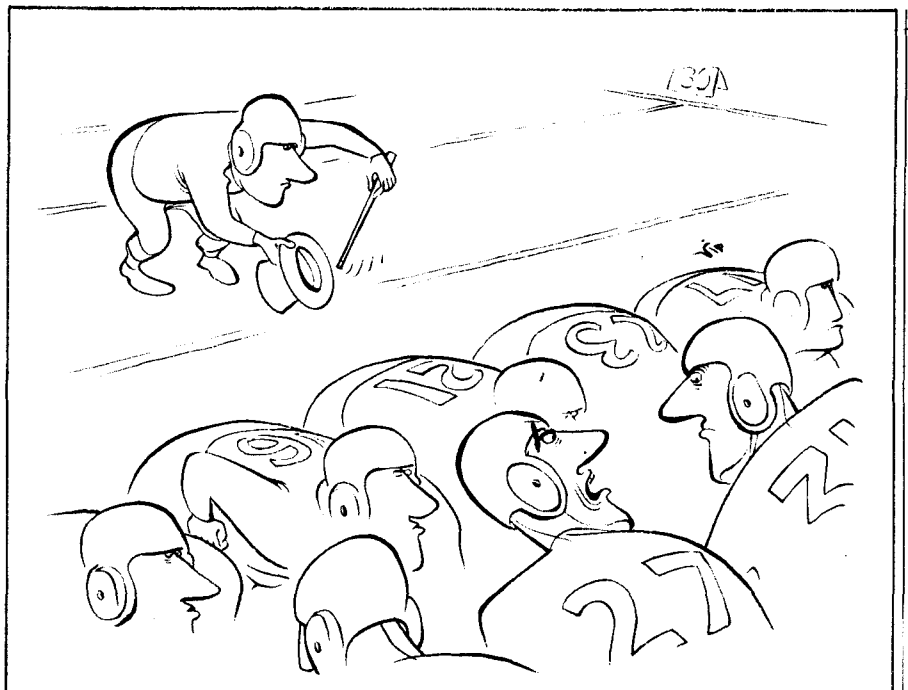

COLLIER'S — **"Look out for a trick"** — VIRGIL PARTCH

burying ground and everyone was going to enjoy it but me.

The gaiety ended when I got to the lockers. The boys were getting dressed and they were tense and on edge and frustrated under that deluge of defeats. If they could once get ahead, I thought—but I didn't see any prospects. I talked to them as cheerfully as I could and then sent them out on the run, and tried to find a place to hide on the bench. I was keeping Babacawicz out of the line-up and he sat next to me.

We were kicking off. Bronski booted a good one downfield into the Updyke end zone. They ran it back to the twenty-yard line and we were under way.

It was the same old story. We held them after eight yards and they kicked and then smothered us for a loss of ten. Our little quarter, Britt, could pass but he never got the team in a position where he could afford to throw the ball. We needed that solid runner, that lump of butter that sat next to me on the bench.

I reached down and pulled up a handful of grass and chewed it nervously. It was a habit I'd got into over the season. Maybe my unconscious mind was trying to turn me into a cow so nobody would recognize me. We kicked the ball and lost on the exchange. Eight minutes later there was still no score but we had the ball on our eight-yard line and the pattern was clear. I began to wonder if any football coach had ever been shot in the back by an excited alumnus, and I reached for another handful of grass.

Babacawicz was stirring and muttering next to me.

"There's plenty of room," I snapped. "Stop shoving."

"I want to get in there," Baby said. He got up and threw off the blanket. "It's time I got in there."

He took my incredulous stare for an answer and lumbered across the field.

BRITT carried the ball and raced toward the side lines but they knocked him back to the five-yard line.

I leaned over to pick more grass and watched the play. Bronski went back deep in the end zone to kick the ball, crouching forward, his hands apart to receive the pigskin.

But the quarterback took the ball from center. Britt spun, slapping the ball into Baby's belly as he came toward the line. He went inside tackle and was momentarily out of sight. Then suddenly he exploded into Updyke's backfield, still on his feet, and by then our boys were starting to block. Our right end knocked the safety man sprawling and there was Baby going down the middle all by himself. He was beautiful.

He went all the way, and the kick made it seven to nothing. Suddenly we had a team on the field. They had scored and gone ahead, and the blocking and tackling fundamentals I had tried to teach them began to show up in the precision of their play.

Three minutes later we recovered a fumble at mid-field. Britt tossed a long pass to Rickert good to the seven-yard line. On the third play Baby went sprawling over the middle for our second touchdown. It became fourteen to nothing and we never looked back, romping to a twenty-seven to fourteen triumph.

AT EIGHT THIRTY that night I gave a final twist to my black tie and came downstairs. Thumps sounded behind me and Baby made a crash landing, wearing a rented tuxedo three sizes too small for him. He bulged out of it in all directions and looked as though he might die of strangulation any moment.

"How do I look?" he said in a choked voice.

"Magnificent," I said and meant it.

He charged out the front door and I sat down and thought of Julie and waited for Ellen. I heard footsteps suddenly and looked up to see her coming down the stairs. I was glued to the davenport.

Somehow I'd expected the gray suit. That was how I saw her, tired after a day's work, bills to go over at night. I hadn't thought of her somehow in an evening dress, rustling with every step, an orchid at her shoulder, her cheeks flushed and her eyes as blue as the depths of a mountain lake.

I managed to get up finally and take her arm and we went outside to the waiting cab. I stammered something about how nice she looked, I said something about the corsage.

"From Baby," she said. "He's sweet."

At the Union we were surrounded, and never did get a chance to dance. We'd take one step on the crowded floor and some alumnus would stop to shake hands. We had an hour of bedlam and then I noticed that Ellen looked worried and anxious.

"Are you all right?" I said.

"Maybe it's the crowd," she said with a wan smile. "I don't know—I feel rather lightheaded—"

"No wonder," I said, "with this mob trampling us. Maybe we can find a place to sit down in the lounge."

"If you don't mind terribly," she said, "I think I'd better go home. Please don't bother to come with me, I'll be perfectly all right. This is your night of triumph—you stay here."

I escorted her to a cab, then went back upstairs and bumped into Julie at the top

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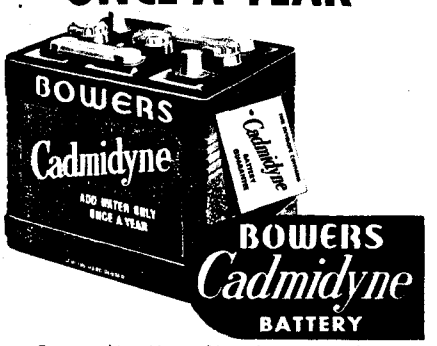

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of the landing. We went to the dance floor and I took her in my arms and got an elbow in a small of the back. I tried to steer a course between the dancers, knocked the wind out of Julie when I made a miscalculation and suggested tactfully that we try the lounge, the idea coming over me that I wasn't as agile as I had once been.

There were no unoccupied chairs in the lounge and we compromised by sitting on the radiator, which didn't seem to bother Julie's upholstery but from then on for me it wasn't my feet that hurt.

I tried to think of something to say to Julie. We had won the game, it was a wonderful night but somehow I couldn't think of anything to say. She was beautiful and it shouldn't have been a problem. She sat there and smiled serenely.

Finally something occurred to me. "What happened to Baby?" I said. "Where's Baby?"

Julie smiled at me. "Baby had a headache. About half an hour ago. He went home."

"Oh," I said. "Oh, I see. That's too bad." I thought about that and suddenly jumped off the radiator, a horrible suspicion assailing me. Baby had given Ellen an orchid.

"Excuse me," I said. I hurried across the lounge and met our right end, Rickert, leaning up against the wall. I took him by the hand and led him over to the radiator and sat him down beside Julie.

Rickert said, "Gosh, Coach, you think of everything."

I couldn't find a cab outside so I ran all the way back to the rooming house.

PUFFING like a porpoise I went inside. I heard voices coming from the kitchen. Stealthily I walked down the hall and then I saw Baby.

He was sitting with his back to the wall, his number-twelve shoes on the kitchen table. His tie was undone and the top stud of his shirt. Across from him was Ellen.

"Well," Baby was saying, "this guy was coming at me from one side and the other straight ahead. I gave the one guy my hip and straight-armed the other—" Baby looked up and saw me. His face got redder than ever as I stepped into the kitchen. He looked guilty and embarrassed, but Ellen didn't look a bit guilty. She was grinning.

"Well, go on," I said. "How are the headaches? Could I run upstairs to the bathroom and bring you down a couple of pills?"

Baby tried hard. His forehead became corrugated and he said, "Well—uh—I guess the fresh air fixed us up—er—it was a kind of coincidence like that we both came home." He laughed hopefully and subsided on a gurgle when I glared at him.

"Baby was just going back to the dance," Ellen said.

"Jim Rickert's with your girl," I said.

"Rickert?" Baby said and considered it a moment. "Rickert didn't score any two touchdowns today," he said. "Cripes, I'll never get my tie tied."

"Let me," Ellen said, and went to work with her hands at Baby's throat where my hands itched to be. She brushed a speck of lint from his shoulder. She patted his arm, stood on tiptoe and kissed him while I saw red.

BABY departed and I sat down in his chair. We'd won the game and I didn't care. Ellen said, "The other night Baby asked me to go to the dance with him. The night you dated Julie. Baby and I had a long talk."

"I see," I said. "You did it all. You lighted the fire under him. Not Julie. Baby fell for you."

Ellen said, "He had a notion in his mind but I talked him out of it here in the kitchen."

"Do you want to go back to the dance?" I said.

"Well," Ellen said, and she looked around the kitchen, "it's less crowded here, that's one thing."

She was lovely and she was smart. Probably, I thought, she was too smart to ever marry a football coach, but maybe she would take a chance on it anyway.

Automatically my hands reached for the salt and pepper shakers, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher. I pushed the coffee cups into the backfield. After all we had a game coming up next week end.

The table was wide and I got up and moved my chair around to the other side. I put one arm tentatively around Ellen and with my free hand I shifted the salt and pepper shakers into an unbalanced line.

It was Saturday night and we'd won. No hint of ulcers! No signs of arthritis! I leaned over and kissed Ellen and she put her arms around my neck. "What a life," I said. "And to think that most guys rake leaves on Saturday." THE END

BUTCH

"Awright, maybe I swiped a little silverware, but I didn't cut no clotheslines—honest"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

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DAVID BERGER

Yes, the Issue Is Survival

A NUMBER OF READERS have asked us in the past few weeks whether we think that the country's military unpreparedness is a legitimate issue in the forthcoming elections. Our answer has been an emphatic yes. The Korean debacle may now be history, but it is history whose tragic story should have taught our government a lesson. It is now the voters' duty to study the records and statements of the candidates and determine how many have learned the lesson.

Years ago, in a far less dangerous world, Theodore Roosevelt said that preparedness was the road to survival. Today the truth of those words has a new and powerful impact. Today the major issue before the voters is survival—not the Brannan Plan or the Taft-Hartley law or health insurance or lower taxes, but survival.

The defenses of this nation still are desperately vulnerable. Collier's holds the Truman administration largely responsible for that vulnerability. For too long it neglected our preparedness for survival to concentrate on the lesser issues mentioned above. It spent and wasted billions for reasons that were chiefly political.

But we do not hold the administration solely responsible. There have been members of both parties in Congress who, if they had had their way, would have withheld other billions from the most valuable and vital of the administration's projects, particularly foreign aid. There have been Republicans in Congress as immersed in politics-first as the administration was.

The issue of this election is whether the country will elect a Congress which is going to legislate and appropriate in a mood of life-and-politics-as-usual, or in a sober consciousness of a very grim reality. The issue is whether the country will elect state and even local officials who realize the enormous problem of civilian defense and who have the intelligence, energy and persistence to do something about it.

Let us not be deceived by the turn of events in Korea. The threat to our survival remains and increases. We cannot dodge it, forget it or wish it away. The defenses of western Europe are woefully weak on paper and virtually nil in actuality. The defenses of the continental United States against atomic bombing are only now in the planning stage.

The new Congress will have to spend hugely and wisely, and the American people will have to foot the bill at the expense of their comforts. This is no time for penny wisdom. But the government, as well as the people, will have to do without. The immense bureaucracy of executive agencies is still careless, wasteful and inefficient. A "watchdog" group of the Senate Armed Services Committee in a recent report revealed an appalling waste of defense material. It uncovered the fact that the government had been "buying and selling the same commodity at approximately the same time."

The report also included this excellent counsel: "Our vision must extend beyond Korea. It must be realized in all [war surplus] disposal and planning programs that we face the distinct threat of a war of attrition in which the total resources and the total productivity of the nation must be kept constantly available."

The new Congress must continue to show the same vigilance that this able, nonpolitical Armed Services subcommittee has shown if we are not to bleed ourselves white to no purpose. It must also maintain a close watch on the administrative departments, not for political advantage or political cover-up, but for the sake of national strength in the face of crisis.

That is a large order. It cannot be filled unless the American people this year vote from thought rather than from habit in choosing that Congress. The first step in settling the issue of survival is up to all of us on November 7th.

No Alibis, Please

WHEN THE UNITED NATIONS Korean Commission issued its report a few weeks ago, Brigadier General W. L. Roberts dismissed it as "hindsight observation." General Roberts was the Army's advisory group chief in Korea until about two months before the June invasion. His comment was inspired by the commission's finding that the Korean government had given a six-week advance warning of the Communist attack.

General Roberts said that his intelligence officer worked with Korean intelligence and reported to him daily. Yet the general seems never to have had an inkling of trouble brewing above the 38th parallel. He said he didn't recall the Chief of Staff telling him that the North Koreans had 175,000 men under arms. And, he added, "I would not have believed him anyway because he had access to the same information I had and I was not so informed."

Well, we don't know what information the Americans in Korea had. We do know that in the September 2d issue of Collier's we published an editorial titled Too Little, 45 Days Too Late! which reproduced an item from the Washington Star of May 10th. The Star's story reported that the South Korean Defense Minister on that date had said that Korean Communists were moving in force toward the border. And he had spelled out what proved to be a pretty accurate listing of the Reds' strength. Our editorial also recalled a similar warning that the Korean Foreign Minister had given in September, 1949.

In the face of this we can't dismiss General Roberts' casual dismissal of the UN report. It isn't a question of the commission's hindsight, but of somebody's lack of foresight. Were General Roberts and his colleagues in Korea ignorant of warnings published in the American press? Or did they just refuse to be alarmed?

For the country's future safety, and for the honor of the men whose lives paid for our unpreparedness, we think the mistakes which preceded June 25th should be remembered, not alibied by a general's surly remark about "hindsight."

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